

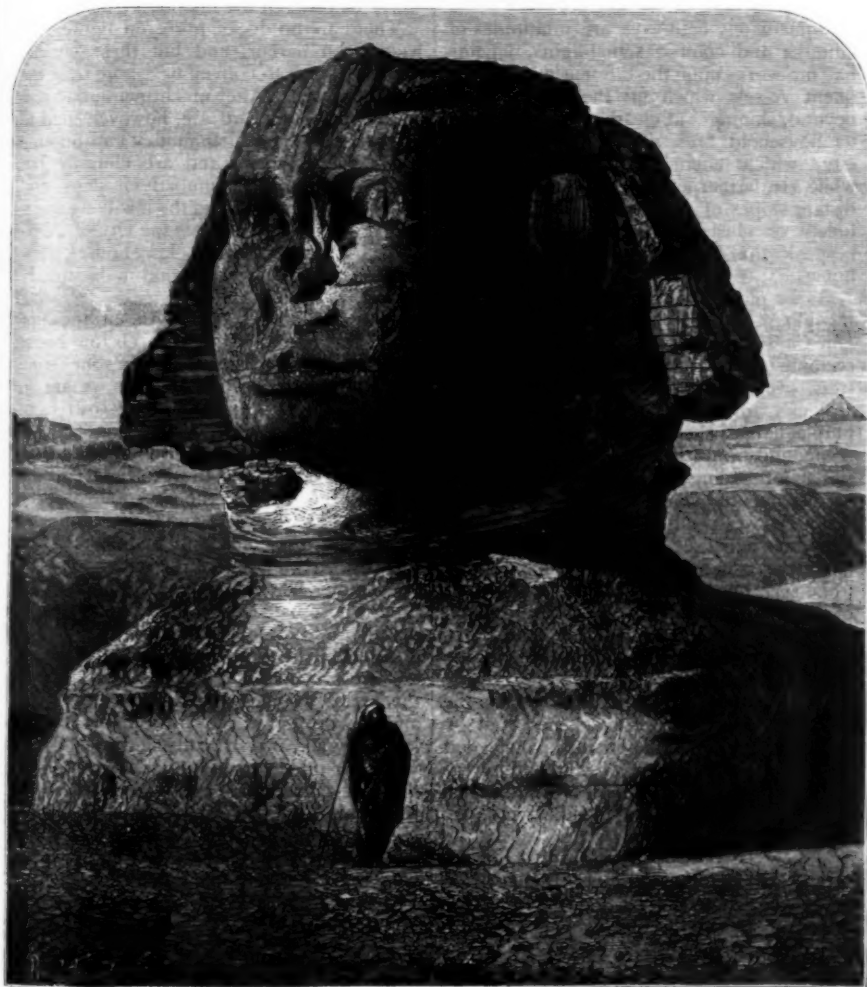
# SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

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No. 2.

## THE TOUR OF THE NILE.



THE SPHINK IS DROWSY,  
HER WINGS ARE FURLED;

HER EAR IS HEAVY,  
SHE BROODS ON THE WORLD.—EMERSON.

NAPLES, ITALY, December 27.

OF the many beautiful landscapes which are seen by the European voyager, the harbor of Naples is perhaps the most cherished; and especially picturesque does it seem to us, this mild December evening, as, having bestowed our traveling effects in the cabin of the stanch ship "Olympus," we go upon deck to obtain a farewell glimpse of the matchless Italian bay.

The steamer speeds swiftly oceanward as the evening falls.

Immediately before us are multitudes of lanterns and colored signal-lights, dancing like fire-works upon the tall masts of the frequent vessels which fill the harbor; and beyond, shining out clearly in the glare of its household fires, rises afar the crescent city, which encircles the wide harbor; while yet, farther and farther back, upon the distant slopes of surrounding hills, glimmer lonely or clustering fire-fly flashes, which bespeak the frequent villages or solitary homes.

As we plow onward, through the thickening gloom we see the grim isles of Ischia and Capri, looming up like dark sentinels—seeming guardians of their beautiful mistress, over whose enchanted life yet more jealously towers the giant Vesuvius. Its purple flames shed a lurid light upon the scene, and from its depths are heard occasional foreboding sounds, like the murmur of discontented voices.

But, as we speed far away into the night, the lesser lights die slowly out, like the stars upon the clouding night, and soon little is to be seen but the high, bright, fitful breath of the Vesuvian genii, condensing into massive vapors, which hang, menacing and black, over the unstable habitations which nestle among these treacherous hills.

Early morning finds us approaching the Sicilian shores; we are awakened, and by the time we arrive upon deck, our good ship is plunging into the swift and turbulent current of Messina, into whose straits, urged on by the strong south wind, the boisterous sea is surging.

ALEXANDRIA, EGYPT, January 1.

After a somewhat tedious voyage, the fifth day finds us refreshing ourselves with the luscious oranges of Egypt, while our feverish blood is fanned by the soft breezes which blow upon the African coasts, balmily tempered by the dry winds from the Lybian Deserts.

Our disembarkment at Alexandria is,

indeed, a grotesque scene. The steamer is surrounded by a multitude of row-boats, whose crews are composed of from two to a dozen men, clad in all colors and forms of raiment, and comprising the various nationalities of the East—the thick-lipped Ethiopian and the curved-nosed Arabian; the acute Greek and the bright Armenian; the long-skirted "fellah" and the full-costumed European guide, who, the health officer permitting, is soon to take charge of us, and worry us through the hubbub of landing.

There are no docks, nor even lighters; a wide open harbor, and but these cockle-shells of boats to convey us ashore over the tossing waves. After much quarantine and official ceremony, we are, however, glad to embark with even such motley and hooting crews for oarsmen, and are clumsily but safely rowed past numberless ships and quaint old barges toward the low-lying sand-beach, beyond which rises the city of Alexandria,—some modern-looking houses, a few palaces, and an army of wind-mills stretching away down the shore.

Happily landed, at length, at the low quay, the mummery of the custom-house over, and safely ensconced in our snug hotel, we begin to realize that we are in Egypt,—the land of This and Sesostris; of the Star-gazers; of Isis and Osiris; of Moses and the Pharaohs; of the Bull and the Beetle; of Alexander and the Ptolemies; of the Cat and the Ibis; of the Crocodile and the Mummy; of Cleopatra and Cæsar; the land of obelisks, pyramids, and temples; of the Sphinx; the kingdom of the sun and of eternal summer, where flows the mysterious Nile, upon whose banks well might some epicurean hope to discover eternal life!

After much-needed refreshment at one of the two principal hotels, we saunter through the broad avenues of modern Alexandria; and we drop in at the Turkish bazaars, followed by a crowd of oddly shaven donkeys, with still odder names, punched along by the blue-shirted driver boys, who shout out the charms of each beast in a deafening chorus of "ride 'Hankee Dudu,' 'Big Injun,' 'Tom Thumb,' and 'Prince Charlie;' him bery good donkey; go much fast; you try 'im, Howadji." Guides, too, besiege us in all languages, and throngs of beggars, pleading as only an Egyptian can, for "buck-sheesh."

The bazaars are a curious congregation of little shops, the passages between them being roofed over with palm-tree mattings to keep out the fierce noonday sun. The



merchants, either frantic to sell or decidedly apathetic, sit cross-legged upon the counters, and with a stretch of their arm may reach you anything from their stock. We buy some clay pipes made from the Nile mud and much noted for their sweetness, and some genuine "kouranee," and then push on past the boys and the donkeys, the beggars, the peddlers, the dogs, the half-naked men, and the veiled and barefooted women.

The dress of the women is a single long gown, not over scrupulously repaired nor too closely confined. But there hangs, also, back from the head a loose sort of wrap, which is bound at the forehead by a kind of brass spring to a long strip called a veil, little of the face being seen save the dark, sunken eyes of the early maturing African maiden; yet their modesty is a matter of the face alone, for the heat is too intense for much clothing,—so much so, that the very young or very old women dispense with this frequently even suffocating veil. Such is, however, the dress only of the lower and larger classes. The higher "fashionables" affect the Turkish modes from Constantinople. They usually ride, and seldom go out unattended; and, whether bestraddling a donkey, their little red, pointed slippers peeping coquettishly out from their baggy trousers, or reclining in a sedan chair or basket wagon, the bright-colored robes and the dark expressive eyes of the Oriental ladies peeping through their gauzy veils, form a most attractive feature of the Egyptian promenade, as you crowd through the cosmopolitan bazaar.

There, in the streets or passages, sits the money-changer, clinking his coppers; he will give you a hatful for a napoleon. There, are venders of corn cake and pumpkin cake, fresh fig and date cake, and all sorts of greasy and dyspeptic edibles; and there are endless arrays of odd things in the shops themselves—from curious idols, scarabees, and crocodiles' teeth, to the antiquated crooked stick plow; from the delicate embroidery in silk, to the blue overall stuff of the commonest quality. A characteristic feature of the picturesque panorama is the long troop of camels, that come swaying, careening through the mart, in file. But we may not tarry too long in the streets of Alexandria.

CAIRO, January 5.

A rail ride of one hundred and forty miles over the plain of the Delta, and we have exchanged the harbor city, with its column, its obelisks, and its long stretch of sand beach,

for the Mussulman's "Musr," the Cairo of the Frank. Cairo vies with Damascus and Constantinople for the position of the proudest of the Eastern capitals. Replete with the evidences of its former greatness in its ruined yet majestic mosques, its monumental tombs, its mammoth statues, monoliths, sphinxes, and pyramids, the Egyptian capital is not without signs of the great art and enterprise of modern times.

Fairy mosques, imposing public buildings, convenient hotels and dwellings, princely palaces and marts of commerce, fitting indications of a new and prosperous metropolis, and springing up as by enchantment upon broad avenues, beautiful parks and graded streets, all attest the wise and progressive government of the beneficent King.

The palace of the Viceroy, situated upon the river's bank, is an exquisite structure without, and gorgeously decorated within, and the palace park is a gem of landscape gardening. It is stocked with native and curious animals, and abounds in rare and tropical plants—the orange and the lemon-tree, the palm, the magnolia, and the century-tree, with all the beautiful flowers which flourish in this genial clime.

Our first thoughts, are of those mysterious and melancholy monitors of time, the great pyramids and the Sphinx, and we hasten to visit them. But not in the old-time traditional manner—breakfast by candle-light and an all day's donkey ride, with but an hour for a well-earned lunch at the pyramids. In two hours we are driven in a comfortable barouche down the "Shoobrah," a long avenue, and the fashionable city drive; thence along new, broad, and well-graded highways, skirted with trees, winding through cultivated and well-watered fields, out to the very plateau upon which stand those deathless monuments of an inscrutable and magnificent era.

Words cannot picture the sublime effect of these often described and wonderful structures; and our illustration of the Sphinx, as perfect as it may be, can yet give but a faint expression of the patient dignity of that mysterious being—statue it can scarcely be called. The primeval sphinx-mother of ancient races, she yet stands, care-worn indeed, but calm and forbearing—fit shrine for the pilgrims of the young and impatient peoples of these later times.

Returning home, we visit the petrified trees, the interesting tombs of the Mamelukes, and the museums of antiquities.

The season being somewhat advanced, it is decided to make immediately the tour of the Nile, and to explore the innermost sanctuaries of Cairo and the guide-books upon our return; but we ride about leisurely for a day or two, and visit "Old Cairo," and stroll through the "Mouskee," and through the great labyrinth of the bazaars—Persian caps and silks and sashes, turquois, amber and antiques, embroidered cloths, slippers and gauze fabrics, attar of roses and sandal-wood carvings, ancient armor and quaint costumes—all jumbled into miniature shops, crowded into a labyrinth of narrow, covered passages. We bask in the warm sun, and are soon as lazy and self-satisfied as the most indolent of Arabs.

#### ON THE NILE, January 15.

Our company of four bargains with a dragoman—a real, bona fide dragoman—fez, embroidered jacket, broad sash folded about the waist, over which dangles a glittering watch-chain, with numberless curious charms attached; brown baggy trowsers, and white canvas shoes—all setting off a sharp, almost Italian face, swarthy and black-eyed. Tados speaks four languages—Arabic, English, French, and Italian—and is altogether a model dragoman.

We select a dahabeih, and equip speedily for a two months' cruise along the Nile. With our American flag and pennant flying from the tall lateen masts, we are off on our long-cherished tour amid the acclamations

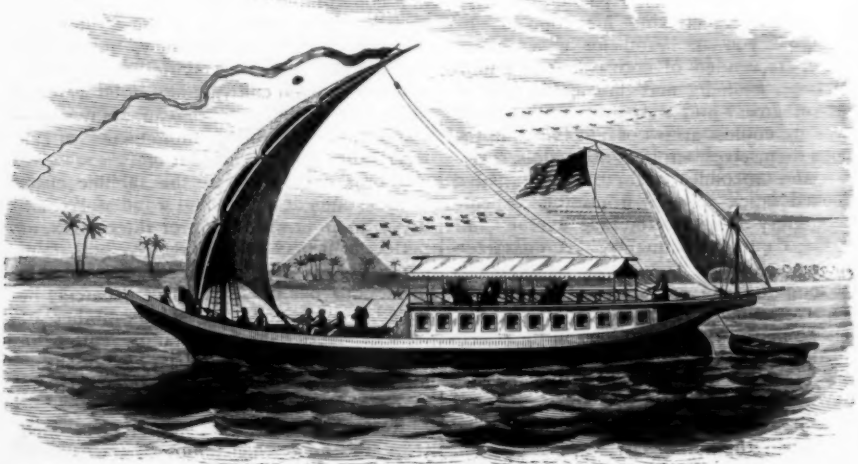
of a score of friends from the hotel—travelers like ourselves, awaiting the equipment of their dahabeih, or perhaps intending "to do the Nile" later on in one of the decidedly unromantic steamer trips.

But we have come, filled with a desire for the unadulterated, dreamy, Oriental pleasure tour, and we find ourselves not in the least disappointed in our leisurely boat-life. We amuse ourselves with chess, cards, sketching, and reading the histories of Lepsius, Wilkinson, and Sharpe, together with the many romances of Eastern life. And thus, floating on along the enchanted Nile, we paint us many an historic picture—of a princely people and incursive hordes, of peace and plenteousness, of famine and devastation, of love and luxury, veiled in the mysterious halo which pervades this enduring, yet changeful paradise.

The ascent of the river is made with few halts, consisting principally of an occasional promenade ashore, some "wild goose chases," and a stoppage at Thebes for letters,—for advantage is taken of favorable breezes to overcome the current of the stream, leaving the sight-seeing and excursions for the return trip. We skim along swiftly, and before many days arrive at the foot of the cataract of Asswan, 725 miles from the sea-coast, and near the confines of Nubia—the southern limit of our trip.

#### ASSWAN, February 5.

Here, opposite to the small island of Elephantine, where stands a celebrated



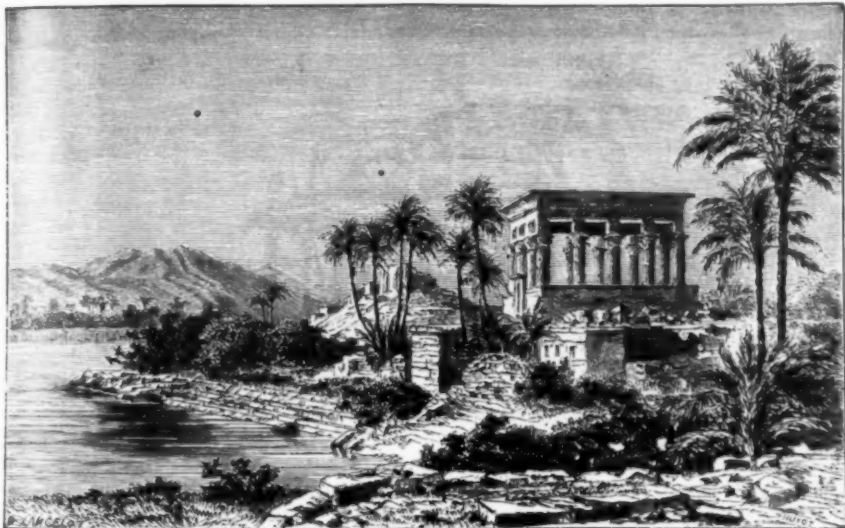
OUR DAHABEIH.

Nilometer, and upon which was situated the earliest Egyptian capital, 4000 B. C., we tie up, and are greeted with a heavy shower—an unusual experience here.

Upon the following day, we pay our compliments to the ruins of our first veritable temple, which is, at the same time, probably the most beautiful and picturesque temple of Egypt. Mounting our donkeys, we set out early upon a seven-mile jaunt. The

all. They brought us many interesting mementos—ostrich eggs and feathers, crude implements of war, and various antiques.

Returning along the river by the road, we obtain a near view of this much-talked-of cataract, which we find at this season to be merely a rapid stream, about three hundred feet wide, falling some six feet in a total length of four hundred, and running among large boulders.



SMALLER TEMPLE OF PHILÆ, ON AN ISLAND IN THE NILE.

road lies part way over the sandy desert, and partly through huge piles of bare, worn rocks, strewn about in irregular, fantastic heaps. Coming abruptly to the stream, from out this wild and barren waste, we observe a little island clad in green, upon whose bosom reclines a temple of the heathen god. We are ferried over in a little old scow by a ragged old man, and wander at length delighted among the far-famed ruins of Philæ,—built in the third century B. C., and representing the very culmination of Egyptian art.

Returning to Asswan, we note certain peculiarities of the Nubian dress. The women do not trouble themselves about veils, and wear seldom more than the single long blue gown. The men wear simply white cotton cloth girdles; and the children, from six to eleven, a short leathern fringe, hanging, Indian fashion, from the waist. The little ones, very dirty, wear nothing at

Approaching Syene—the modern name for Asswan—we visit the great granite quarry, which contains a celebrated obelisk, measuring one hundred feet in length and twelve feet square at the larger end. It is partly hewn out from its bed, as are other unfinished blocks of stone, which have lain thus since Rameses the Great, who reigned some thirty-three hundred years ago.

A night's drifting down stream brings us to Kom Ombos—a cluster of great columns and cornices protruding from a sand-drift, which has almost covered it up. Some of these columns are seven feet thick and forty high, supporting great roof-stones, some of which measure, in the larger structures of Egypt, as large as forty by ten or fifteen feet, with a thickness of three or four feet. We here enjoy a day's pigeon-shooting—single shots on the wing, for we deem it but murder to shoot at the flocks, so tame and abundant are they. These pigeons of Egypt

are a sight in themselves, and are indeed a luxury to the traveling sportsman, both for sport and the table.

The Nile is bordered by cities, of which Cairo is chief, containing a population of about three hundred thousand; by towns, of which Osioot is the largest, with some twenty thousand inhabitants; and by fre-

We frequently observed the use of crooked sticks for plows, and the camel was sometimes seen yoked with the cow, pulling the crude plowshare. The "shadoof" and the "sakia" are yet quite as crude implements of toil. They are used to elevate the river water for purposes of irrigation. The former consists of a long well-sweep



THE SAKIA.

quent small villages, containing from one hundred to a thousand people.

The habitations of the latter are simply rude huts, built of mud and straw bricks, and surmounted by a mud tower, which bristles with pigeon-roosts, and within which are the nests. Thus lives the pigeon with the Arab, as the ass with the Syrian, or the goat with the Swiss. The villages are located on high ground, and are sheltered by palm groves, and, during an unusual rise of the river, a rough dike is thrown up to fence off the water.

As a people, the Arabs may be called dirty; they sleep with their mats on the ground, indoors or out, in the midst of the fleas and other insects; and so strong is the power of tradition or caste, that it will be long before the more civilizing European customs can prevail; and, notwithstanding the strenuous efforts which the present Viceroy is making to elevate his people, many seasons will yet show to the traveler the same Arab village, with its gray-headed sheik, its indolent men, coy women, and naked young beggars.

pole, with leathern basket attached, hung upon a crotched stick, and counterbalanced by a weight of mud, and is worked by hand. The sakia is a clumsy gear, with wooden pins for cogs, and turned by camels, donkeys, or buffalo cows, walking around with the long lever. The large wheel winds up an endless succession of earthen pots tied to a rope, which empty perhaps half their contents into the trough which conducts the water to the dry fields, the other half being wasted in the uncertain ascent. Still another mode obtains, even more crude than either of these. Two men, swinging a basket between them, toss up the water from one ditch to another until it is thrown to the top of the bank. It seems incomprehensible that such crude contrivances can be employed in these days, and in a country so fertile, and withal so convenient to the great markets of the world—in the very land, where, it is said, thousands of years ago, the wise Archimedes invented his memorable screw.

Not far from Kom Ombos we pass the great sandstone quarries of Silsileh, from

which tier upon tier has been quarried down in terraces, back from the shore, along which the quarries stretch for miles—significant indeed of the extent of building and the populations of those earlier times.

Some miles further on, we approach the magnificent temple of Edfou. This ruin, formerly called Apollinopolis, the handsomest and most perfect now seen in Egypt, was constructed 160 B. C., in the reign of Philometor, the seventh of the Ptolemies, whose beneficent line governed the country from the death of Alexander to the conquest of Caesar—300 to 30 B. C.

Still onward to the temple of Esneh, the Catopolis of the ancients, now nearly covered up by the accumulating dirt of the literally "growing" town; so much so, that the modern village is nearly on a level with the roof of the temple. The accumulations of sand and filth have, however, been removed from the ruin; and descending, we walk through the dingy, yet noble old colonnaded hall, lighted with only a faint glimmer of sun from above. With the aid of torches, which are rapidly smoking up some of the most interesting frescoes and sculptures of all the ruins, we are enabled to distinguish much of the original coloring upon the bas-reliefs of the columns and walls.

Esneh is notorious as the head-quarters of the "dancing girls of the Mamalukes," who were banished by Mohammed Ali from Cairo. They are hoydenish, bold-mannered, yet pretty girls; whose dancing is varied to the taste of the audience. In the neighborhood lies the fair temple of Cleopatra, at Erment, the ancient Hermonthis. Upon its outer walls is to be seen the famous large outline relief of the beautiful queen, cut in the old angular perspective, appropriate shrine for the fair Ghawazee maidens of Esneh!

#### THEBES, February 20.

Now drifting in seasons of calm, now spurning under the impulse of the oars, now blown along with favoring winds, we are borne in due time to the great shrine of Thebes. And here—130 miles from the cataract, and 450 from Cairo—we do homage to Washington's birthday; which, being also the birthday of one of our party, is made the occasion of a grand dinner and evening carnival.

Invitations are extended to friends, who arrive in a neighboring boat, and we dine in a princely manner. Illustrative of our mode of life—and this day's feasting is but little better than our usual living—I give the items of our "bill of fare:"

#### Thebes, February 22, 18—.

Soup.	Fish.
Radishes.	Olives.
Boned Goose and Duck.	
Roast Mutton.	Boiled Capon.
Vegetables (canned and fresh).	
Pigeons with Salad.	
Cabinet Pudding.	Meringue.
Preserves.	Oranges.
Wines.	Nuts and Figs.
	Coffee.
	Cigars.

The dragoman, with whom a contract is made, by the day or for the round trip, is supposed to provide every possible comfort, with the exception of wines and similar extras. Of the latter, we have laid in a capital stock, and are quite prepared to entertain hospitably; for our Tadros has proved most generous in provisioning, and fortunate in his selection of cook.

Our dahabeih cabin seeming rather cramped, we extemporize a gala table beneath the awning upon the hurricane deck, where we toast the sun as he retires in good season into the broad bed of the Lybian plain; we toast the stars too, as they timidly come to look after the sun. Later, our masts are festooned with banners, Chinese lanterns and chemical lights, as are numerous other dahabeih; and the whole scene is rendered more weirdly beautiful by the brilliant moon rising full over the low horizon of sandy desert. Later, the sailors sing us a serenade chorus; and as the cool air grows chiller and our guests are departing, we drink to our glorious home in the West.

The Nile Valley varies from less than a mile to a dozen miles in width. At Thebes it spreads out into a broad and fertile plain; and here was an early, and probably the most powerful of all the capital seats, and even now most of the ruins are clustered here.

Most famous of these are the temples of Karnak and Luxor on the east side of the river, and the twin statues of Memnon, the temples of Medinet-Abou, and the Memnonium, with its colossal granite statue of Rameses, upon the western plain.

The great statues of Memnon sit upon the plain with their backs to the western hills, and facing the river

Grand monuments, requiring each a single sandstone, forty-eight feet high and eighteen feet square, from which to be chiseled!

To the north of these lies the crumbled old palace and temple of Rameses Me-Ammon, the celebrated Sesostris (1440 B. C.),



who built the great bulk of Egyptian temples and statues, who scooped out the wonderful rock temple called the Speos of "Phra, at Ipsamboul," with the mighty colossi guarding its portals; who built also

black chasm along a dark alley; then we creep on all-fours, until we emerge, begrimed, into the smothering pit of the mummies. Our heads touch the ceiling; our feet tread the bodies; the heat is in-



THE STATUES OF MEMNON.

the grand temples of Karnak and Luxor, the vocal Memnon, and this Memnonium of which we speak, before which arose the greatest statue known in history. It was of the same size and posture as the statues of Memnon, *but of granite*; but it suffered, alas! the especial wrath of the conqueror Cambyses (521 B. C.), and now lies lowly and broken.

At the other end of the plain, to the southward, lies Medinet-Abou, the palace and temple of Rameses III, 1270 B. C., probably a grandson or great-grandson of the great Sesostris.

In the hills back of Medinet-Abou are the mummy-pits, where the corpses are packed in like herrings; and we hasten to visit them.

We enter the black cavern and look down the preliminary pit-hole, only to shrink back affrighted; but we *must* carry home a small bit of a mummy. So we clamber down the

tense, and the stench appalling. With a grab at a few relics we hasten forth to the pure light of day, and, as we assort our specimens, we recall the words of Hamlet:

"To what base uses we may return, Horatio!"

Still further, over the hills in which are the mummy-pits is a crater-like valley, walled round with precipitous cliffs, in the bases of which are the square, yawning black mouths which lead down into the "Tombs of the Kings."

We descend, bearing torches, down the square spacious hall, which is flanked by occasional small chambers, the walls of which are ornamented with frescoes, as fresh as though lately painted, crudely detailing the histories of these royal lines.

Soon we come to a large architectural grotto; then on, down another incline until we arrive at the spacious apartment in which rested the sarcophagus. We explore several

of these royal tombs, all very similar in construction. Most of the great stone sarcophagi have been taken to foreign museums, lest the Goth and the Vandal of travel should destroy them with hammer and chisel. These tombs have been only lately discovered, so ingeniously were they obscured by the *débris* fallen or thrown down from above over the bases of the cliffs in which are the entrances.

The principal entrance or exit of this kingly cemetery is through a scraggy gorge called "The King's Gateway," up which we clamber; and from the hill-top we obtain an extensive view of the Theban plain, a great fertile *campagna*, hemmed in by a girdle of desolate hills, and through which threads the silvery serpentine river.

Descending the hill, we explore, not far from its base, upon our return to the river, the great underground tomb of Assaseef, a high priest of about 700 B. C. It is several hundred feet deep, and lateral passages lead nine hundred or a thousand feet to the crypt of his Highness. Its many dark recesses are well stocked with rats and vermin.

The great "Hall of Columns" is very im-

pressive; and the cleanly cut granite obelisks are as chaste as though fresh from the master's chisel.

One approach to these widely scattered ruins is through an avenue of sphinxes which formerly connected these temples with those of Luxor, of which latter there now remains only a great portico of columns, with some statues and an obelisk.

Thebes is the principal market for antiques, and the value of some of the little stone beetles, called scarabees, is surprising, those bearing royal cartouches being invaluable to science and historic research. But soon our few pleasant days in this garden of ancient Egypt are over, and with many regrets we push away from its hospitable shores.

A few days of leisurely drifting brings us far down, to Girgeh; looking in, *en route*, upon Denderah, and the dethroned and dismantled Abydos, the site of the This of the ancients, six thousand years old!

Still on with the on-flowing tide to Osioot, the largest and the cleanliest town of all; picturesque, in spite of its likeness to other market towns. Its mud hovels seem



THE HALL OF COLUMNS AT MEDINET-ABOU.

surrounded by fresher palm groves, and its mud bricks are squared, and its window lattices repaired. The houses are oftener two-story mansions, with separate stabling for pigeons; and there is a suggestion of trade in its market-place, where a pair of tall ostriches stalk at their will.

Another night's rowing to the measure of the Arab sailor's hymn, and early morning finds us under the lee of a bank upon which we are to see the famous Sheik Selim, the saint. Reminding one of the Syrian Stylites or the Indian Prapocree, this old man sits by the side of the Nile, where he is said to have sat for a number of years, extending beyond the memory of the oldest inhabitant—naked, and only occasionally warmed by a fire. When the Nile rises, he drags his bent and stiffened body further up the bank; and the natives have a superstition that when he waves his long arm the river begins to fall. Here, year after year, fed by the faithful, he prays on, a mummy before his time.

Near Maabdeh are the celebrated crocodile pits, within whose fatal caverns several explorers have met their death by suffocation. Here, in stifling subterranean recesses, are laid away these mummied gods—the crocodiles, corded up like great wood piles, with only an occasional native interspersed to attend them at their future arising. After a dangerous excursion into this noisome cemetery, one of our friends came back with an armful of legs, eggs, teeth, and crocodiles, the latter consisting of small bundles of infant crocodiles swaddled in mummy cloth.

A day's sail further on are the tombs of E'dayr and Antinoë, upon whose walls may be seen the most noted of all the mural paintings, illustrating the removal of massive bodies of stone. It presents the idea of a roadway upon which is a sledge laden with a colossus, which is being drawn by some two hundred men. As a measure of the size of the statue, an Egyptian standing upon the knee of the giant, directing its removal, reaches scarcely up to the statue's massive chest. We ride back from the barren hills of the desert, in which are situated these tombs, through great fields of beans, maize, and sugar-cane, which, with wheat and cotton and the invaluable palm-tree,—supplying, as it does, shelter, raiment, ropes, matting, and dates for food,—constitute the principal products of the country.

We are scarcely seated upon the deck of our boat, regarding the luxuriant vegetation and enjoying a balmy siesta, when we

see a picturesque group of maidens coming down to the river for water, bearing their empty jars in their hands. They seem excessively modest, for we scarcely obtain more recognition than a few timid side glances, before they troop off demurely erect, with their water jars jauntily perched on their heads.

The famous tombs of Beni-Hassan next demand inspection. Their principal interest lies in a series of frescoes illustrating the history of the era of Memphite predominance. From the histories one may read from them it would seem that the twentieth century before Christ was only slightly to be contrasted with this the twentieth century after, in the habits and customs of human kind.

Minieh, one hundred and sixty miles south of Cairo, is the present terminus of the railway; and here are situated the largest of the half dozen sugar refineries of the Viceroy. These produce him large revenues, greatly enhanced by the almost gratuitous work of his subjects. They are supervised by European skilled labor, and are worked by European machinery.



THE CARRIAGE RUNNER.

With full canvas, and borne onward by the swift current, we approach the meager ruins of Memphis, covered up layer upon layer by modern villages during these thousands of years; and we visit, also, the near pyramids of Sakkara and the interesting

tombs of the sacred bulls. These seen, we hasten over the last twenty miles of our trip. A dangerous gust of wind recalls to our minds the point called Gebel Tookh—Aboofeyda, near to Gurgeh, where the winds rise frequently into whirlwinds, as the storms blow around the precipitous cliffs and strike fear to the hearts of the not too courageous Arabian sailors. Yet our crew seem to fight with changeable winds like true muscular seamen. They are good-natured fellows, ready to run, of an errand or after our game, or to bear us ashore on their great brawny backs. The crew consists of twelve—a captain, steersman, eight sailors, cook, and waiter. And there is our dragoman and a bright little Nubian boy, always at our elbow to fetch us a book or an orange as we lie in our ship chairs upon deck. The sailors coil up in a rough sack on the deck to sleep, and are up at the slightest call to their duty—to shift the lateens, or to jump into the stream and lift off the boat from some treacherous sand-bar.

Their food consists of coarse flour baked with water, which is then crumbled and dried in the sun, afterward boiled and mixed with beans or lentils. The sailors sit around the kettle-pot and partake of this in the most primitive fashion, each dipping the first two fingers of the right hand into the pot. An occasional contribution of a sheep is received by them with great manifestation of gratitude; and their happiness seems completed by a few piastres for the purchase of some onions and sugar-cane.

Favorable winds give light labor to our sailors, and they recompense us amply with singing and dancing and ludicrous attempts at impromptu theatricals—chiefly burlesques of a king, who, perhaps, is ultimately poisoned or assassinated amid the applause and laughter of the whole stock company, king and all.

And thus, with daily some newly discovered enjoyment, an hour's hunting, a ludicrous donkey race or excursion ashore, a quaint vein of native humor, or perhaps some touching poem of sorrow caught in passing; impressive ruin, picturesque landscape, or rare sunset, "our slow drift moves onward," until we may hail once again the distant Cairo, with its delicate minarets, and the cupola of the citadel mosque of Mohammed rising up like the wonderful dome of St. Peter's.

Once more we may roam through the quaint streets and entertaining bazaars of "old Cairo," re-enjoying their objects of

beauty and strangeness. We may go to the great crumbling Mosque of Hassan, called after the Sultan who built it, or drive out again to the tombs of the Mamalukes, fast turning into the desert from which they arise in their grimness, or revisit the obelisk



THE MILK-CART IN CAIRO.

and be hauled up the pyramids, and do homage once more to the great Sphinx.

CAIRO, March 15.

We are glad to be once again in our quiet and immovable rooms at Shepherd's Hotel, and we partake with relish of the busy scenes of cosmopolitan life. We canter about gayly on the trim little donkeys, punched on by half naked little "fellahs." Here, shouting, comes the lithe carriage runner, who, bred to the business, can outrun the horses for hours, as he hurries along to make room for a Pasha, who lolls complaisantly back in his carriage as it rolls through the crowds that press back for its passage.

There, walks a lady of Cairo, closely veiled, and attended by a toothless old woman, who watches her closely. And here goes a merchant prince, slipping awkwardly along on a richly caparisoned camel. And here is a waterman under our noses who pours us a drink for a "thank you;" and his friend, the street sprinkler, staggers hard by with an enormous load in a goat-skin, from which he scatters a crystalline shower upon the dusty highways.

There, is the milk-cart of Cairo—a mild-featured nanny goat, who suffers herself to be led to your threshold, there to be milked by the gray-turbaned Arab, and thus gives you her best, undiluted.

On every side is to be seen thus some primitive and homely custom; the very body-servant sleeps leaning against the door of the master's apartments; and the street



HOWADJI'S ARRIVAL AT SHEPHERD'S HOTEL, CAIRO. (AFTER A PAINTING.)

porters may be awakened in the early morning coiled up in their matting-sacks, their heads upon the door-steps.

How primitive must be the habits of the beggars and donkey-boys! But here is the typical citizen—a smart, active Arab, who steps briskly and erect, with an air which would bespeak a proud and intelligent destiny in another land than this; but he is now but a bonded Egyptian, and he hurries along to his labor, while his daughter turns pensively from him, her sad face repressing a sorrow not rare in this Sphinx-land—this land of enslavement and bondage.

It must not, however, be considered from this, that the progressive spirit of the nineteenth century fails to be felt in Egypt; for the general condition of these Egyptians is already very much ameliorated by the present sovereign, Ismail Pasha. He has promoted the original industries of the country, he has created new industries, and opened up new avenues and fields, with well-built railways and extensive canals; and, while ornamenting his large cities with useful and tasteful structures and parks, and while developing the material resources of the kingdom at large, raising it up to the standard of an independent and formidable power, he has not neglected the education and æsthetic culture of his subjects, but has steadfastly pursued a progressive policy.

But we may not repose longer in this inter-

esting capital, for we fain would do homage to other great shrines of the Orient. So we tie up our traps for our journey to the Suez Canal; and, as we sit in our hotel windows awaiting the moment of departure, we enjoy a last tableau of Cairo. A long train of camels files by, each one attached to the tail of the one preceding. They march on erect beneath the large building stones with which they are laden. They look innocent, even sad; yet they are said to bristle with rage if provoked beyond measure. These have hardly passed when there follows a wedding procession. At the head pipes a piper upon a reed, which squeaks mightily; then two drummers supply with great volume what the reed lacks in sweetness. Now follow long lines of Arabs arm in arm across the highway; then the bridegroom, bestraddling a donkey. Throngs kiss his hands, and prophesy happiness. Now follow women; thickly veiled walks the bride between two bridesmaids, who support her, and seem to address her with much gesticulation, as if to tease her; but perhaps they are giving her lessons in marital matters. Four gayly decked boys bear a canopy over her head, and she moves with the air of a stage-queen. Behind these, with much talking and shouting, come the rabble; and the vile little donkey-boys, congregating in numbers before the hotel, when not besieging some easy-going excur-



sionist, take part in the merry procession by pushing the bright little donkeys among them. The beasts take the brunt of the beating with gentleness, but appear not to relish the fun.

All aboard! we descend to our carriages, and are whirled off through the throngs of donkeys and camels; the peddlers, snake-charmers, tricksters, hawkers, and motley groups of travelers by the hotel, and soon are ensconced in the rail-car—that sad innovation upon Eastern romance.

#### SUEZ CANAL, March 27.

Seven hours' flight through fertile fields, and over the Syrian Desert, and we arrive at Ismailia, equidistant from Port Said and

Suez, on Lake Timsah, a clean little town in the very desert, but bright with made gardens and flowers. It flourished during the building of the canal, but is now silent, though proud in the home of De Lesseps.

The day following, our tug-boat moves through in the wake of a magnificent steamship, which meets with no obstruction whatever, to Port Said, where the French steamer lies waiting to bear us to Jaffa.

With a glimpse at the town, and its harbor, made out into the sea with great walls of manufactured stone, we mount the tall sides of the steamer; the low, yellow desert sinks into the sea, and the glories of Egypt are lost to our sight.

### THE LAST OF THE NARWHALE.

#### THE STORY OF AN ARCTIC NIP.

"AY, AY, I'll tell you, shipmates,  
If you care to hear the tale,  
How myself and the royal yard alone  
Were left of the old Narwhale.

"A stouter ship was never launched  
Of all the Clyde-built whalers,  
And forty years of a life at sea  
Haven't matched her crowd of sailors.  
Picked men they were, all young and strong,  
And used to the wildest seas,  
From Donegal and the Scottish coast,  
And the rugged Hebrides.  
Such men as women cling to, mates,  
Like ivy round their lives;  
And the day we sailed, the quays were lined  
With weeping mothers and wives.  
They cried and prayed, and we gave 'em a cheer,  
In the thoughtless way o' men.  
God help them, shipmates—thirty years  
They've waited and prayed since then.

"We sailed to the North, and I mind it well,  
The pity we felt and pride  
When we sighted the cliffs of Labrador  
From the sea where Hudson died.  
We talked of ships that never came back,  
And when the great floes passed,  
Like ghosts in the night, each moonlit peak  
Like a great war-frigate's mast,  
'Twas said that a ship was frozen up  
In the iceberg's awful breast,  
The clear ice holding the sailor's face  
As he lay in his mortal rest.  
And I've thought since then, when the ships came  
home,  
That sailed for the Franklin band,  
A mistake was made in the reckoning  
That looked for the crews on land.  
'They're floating still,' I've said to myself,  
'And Sir John has found the goal;  
The Erebus and the Terror, mates,  
Are icebergs up at the Pole!'

"We sailed due north, to Baffin's Bay,  
And cruised through weeks of light;  
'Twas always day, and we slept by the bell,  
And longed for the dear old night,  
And the blessed darkness, left behind,  
Like a curtain round the bed;  
But a month dragged on like an afternoon  
With the wheeling sun o'erhead.  
We found the whales were farther still,  
The farther north we sailed:  
Along the Greenland glacier coast,  
The boldest might have quailed,  
Such Shapes did keep us company  
No sail in all that sea,  
But thick as ships in Mersey's tide  
The bergs moved awfully  
Within the current's northward stream;  
But, ere the long day's close,  
We found the whales and filled the ship  
Amid the friendly floes.

"Then came a rest: the day was blown  
Like a cloud before the night;  
In the south the sun went redly down—  
In the north rose another light,  
Neither sun nor moon, but a shooting dawn,  
That silvered our lonely way.  
It seemed we sailed in a belt of gloom,  
Upon either side, a day.  
The north wind smote the sea to death;  
The pack-ice closed us round—  
The Narwhale stood in the level fields  
As fast as a ship aground.  
A weary time it was to wait,  
And to wish for spring to come,  
With the pleasant breeze and the blessed sun,  
To open the way toward home.

"Spring came at last, the ice-fields groaned  
Like living things in pain;  
They moaned and swayed, then rent amain,  
And the Narwhale sailed again.



"EACH MOONLIT PEAK  
LIKE A GREAT WAR-FRIGATE'S MAST."

With joy the dripping sails were loosed,  
And round the vessel swung;  
To cheer the crew, full south she drew,  
The shattered floes among.  
We had no books in those old days  
To carry the friendly faces;  
But I think the wives and lasses then  
Were held in better places.  
The face of sweetheart and wife to-day  
Is locked in the sailors' chest;  
But aloft on the yard, with the thought of home,  
The face in the heart was best.  
Well, well—God knows, mates, when and where  
To take the things He gave;  
We steered for Home—but the chart was His,  
And the port ahead—the Grave!

"We cleared the floes; through an open sea  
The Narwhale south'ard sailed,  
Till a day came round when the white fog rose,  
And the wind astern had failed.  
In front of the Greenland glacier line  
And close to its base were we;  
Through the misty pall we could see the wall  
That beetled above the sea.  
A fear like the fog crept over our hearts  
As we heard the hollow roar  
Of the deep sea thrashing the cliffs of ice  
For leagues along the shore.

"The years have come, and the years have gone,  
But it never wears away—  
The sense I have of the sights and sounds  
That marked that woful day.

Flung here and there at the ocean's will,  
As it flung the broken floe—  
What strength had we 'gainst the tiger sea  
That sports with a sailor's woe?  
The lifeless berg and the lifeless ship  
Were the same to the sullen wave,  
As it swept them far from ridge to ridge,  
Till at last the Narwhale drave  
With a crashing rail on the glacier wall,  
As sheer as the vessel's mast—  
A crashing rail and a shivered yard;  
But the worst, we thought, was past.  
The brave lads sprang to the fending work,  
And the skipper's voice rang hard:  
'Aloft there, one with a ready knife—  
Cut loose that royal yard!'  
I sprang to the rigging, young I was,  
And proud to be first to dare:  
The yard swung free, and I turned to gaze  
Toward the open sea, o'er the field of haze,  
And my heart grew cold, as if frozen through,  
At the moving Shape that met my view—  
O Christ! what a sight was there!

"Above the fog, as I hugged the yard,  
I saw that an iceberg lay—  
A berg like a mountain, closing fast—  
Not a cable's length away!  
I could not see through the sheet of mist  
That covered all below,  
But I heard their cheery voices still,  
And I screamed to let them know.  
The cry went down, and the skipper hailed,  
But before the word could come  
It died in his throat, and I knew they saw  
The shape of the closing Doom!

"No sound but that—but the hail that died  
 Came up through the mist to me:  
 Thank God, it covered the ship like a veil,  
 And I was not forced to see—  
 But I heard it, mates: O, I heard the rush  
 And the timbers rend and rive,  
 As the yard . . . clung to swayed and fell

"I lay on the ice alive!  
 Alive! O Lord of mercy! ship and crew and  
 sea were gone!  
 The hummocked ice and the broken yard,  
 And a kneeling man—alone!

"A kneeling man on a frozen hill—  
 The sounds of life in the air—  
 All Death and Ice—and a minute before  
 The sea and the ship were there!  
 I could not think they were dead and gone,  
 And I listened for sound or word;

But the deep-sea roar on the desolate shore  
 Was the only sound I heard.  
 O mates, I had no heart to thank  
 The Lord for the life He gave;  
 I spread my arms on the ice and cried  
 Aloud on my shipmates' grave.  
 The brave strong lads, with their strength all vain,  
 I called them name by name,  
 And it seemed to me from the dying hearts  
 A message upward came—  
 Ay, mates, a message, up through the ice  
 From every sailor's breast:  
*'Go tell our mothers and wives at home  
 To pray for us here at rest.'*

"Yes, that's what it means: 'tis a little word;  
 But, mates, the strongest ship  
 That ever was built is a baby's toy  
 When it comes to an Arctic Nip."



## THE STORY OF SEVENOAKS.

BY J. G. HOLLAND.

### CHAPTER XXVIII.

WHEREIN MR. BELCHER, HAVING EXHIBITED  
 HIS DIRTY RECORD, SHOWS A CLEAN PAIR  
 OF HEELS.

THE first face that Mr. Belcher met upon  
 leaving the Court-House was that of Mr.  
 Talbot.

"Get into my coupé," said Talbot. "I  
 will take you home."

Mr. Belcher got into the coupé quickly,  
 as if he were hiding from some pursuing  
 danger.

"Home!" said he, huskily, and in a

whimpering voice. "Home! Good God!  
 I wish I knew where it was."

"What's the matter, General? How has  
 the case gone?"

"Gone? Haven't you been in the  
 house?"

"No; how has it gone?"

"Gone to hell," said Mr. Belcher, leaning  
 over heavily upon Talbot, and whispering it  
 in his ear.

"Not so bad as that, I hope," said Talbot,  
 pushing him off.

"Toll," said the suffering man, "haven't  
 I always used you well? You are not going

to turn against the General? You've made a good thing out of him, Toll."

"What's happened, General? Tell me."

"Toll, you'll be shut up to-morrow. Play your cards right. Make friends with the mammon of unrighteousness."

Talbot sat and thought very fast. He saw that there was serious trouble, and

"The devil's to pay."

"I'm glad of it," said he. "I hope you'll get it all out of him."

"It's too late for joking," responded the man, seriously. "We want to see you at once. You've been overreached in this matter of the Air Line, and you've got some very ugly accounts to settle."



"WORKIN' UP A CORNER IN SALT RIVER."

questioned whether he were not compromising himself. Still, the fact that the General had enriched him, determined him to stand by his old principal as far as he could, consistently with his own safety.

"What can I do for you, General?" he said.

"Get me out of the city. Get me off to Europe. You know I have funds there."

"I'll do what I can, General."

"You're a jewel, Toll."

"By the way," said Talbot, "the Crooked Valley corporation held its annual meeting to-day. You are out, and they have a new deal."

"They'll find out something to-morrow, Toll. It all comes together."

When the coupé drove up at Palgrave's Folly, and the General alighted, he found one of his brokers on the steps, with a pale face.

"What's the matter?" said Mr. Belcher.

"I'll be down to-morrow early," said the General.

"We want to see you to-night," said the broker.

"Very well; come here at nine o'clock."

Then the broker went away, and Mr. Belcher and Mr. Talbot went in. They ascended to the library, and there, in a few minutes, arranged their plans. Mrs. Belcher was not to be informed of them, but was to be left to get the news of her husband's overthrow after his departure.

"Sarah's been a good wife, Toll," he said; "but she was unequally yoked with an unbeliever, and hasn't been happy for a good many years. I hope you'll look after her a little, Toll. Save something for her, if you can. Of course, she'll have to leave here, and it won't trouble her much."

At this moment the merry voices of his children came through an opening door. The General gave a great gulp in the en-

deavor to swallow his emotion. After all, there was a tender spot in him.

"Toll, shut the door; I can't stand that. Poor little devils! what's going to become of them?"

The General was busy with his packing. In half an hour his arrangements were completed. Then Talbot went to one of the front rooms of the house, and, looking from the window, saw a man talking with the driver of his coupé. It was an officer. Mr. Belcher peeped through the curtain, and knew him. What was to be done? A plan of escape was immediately made and executed. There was a covered passage into the stable from the rear of the house, and through that both the proprietor and Talbot made their way. Now that Phipps had left him, Mr. Belcher had but a single servant who could drive. He was told to prepare the horses at once, and to make himself ready for service. After everything was done but the opening of the doors, Talbot went back through the house, and, on appearing at the front door of the mansion, was met by the officer, who inquired for Mr. Belcher. Mr. Talbot let him in, calling for a servant at the same time, and went out and closed the door behind him.

Simultaneously with this movement, the stable-doors flew open, and the horses sprang out upon the street, and were half a mile on their way to one of the upper ferries, leading to Jersey City, before the officer could get an answer to his inquiries for Mr. Belcher. Mr. Belcher had been there only five minutes before, but he had evidently gone out. He would certainly be back to dinner. So the officer waited until convinced that his bird had flown, and until the proprietor was across the river in search of a comfortable bed among the obscure hotels of the town.

It had been arranged that Talbot should secure a state-room on the "Aladdin," to sail on the following day, and make an arrangement with the steward to admit Mr. Belcher to it on his arrival, and assist in keeping him from sight.

Mr. Belcher sent back his carriage by the uppermost ferry, ate a wretched dinner, and threw himself upon his bed, where he tossed his feverish limbs until daybreak. It was a night thronged with nervous fears. He knew that New York would resound with his name on the following day. Could he reach his state-room on the "Aladdin" without being discovered? He resolved to try it early the next morning, though he knew the

steamer would not sail until noon. Accordingly, as the day began to break, he rose and looked out of his dingy window. The milk-men only were stirring. At the lower end of the street he could see masts and the pipes of the great steamers, and a ferry-boat crossing to get its first batch of passengers for an early train. Then a wretched man walked under his window, looking for something—hoping, after the accidents of the evening, to find money for his breakfast. Mr. Belcher dropped him a dollar, and the man looked up and said feebly: "May God bless you, sir!"

This little benediction was received gratefully. It would do to start on. He felt his way down-stairs, called for his reckoning, and when, after an uncomfortable and vexatious delay, he had found a sleepy, half-dressed man to receive his money, he went out upon the street, satchel in hand, and walked rapidly toward the slip where the "Aladdin" lay asleep.

Talbot's money had done its work well, and the fugitive had only to make himself known to the officer in charge to secure an immediate entrance into the state-room that had been purchased for him. He shut the door and locked it; then he took off his clothes and went to bed.

Mr. Belcher's entrance upon the vessel had been observed by a policeman; but, though it was an unusual occurrence, the fact that he was received showed that he had been expected. As the policeman was soon relieved from duty, he gave the matter no farther thought, so that Mr. Belcher had practically made the passage from his library to his state-room unobserved.

After the terrible excitement of the two preceding days, and the sleeplessness of the night, Mr. Belcher, with the first sense of security, fell into a heavy slumber. All through the morning there were officers on the vessel who knew that he was wanted, but his state-room had been engaged for an invalid lady, and the steward assured the officers that she was in the room, and was not to be disturbed.

The first consciousness that came to the sleeper was with the first motion of the vessel as she pushed out from her dock. He rose and dressed, and found himself exceedingly hungry. There was nothing to do, however, but to wait. The steamer would go down so as to pass the bar at high tide, and lie to for the mails and the latest passengers, to be brought down the bay by a tug. He knew that he could not step from his hiding



until the last policeman had left the vessel, with the casting off of its tender, and so sat and watched, from the little port-hole which illuminated his room, the panorama of the Jersey and the Staten Island shores.

His hard, exciting life was retiring. He was leaving his foul reputation, his wife and children, his old pursuits, and his fondly cherished idol, behind him. He was leaving danger behind. He was leaving Sing Sing behind! He had all Europe, with plenty of money, before him. His spirits began to rise. He even took a look into his mirror to be a witness of his own triumph.

At four o'clock, after the steamer had lain at anchor for two or three hours, the tug arrived, and as his was the leeward side of the vessel, she unloaded her passengers upon the steamer where he could see them. There were no faces that he knew, and he was relieved. He heard a great deal of tramping about the decks and through the cabin. Once, two men came into the little passage into which his door opened. He heard his name spoken, and the whispered assurance that his room was occupied by a sick woman; and then they went away.

At last the orders were given to cast off the tug. He saw the anxious looks of officers as they slid by his port-hole, and then he realized that he was free.

The anchor was hoisted, the great engine lifted itself to its mighty task, and the voyage was begun. They had gone down a mile, perhaps, when Mr. Belcher came out of his state-room. Supper was not ready—would not be ready for an hour. He took a hurried survey of the passengers, none of whom he knew. They were evidently gentle-folk, mostly from inland cities, who were going to Europe for pleasure. He was glad to see that he attracted little attention. He sat down on deck, and took up a newspaper which a passenger had left behind him.

The case of "*Benedict vs. Belcher*" absorbed three or four columns, besides a column of editorial comment, in which the General's character and his crime were painted with a free hand and in startling colors. Then, in the financial column, he found a record of the meeting of the Crooked Valley Corporation, to which was added the statement that suspicions were abroad that the retiring president had been guilty of criminal irregularities in connection with the bonds of the company—irregularities which would immediately become a matter of official investigation. There was also an

account of his operations in Muscogee Air Line, and a rumor that he had fled from the city, by some of the numerous outgoing lines of steamers, and that steps had already been taken to head him off at every possible point of landing in this country and Europe.

This last rumor was not calculated to increase his appetite, or restore his self-complacency and self-assurance. He looked all these accounts over a second time in a cursory way, and was about to fold the paper, so as to hide or destroy it, when his eye fell upon a column of foreign despatches. He had never been greatly interested in this department of his newspaper, but now that he was on his way to Europe they assumed a new significance; and, beginning at the top, he read them through. At the foot of the column he read the words, "Heavy Failure of a Banking House;" and his attention was absorbed at once by the item which followed: "The House of Tempin Brothers, of Berlin, has gone down. The failure is said to be utterly disastrous, even the special deposits in the hands of the house having been used. The house was a favorite with Americans, and the failure will inevitably produce great distress among those who are traveling for pleasure. The house is said to have no assets, and the members are not to be found."

Mr. Belcher's "anchor to windward" had snapped its cable, and he was wildly afloat, with ruin behind him, and starvation or immediate arrest before. With curses on his white lips, and with a trembling hand, he cut out the item, walked to his state-room, and threw the record of his crime and shame out of the port-hole. Then, placing the little excerpt in the pocket of his waistcoat, he went on deck.

There sat the happy passengers, wrapped in shawls, watching the setting sun, thinking of the friends and scenes they had left behind them, and dreaming of the unknown world that lay before. Three or four elderly gentlemen were gathered in a group, discussing Mr. Belcher himself, but none of them knew him. He had no part in the world of honor and of innocence in which all these lived. He was an outlaw. He groaned when the overwhelming consciousness of his disgrace came upon him—groaned to think that not one of all the pleasant people around him could know him without shrinking from him as a monster.

He was looking for some one. A sailor engaged in service passed near him. Stepping to his side, Mr. Belcher asked him to

show him the Captain. The man pointed to the bridge.

"There's the Cap'n, sir—the man in the blue coat and brass buttons."

Then he went along.

Mr. Belcher immediately made his way to the bridge. He touched his hat to the gruff old officer, and begged his pardon for obtruding himself upon him, but he was in trouble, and wanted advice.

"Very well, out with it; what's the matter?" said the Captain.

Mr. Belcher drew out the little item he had saved, and said:

"Captain, I have seen this bit of news for the first time since I started. This firm held all the money I have in the world. Is there any possible way for me to get back to my home?"

"I don't know of any," said the Captain.

"But I must go back."

"You'll have to swim for it, then."

Mr. Belcher was just turning away in despair, with a thought of suicide in his mind, when the Captain said:

"There's Pilot-boat Number 10. She's coming round to get some papers. Perhaps I can get you aboard of her, but you are rather heavy for a jump."

The wind was blowing briskly off shore, and the beautiful pilot-boat, with her wonderful spread of canvas, was cutting the water as a bird cleaves the air. She had been beating toward land, but, as she saw the steamer, she rounded to, gave way before the wind, worked toward the steamer's track on the windward side, and would soon run keel to keel with her.

"Fetch your traps," said the Captain. "I can get you on board, if you are in time."

Mr. Belcher ran to his state-room, seized his valise, and was soon again on deck. The pilot-boat was within ten rods of the steamer, curving in gracefully toward the monster, and running like a race-horse. The Captain had a bundle of papers in his hand. He held them while Mr. Belcher went over the side of the vessel, down the ladder, and turned himself for his jump. There was peril in the venture, but desperation had strung his nerves. The Captain shouted, and asked the bluff fellows on the little craft to do him the personal favor to take his passenger on shore, at their convenience. Then a sailor tossed them the valise, and the Captain tossed them the papers. Close in came the little boat. It was almost under Mr. Belcher. "Jump!"

shouted half a dozen voices together, and the heavy man lay sprawling upon the deck among the laughing crew. A shout and a clapping of hands was heard from the steamer. "Number 10" sheered off and continued her cruise, and, stunned and bruised, the General crawled into the little cabin, where it took only ten minutes of the new motion to make him so sick that his hunger departed, and he was glad to lie where, during the week that he tossed about in the cruise for incoming vessels, he would have been glad to die.

One, two, three, four steamers were supplied with pilots, and an opportunity was given him on each occasion to go into port, but he would wait. He had told the story of his brokers, given a fictitious name to himself, and managed to win the good-will of the simple men around him. His bottle of brandy and his box of cigars were at their service, and his dress was that of a gentleman. His natural drollery took on a very amusing form during his sickness, and the men found him a source of pleasure rather than an encumbrance.

At length the last pilot was disposed of, and "Number 10" made for home; and on a dark midnight she ran in among the shipping above the Battery, on the North River, and was still.

Mr. Belcher was not without ready money. He was in the habit of carrying a considerable sum, and, before leaving Talbot, he had drained that gentleman's purse. He gave a handsome fee to the men, and, taking his satchel in his hand, went on shore. He was weak and wretched with long seasickness and loss of sleep, and staggered as he walked along the wharf like a drunken man. He tried to get one of the men to go with him and carry his burden, but each wanted the time with his family, and declined to serve him at any price. So he followed up the line of shipping for a few blocks, went by the dens where drunken sailors and river thieves were carousing, and then turned up Fulton street toward Broadway. He knew that the city cars ran all night, but he did not dare to enter one of them. Reaching the Astor, he crossed over, and, seeing an up-town car starting off without a passenger, he stepped upon the front platform, where he deposited his satchel, and sat down upon it. People came into the car and stepped off, but they could not see him. He was oppressed with drowsiness, yet he was painfully wide awake.

At length he reached the vicinity of his

old splendors. The car was stopped, and, resuming his burden, he crossed over to Fifth Avenue, and stood in front of the palace which had been his home. It was dark at every window. Where were his wife and children? Who had the house in keeping? He was tired and sat down on the curb-stone, under the very window where Mr. Balfour was at that moment sleeping. He put his dizzy head between his hands, and whimpered like a boy.

"Played out!" said he; "played out!"

He heard a measured step in the distance. He must not be seen by the watch; so he rose and bent his steps toward Mrs. Dillingham's. Opposite to her house, he sat down upon the curb-stone again, and recalled his old passion for her. The thought of her treachery and of his own fatuitous vanity—the reflection that he had been so blind in his self-conceit that she had led him to his ruin, stung him to the quick. He saw a stone at his feet. He picked it up, and, taking his satchel in one hand, went half across the street, and hurled the little missile at her window. He heard the crash of glass and a shrill scream, and then walked rapidly off. Then he heard a watchman running from a distance; for the noise was peculiar, and resounded along the street. The watchman met him and made an inquiry, but passed on without suspecting the fugitive's connection with the alarm.

As soon as he was out of the street, he quickened his pace, and went directly to Talbot's. There he rang the door-bell, once, twice, thrice. Mr. Talbot put his head out of the window, looked down, and, in the light of a street lamp, discovered the familiar figure of his old principal.

"I'll come down," he said, "and let you in."

The conference was a long one, and it ended in both going into the street, and making their way to Talbot's stable, two or three blocks distant. There the coachman was roused, and there Talbot gave Mr. Belcher the privilege of sleeping until he was wanted.

Mr. Talbot had assured Mr. Belcher that he would not be safe in his house, that the whole town was alive with rumors about him, and that while some believed he had escaped and was on his way to Europe, others felt certain that he had not left the city.

Mr. Belcher had been a railroad man, and Mr. Talbot was sure that the railroad men would help him. He would secure a

special car at his own cost, on a train that would leave on the following night. He would see that the train should stop before crossing Harlem Bridge. At that moment the General must be there. Mr. Talbot would send him up, to sit in his cab until the train should stop, and then to take the last car, which should be locked after him; and he could go through in it without observation.

A breakfast was smuggled into the stable early, where Mr. Belcher lay concealed, of which he ate greedily. Then he was locked into the room, where he slept all day. At eight o'clock in the evening, a cab stood in the stable, ready to issue forth on the opening of the doors. Mr. Belcher took his seat in it, in the darkness, and then the vehicle was rapidly driven to Harlem. After ten minutes of waiting, the dazzling headlight of a great train, crawling out of the city, showed down the avenue. He unlatched the door of the cab, took his satchel in his hand, and, as the last car on the train came up to him, he leaped out, mounted the platform, and vanished in the car, closing the door behind him. "All right!" was shouted from the rear; the conductor swung his lantern, and the train thundered over the bridge and went roaring off into the night.

The General had escaped. All night he traveled on, and, some time during the forenoon, his car was shunted from the trunk line upon the branch that led toward Sevenoaks. It was nearly sunset when he reached the terminus. The railroad sympathy had helped and shielded him thus far, but the railroad ended there, and its sympathy and help were cut off short with the last rail.

Mr. Belcher sent for the keeper of a public stable whom he knew, and with whom he had always been in sympathy, through the love of horse-flesh which they entertained in common. As he had no personal friendship to rely on in his hour of need, he resorted to that which had grown up between men who had done their best to cheat each other by systematic lying in the trading of horses.

"Old man Coates," for that was the name by which the stable-keeper was known, found his way to the car where Mr. Belcher still remained hidden. The two men met as old cronies, and Mr. Belcher said:

"Coates, I'm in trouble, and am bound for Canada. How is 'Old Calamity?'"

Now in all old and well-regulated stables

there is one horse of exceptional renown for endurance. "Old Calamity" was a roan, with one wicked white eye, that in his best days had done a hundred miles in ten hours. A great deal of money had been won and lost on him, first and last, but he had grown old, and had degenerated into a raw-boned, tough beast, that was resorted to in great emergencies, and relied upon for long stretches of travel that involved extraordinary hardship.

"Well, he's good yet," replied Old man Coates.

"You must sell him to me, with a light wagon," said Mr. Belcher.

"I could make more money by telling a man who is looking for you in the hotel that you are here," said the old man, with a wicked leer.

"But you won't do it," responded the General. "You can't turn on a man who has loved the same horse with you, old man; you know you can't."

"Well, I can, but in course I won't;" and the stable-keeper went into a calculation of the value of the horse and harness, with a wagon "that couldn't be broke down."

Old man Coates had Belcher at a disadvantage, and, of course, availed himself of it, and had no difficulty in making a bargain which reduced the fugitive's stock of ready money in a fearful degree.

At half-past nine that night, "Old Calamity" was driven down to the side of the car by Coates's own hand, and in a moment the old man was out of the wagon and the new owner was in it. The horse, the moment Mr. Belcher took the reins, had a telegraphic communication concerning the kind of man who was behind him, and the nature of the task that lay before him, and struck off up the road toward Sevenoaks with a long, swinging trot that gave the driver a sense of being lifted at every stride.

It was a curious incident in the history of Mr. Belcher's flight to Canada, which practically began when he leaped upon the deck of Pilot-Boat Number 10, that he desired to see every spot that had been connected with his previous life. A more sensitive man would have shunned the scenes which had been associated with his prosperous and nominally respectable career, but he seemed possessed with a morbid desire to look once more upon the localities in which he had moved as a king.

He had not once returned to Sevenoaks

since he left the village for the metropolis; and although he was in bitter haste, with men near him in pursuit, he was determined to take the longer road to safety, in order to revisit the scene of his early enterprise and his first successes. He knew that "Old Calamity" would take him to Sevenoaks in two hours, and that then the whole village would be in its first nap. The road was familiar, and the night not too dark. Dogs came out from farm-houses as he rattled by, and barked furiously. He found a cow asleep in the road, and came near being upset by her. He encountered one or two tramps, who tried to speak to him, but he flew on until the spires of the little town, where he had once held the supreme life, defined themselves against the sky, far up the river. Here he brought his horse down to a walk. The moment he was still, for he had not yet reached the roar of the falls, he became conscious that a wagon was following him in the distance. Old man Coates had not only sold him his horse, but he had sold his secret!

"Old Calamity" was once more put into a trot, and in ten minutes he was by the side of his mill. Seeing the watchman in front, he pulled up, and, in a disguised voice, inquired the way to the hotel. Having received a rough answer, he inquired of the man whose mill he was watching.

"I don't know," responded the man. "It's stopped now. It was old Belcher's once, but he's gone up, they say."

Mr. Belcher started on. He crossed the bridge, and drove up the steep hill toward his mansion. Arriving at the height, he stood still by the side of the Seven Oaks, which had once been the glory of his country home. Looking down into the town, he saw lights at the little tavern, and, by the revelations of the lantern that came to the door, a horse and wagon. At this moment, his great Newfoundland dog came bounding toward him, growling like a lion. He had alighted to stretch his limbs, and examine into the condition of his horse. The dog came toward him faster and faster, and more and more menacingly, till he reached him, and heard his own name called. Then he went down into the dust, and fawned upon his old master pitifully. Mr. Belcher caressed him. There was still one creature living that recognized him, and acknowledged him as his lord. He looked up at his house and took a final survey of the dim outlines of the village. Then he mounted his wagon, turned his horse

around, and went slowly down the hill, calling to his dog to follow. The huge creature followed a few steps, then hesitated, then, almost crawling, he turned and sneaked away, and finally broke into a run and went back to the house, where he stopped, and with a short, gruff bark scouted his retiring master.

Mr. Belcher looked back. His last friend had left him.

"Blast the brute!" he exclaimed. "He is like the rest of 'em."

As he came down the road to turn into the main highway, a man stepped out from the bushes and seized "Old Calamity" by the bridle. Mr. Belcher struck his horse a heavy blow, and the angry beast, by a single leap, not only shook himself clear of the grasp upon his bit, but hurled the intercepting figure upon the ground. A second man stood ready to deal with Mr. Belcher, but the latter in passing gave him a furious cut with his whip, and "Old Calamity" was, in twenty seconds, as many rods away from both of them, sweeping up the long hill at a trot that none but iron sinews could long sustain.

The huge pile that constituted the Sevenoaks poor-house was left upon his right, and in half an hour he began a long descent, which so far relieved his laboring horse, that when he reached the level he could hardly hold him. The old fire of the brute was burning at its hottest. Mr. Belcher pulled him in, to listen for the pursuit. Half a mile behind, he could hear wheels tearing madly down the hill, and he laughed. The race had, for the time, banished from his mind the history of the previous week, banished the memory of his horrible losses, banished his sense of danger, banished his nervous fears. It was a stern chase, proverbially a long one, and he had the best horse, and knew that he could not be overtaken. The sound of the pursuing wheels grew fainter and fainter, until they ceased altogether.

Just as the day was breaking, he turned from the main road into the woods, and as the occupants of a cabin were rising, he drove up and asked for shelter and a breakfast.

He remained there all day, and, just before night, passed through the forest to another road, and in the early morning was driving quietly along a Canadian highway, surveying his "adopted country," and assuming the character of a loyal subject of the good Queen of England.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

WHICH GIVES THE HISTORY OF AN ANNIVERSARY, PRESENTS A TABLEAU, AND DROPS THE CURTAIN.

THREE months after Mr. Belcher's escape, the great world hardly remembered that such a man as he had ever lived. Other rascals took his place, and absorbed the public attention, having failed to learn—what even their betters were slow to apprehend—that every strong, active, bad man is systematically engaged in creating and shaping the instruments for his own destruction. Men continued to be dazzled by their own success, until they could see neither the truth and right that lay along their way, nor the tragic end that awaited them.

The execution in satisfaction of the judgment obtained against Mr. Belcher was promptly issued and levied; claimants and creditors of various sorts took all that the execution left; Mrs. Belcher and her children went to their friends in the country; the Sevenoaks property was bought for Mr. Benedict, and a thousand lives were adjusted to the new circumstances; but narrative palls when its details are anticipated. Let us pass them, regarding them simply as memories coming up—sometimes faintly, sometimes freshly—from the swiftly retiring years, and close the book, as we began it, with a picture.

Sevenoaks looks, in its main features, as it looked when the reader first saw it. The river rolls through it with the old song that the dwellers upon its banks have heard through all these changing years. The workmen and workwomen come and go in the mill, in their daily round of duty, as they did when Phipps, and the gray trotters, and the great proprietor were daily visions of the streets. The little tailoress returns twice a year with her thrifty husband to revisit her old friends, and she brings at last a little one, which she shows with great pride. Sevenoaks has become a summer thoroughfare to the woods, where Jim receives the city-folk in incredible numbers.

We look in upon the village on a certain summer evening, at five years' remove from the first occupation of the Belcher mansion by Mr. Benedict. The mist above the falls cools the air and bathes the trees as it did when Robert Belcher looked upon it as the incense which rose to his lordly enterprise. The nestling cottages, the busy shops, the fresh-looking spires, the distant woods, the more distant mountain, the old Seven Oaks



upon the western plateau, and the beautiful residence behind them, are the same to-day that they were when we first looked upon them; but a new life and a new influence inform them all. Nature holds her unvarying frame, but the life upon the canvas is what we paint from year to year. The river sings to vice as it sings to virtue. The birds carol the same, whether selfishness or love be listening. The great mountains rejoice in the sun, or drape their brows in clouds, irrespective of the eyes that regard them.

This one fact remains good in Sevenoaks, and the world over. The man who holds the financial power and the social throne of a town, makes that town, in a good degree, what he is. If he is virtuous, noble, unselfish, good, the elements beneath him shape themselves, consciously or unconsciously, to his character. Vice shrinks into disgrace, or flies to more congenial haunts. The greed for gold which grasps and overreaches, becomes ashamed, or changes to neighborly helpfulness. The discontent that springs up in the shadow of an unprincipled and boastful worldly success dies; and men become happy in the toil that wins a comfortable shelter and daily bread, when he to whom all look up, looks down upon them with friendly and sympathetic eyes, and holds his wealth and power in service of their good.

Paul Benedict is now the proprietor of Sevenoaks; and from the happy day in which he, with his sister and child, came to the occupation of the mansion which his old persecutor had built for himself, the fortunes and character of the town have mended. Even the poor-house has grown more comfortable in its appointments and administration, while year by year its population has decreased. Through these first years, the quiet man has moved around his mill and his garden, his mind teeming with suggestions, and filling with new interest in their work the dull brains that had been worn deep and dry with routine. All eyes turn upon him with affection. He is their brother as well as their master.

In the great house there is a happy woman. She has found something to love and something to do. These were all she needed to make her supremely self-respectful, happy, and, in the best degree, womanly. Willful, ambitious, sacrificing her young affections to gold at the first, and wasting years in idleness and unworthy intrigue, for the lack of affection and the absence of motive to usefulness and industry, she has found, at last,

the secret of her woman's life, and has accepted it with genuine gratitude. In ministering to her brother and her brother's child, now a stalwart lad; in watching with untiring eyes and helping with ready wit the unused proprietor in his new circumstances, and in assisting the poor around her, she finds her days full of toil and significance, and her nights brief with grateful sleep. She is the great lady of the village, holding high consideration from her relationship to the proprietor, and bestowing importance upon him by her revelation of his origin and his city associations.

The special summer evening to which we allude is one which has long been looked forward to by all the people in whom our story has made the reader sympathetically interested. It is an anniversary—the fifth since the new family took up their residence in the grand house. Mr. and Mrs. Balfour with their boy are there. Sam Yates is there—now the agent of the mill—a trusty, prosperous man; and by a process of which we have had no opportunity to note the details, he has transformed Miss Snow into Mrs. Yates. The matter was concluded some years ago, and they seem quite wonted to each other. The Rev. Mr. Snow, grown thinner and grayer, and a great deal happier, is there with his wife and his two unmarried daughters. He finds it easier to “take things as they air,” than formerly, and, by his old bridge, holds them against all comers. And who is this, and who are these? Jim Fenton, very much smoothed exteriorly, but jolly, acute, outspoken, peculiar as ever. He walks around the garden with a boy on his shoulder. The “little feller” that originally appeared in Mr. Benedict's plans of the new hotel is now in his hands—veritable flesh and blood; and “the little woman,” sitting with Mrs. Snow, while Mrs. Dillingham directs the arrangement of the banquet that is being spread in the pagoda, watches the pair, and exclaims: “Look at them! now isn't it ridiculous!”

The warm sun hides himself behind the western hill, though still an hour above his setting. The roar of the falling river rises to their ears, the sound of the factory bell echoes among the hills, and the crowd of grimy workmen and workwomen pours forth, darkening the one street that leads from the mill, and dissipating itself among the waiting cottages. All is tranquillity and beauty, while the party gather to their outdoor feast.

It is hardly a merry company, though a

very happy one. It is the latest issue of a tragedy in which all have borne more or less important parts. The most thoughtless of them cannot but feel that a more powerful hand than their own has shaped their lives and determined their destinies.

The boys are called in, and the company gather to their banquet, amid conversation and laughter.

Mr. Balfour turns to Jim and says:

"How does this compare with Number Nine, Jim? Isn't this better than the woods?"

Jim has been surveying the preparations with a critical and professional eye, for professional purposes. The hotel-keeper keeps himself constantly open to suggestions, and the table before him suggests so much, that his own establishment seems very humble and imperfect.

"I ben thinkin' about it," Jim responds. "When a man has got all he wants, he's brung up standin' at the end of his road. If thar ain't comfort then, then there ain't no comfort. When he's got more nor he wants, then he's got by comfort, and runnin' away from it. I hearn the women talk about churnin' by, so that the butter never comes, an' a man as has more money nor he wants, churns by his comfort, an' spends his life swashin' with his dasher, and wonderin' where his butter is. Old Belcher's butter never come, but he worked away till his churn blowed up, an' he went up with it."

"So you think our good friend Mr. Benedict has got so much that he has left comfort behind," says Mr. Balfour with a laugh.

"I should be afeard he had, if he could realize it was all his'n, but he can't. He hain't got no more comfort here, no way, nor he used to have in the woods." Then Jim leans over to Mr. Balfour's ear, and says: "It's the woman as does it. It's purty to look at, but it's too pertickler for comfort."

Mr. Balfour sees that he and Jim are observed, and so speaks louder.

"There is one thing," he says, "that I have learned in the course of this business. It does not lie very deep, but it is at least worth speaking of. I have learned how infinitely more interesting and picturesque vulgar poverty is than vulgar riches. One can find more poetry in a log cabin than in all that wealth ever crowded into Palgrave's Folly. If poor men and poor women, honest and patient workers, could only apprehend the poetical aspects of their own lives

and conditions, instead of imagining that wealth holds a monopoly of the poetry of life, they would see that they have the best of it, and are really enviable people."

Jim knows, of course, that his old cabin in the woods is in Mr. Balfour's mind, and feels himself called upon to say something in response.

"If so be as ye're 'ludin' at me," says he, "I'm much obleeged to ye, but I perfer a hotel to a log cabin, pertickler with a little woman and a little feller in it, Paul B. by name."

"That's all right, Jim," says Mr. Balfour, "but I don't call that vulgar wealth which is won slowly, by honest industry. A man who has more money than he has brains, and makes his surroundings the advertisement of his possessions, rather than the expression of his culture, is a vulgar man, or a man of vulgar wealth."

"Did ye ever think," says Jim, "that riches rots or keeps accordin' to their natur'? —rots or keeps," he goes on, "accordin' to what goes into 'em when a man is gitten' 'em together? Blood isn't a purty thing to mix with money, an' I perfer mine dry. A golden sweetin' grows quick an' makes a big show, but ye can't keep it through the winter."

"That's true, Jim," responds Mr. Balfour. "Wealth takes into itself the qualities by which it is won. Gathered by crime or fraud, and gathered in haste, it becomes a curse to those who hold it, and falls into ruin by its own corruptions. Acquired by honest toil, manly frugality, patient endurance, and patient waiting, it is full of good, and holds together by a force within itself."

"Poor Mrs. Belcher!" exclaims Mrs. Dillingham, as the reflection comes to her that that amiable lady was once the mistress of the beautiful establishment over which she has been called upon to preside.

"They say she is living nicely," says Mr. Snow, "and that somebody sends her money, though she does not know where it comes from. It is supposed that her husband saved something, and keeps himself out of sight, while he looks after his family."

Mr. Benedict and Mrs. Dillingham exchange significant glances. Jim is a witness of the act, and knows what it means. He leans over to Mr. Benedict, and says:

"When I seen sheet lightnin', I knows there's a shower where it comes from. Ye can't fool me about ma'am Belcher's money."

"You will not tell anybody, Jim," says Mr. Benedict, in a low tone.

"Nobody but the little woman," responds Jim; and then, seeing that his "little feller" in the distance is draining a cup with more than becoming leisure, he shouts down the table: "Paul B. ! Paul B. ! Ye can't git that mug on to yer head with the brim in yer mouth. It isn't yer size, and it doesn't look purty on ye."

"I should like to know where the old rascal is," says Mrs. Snow, going back to the suggestion that Mr. Belcher was supplying his family with money.

"Well, I can tell ye," replies Jim. "I've been a keepin' it for this very meetin'."

"Oh, Jim!" exclaim half a dozen voices, which means, "we are dying to hear all about it."

"Well," says Jim, "there was a feller as come to my hotel a month ago, and says he: 'Jim, did ye ever know what had become of old Belcher?' 'No,' says I. 'I only knowed he cut a big stick an' slid.' 'Well,' says he, 'I seen 'im a month ago, with whiskers enough on 'is ugly face to set up a barberry-bush.' Says I, 'Where did ye seen 'im?' 'Where do ye guess?' says he. 'Swoppin' a blind hoss,' says I, 'fur a decent one, an' gettin' boot.' 'No,' says he; 'guess agin.' 'Preachin' at camp-meetin', says I, 'an' passin' round a hat arter it.' 'No,' says he, 'I seen 'im jist where he belonged. He was tendin' a little bar on a S'n' Lor'nce steamboat. He was settin' on a big stool in the middle of 'is bottles, where he could reach 'em all without droppin' from his roost, an' when his customers was out he was a-peekin' into a little lookin'-glass as stood aside of 'im, an' a comb in out his baird.' 'That settles it,' says I; 'you've seen 'im, an' no mistake.' 'Then,' says he, 'I called 'im 'General,' an' he looked kind a 'skeered, an' says 'e to me, 'mum's the word. Crooked Valley an' Air Line is played out, an' I'm workin' up a corner in Salt River—" laughin', an offerin' to treat."

"I wonder how he came in such a place as that?" says Mrs. Snow.

"That's the funniest part on't," responds Jim. "He found an old friend on the boat as was much of a gentleman—an old friend as was dressed within an inch of his life, an' sold the tickets."

"Phipps!" "Phipps!" shout half a dozen voices, and a boisterous laugh goes around the group.

"Ye've guessed right the fust time," Jim continues, "an' the gentlemanliest clerk an' the poplares't man as ever writ names in a

book, an' made change on a counter, with no end o' rings an' handkercher-pins, an' presents of silver mugs, an' rampin' resolutions of admirin' passingers. An' there the two fellers be, a-sailin' up an' down the S'n' Lor'nce as happy as two clams in high water, workin' up corners in their wages, an' playin' into one another's hands like a pair of pickpockets; and what do ye think old Belcher said about Phipps?"

"What did he say?" comes from every side.

"Well, I can't tell percisely," responds Jim. "Fust he said it was proverdenial, as Phipps run away when he did; an' then he put in somethin' that sounded as if it come from a book—somethin' about tunin' the wind to the sheared ram."

Jim is very doubtful about his quotation, and actually blushes scarlet under the fire of laughter that greets him from every quarter.

"I'm glad if it 'muses ye," said Jim, "but it wasn't anything better nor that, considerin' the man as took it to himself."

"Jim, you'll be obliged to read up," says "the little woman," who still stands by her early resolution to take her husband for what he is, and enjoy his peculiarities with her neighbors.

"I be as I be," he responds. "I can keep a hotel, an' make money on it, an' pervide for my own, but when it comes to books ye can trip me with a feather."

The little banquet draws to a close, and now two or three inquire together for Mr. Yates. He has mysteriously disappeared! The children have already left the table, and Paul B. is romping with a great show of equine spirit about the garden paths, astride of a stick. Jim is looking at him in undisguised admiration.

"I do believe!" he exclaims, "that the little feller thinks he's a hoss, with a neck more nor three feet long. See 'im bend it over agin the check-rein he's got in his mind! Hear 'im squeal! Now look out for his heels!"

At this moment there rises upon the still evening air a confused murmur of many voices. All but the children pause and listen. "What is coming?" "Who is coming?" "What is it?" break from the lips of the listeners. Only Mrs. Yates looks intelligent, and she holds her tongue and keeps her seat. The sound comes nearer, and breaks into greater confusion. It is laughter and merry conversation, and the jar of tramping feet. Mr. Benedict suspects

what it is, and goes off among his vines in a state of painful unconcern. The boys run out to the brow of the hill, and come back in great excitement to announce that the whole town is thronging up toward the house. Then all, as if apprehending the nature of the visit, gather about their table again, that being the place where their visitors will expect to find them.

At length Sam Yates comes in sight around the corner of the mansion, followed closely by all the operatives of the mill, dressed in their holiday attire. Mrs. Dillingham has found her brother, and, with her hand upon his arm, she goes out to meet his visitors. They have come to crown the feast, and signalize the anniversary by bringing their congratulations to the proprietor and the beautiful lady who presides over his house. There is a great deal of awkwardness among the young men, and tittering and blushing among the young women, with side play of jest and coquetry, as they form themselves in a line, preparatory to something formal, which presently appears.

Mr. Yates, the agent of the mill, who has consented to be the spokesman of the occasion, stands in front, and faces Mr. Benedict and Mrs. Dillingham.

"Mr. Benedict," says he, "this demonstration in your honor is not one originated by myself, but, in some way, these good people who serve you learned that you were to have a formal celebration of this anniversary, and they have asked me to assist them in expressing the honor in which they hold you, and the sympathy with which they enter into your rejoicing. We all know your history. Many of those who now stand before you remember your wrongs and your misfortunes; and there is not one who does not rejoice that you have received that which your own genius won in the hands of another. There is not one who does not rejoice that the evil influence of this house is departed, and that one now occupies it who thoroughly respects and honors the manhood and womanhood that labor in his service. We are glad to acknowledge you as our master, because we know that we can regard you as our friend. Your predecessor despised poverty—even the poverty into which he was born—and forgot, in the first moment of his success, that he had ever been poor, while your own bitter experiences have made you brotherly. On behalf of all those who now stand before you, let me thank you for your sympathy, for

your practical efforts to give us a share in the results of your prosperity, and for the purifying influences which go out from this dwelling into all our humble homes. We give you our congratulations on this anniversary, and hope for happy returns of the day, until, among the inevitable changes of the future, we all yield our places to those who are to succeed us."

Mr. Benedict's eyes are full of tears. He does not turn, however, to Mr. Balfour for help. The consciousness of power, and, more than this, the consciousness of universal sympathy, gave him self-possession and the power of expression.

"Mr. Yates," says Mr. Benedict, "when you call me master you give me pain. When you speak of me as your brother, and the brother of all those whom you represent, you pay me the most grateful compliment that I have ever received. It is impossible for me to regard myself as anything but the creature and the instrument of a loving Providence. It is by no power of my own, no skill of my own, no providence of my own, that I have been carried through the startling changes of my life. The power that has placed me where I am is the power in which, during all my years of adversity, I firmly trusted. It was that power which brought me my friends—friends to whose good-will and efficient service I owe my wealth and my ability to make life profitable and pleasant to you. Fully believing this, I can in no way regard myself as my own, or indulge in pride and vainglory. You are all my brothers and sisters, and the dear Father of us all has placed the power in my hands to do you good. In the patient and persistent execution of this stewardship lies the duty of my life. I thank you all for your good-will. I thank you all for this opportunity to meet you, and to say to you the words which have for five years been in my heart, waiting to be spoken. Come to me always with your troubles. Tell me always what I can do for you to make your way easier. Help me to make this village a prosperous, virtuous, and happy one—a model for all its neighbors. And now I wish to take you all by the hand, in pledge of our mutual friendship and of our devotion to each other."

Mr. Benedict steps forward with Mrs. Dillingham, and both shake hands with Mr. Yates. One after another—some shyly, some confidently—the operatives come up and repeat the process, until all have pressed the proprietor's hand, and have received a

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pleasant greeting and a cordial word from his sister, of whom the girls are strangely afraid. There is a moment of awkward delay as they start on their homeward way, and then they gather in a group upon the brow of the hill, and the evening air resounds with "three cheers" for Mr. Benedict. The hum of voices begins again, the tramp of a hundred feet passes down the hill, and our little party are left to themselves.

They do not linger long. The Snows take their leave. Mr. and Mrs. Yates retire with a lingering "good-night," but the Bal-fours and the Fentons are guests of the house. They go in and the lamps are lighted, while the "little feller—Paul B. by name—" is carried on his happy father's shoulder to his bed upstairs.

Finally, Jim comes down, having seen his pet asleep, and finds the company talking about Talbot. He and his pretty, worldly wife, finding themselves somewhat too intimately associated with the bad fame of Robert Belcher, had retired to a country seat on the Hudson—a nest which they feathered well with the profits of the old connection.

And now, as they take leave of one another for the night, and shake hands in token of their good-will, and their satisfaction with the pleasures of the evening, Jim says:

"Mr. Benedict, that was a good speech o' yours. It struck me favorable an' s'prised me some considerable. I'd no idee

ye could spread so afore folks. I shouldn't wonder if ye was right about Providence. It seems kind o' queer that somebody or somethin' should be takin' keer o' you an' me, but I vow I don't see how it's all ben did, if so be as nobody nor nothin' has took keer o' me an' you too. It seems reasomble that somethin's ben to work all the time that I hain't seed. The trouble with me is that I can't understand how a bein' as turns out worlds as if they was nothin' more nor snow-balls would think o' stoppin' to pay 'tention to sech a feller as Jim Fenton."

"You are larger than a sparrow, Jim," says Mr. Benedict, with a smile.

"That's so."

"Larger than a hair."

Jim puts up his hand, brushes down the stiff 'crop that crowns his head, and responds with a comical smile:

"I don't know 'bout that."

Then Jim pauses as if about to make some further remark, thinks better of it, and then, putting his big arm around his little wife, leads her off, upstairs.

The lights of the great house go out one after another, the cataracts sing the inmates to sleep, the summer moon witches with the mist, the great, sweet heaven bends over the dreaming town, and there we leave our friends at rest, to take up the burden of their lives again upon the happy morrow, beyond our feeble following, but still under the loving eye and guiding hand to which we confidently and gratefully commit them.

THE END

## THE MOCKING-BIRD. \*

BROTHERS, I greet you! wond'ring at the call  
Which bids me lift my voice within this hall.  
Was there such dearth of singers in the land  
That you must seek for one in gown and band?  
Mised Committee! what induced your dream  
That verse like preaching could be done by steam?  
Why bid me *rhyme*, when everybody knows  
The Parson's ancient vested right to prose?  
Is not his Pegasus a stable hack,  
Equally poor for saddle, road or track?  
Does shepherd's pipe pertain to Pastor's crook?  
Lisps he in numbers (save the Pentateuch)?  
Shall he attempt to wake the living lyre  
With Sternhold's pathos and with Hopkins' fire?

What could you look for save a sermon song,  
Dull as a Duddleian, and twice as long?

Yet, since you bade me, at the call I come  
To beat the old ecclesiastic drum.  
I feel the mantle of my Pilgrim sires  
(N. B.—All Quakers cooked at Pilgrim fires)  
Descend upon me.—Cotton Mather, aid!  
Materialize, and cease to be a shade;  
Add to the wonders of New England's shore  
In me, thy medium, one last marvel more!  
So may my hour 'mid shouts of glee expire,  
Each minute winged with wit that does not tire.  
And you, oblivious of the boiled and roast!  
Of crisp oration, and of crackling toast,  
May bid me, as the good old custom was,  
"Turn up the sand, and take another glass."

\* This poem was delivered in the Chapel of Harvard University, Thursday, July 1, 1875, before the Phi Beta Kappa Society.



But since the wished afflatus don't display  
 It's operation in the normal way,—  
 (To quote a line which critics failed to mend)—  
 "Innoculation, heavenly maid, descend!"  
 Let me, as skillful cooks a banquet make  
 From one poor cantle of tough equine steak,  
 By condiments, adroitly from their shelves  
 Mixed till the viands hardly know themselves—  
 So, by judicious and adaptive art,  
 Let me from many minstrels take a part—  
 Beg, borrow, steal (the wise "convey" it call)  
 Some unconsidered trifle from them all.

Yet Æsop warns the poet who presumes  
 Like fabled daw to strut in pilfered plumes,  
 That fate may force him in the critic strife  
 To drop his quills and scamper for his life.  
 Taught by such risks, I copy not the crow,  
 Of whom the hunchback prattled long ago;  
 But fain would emulate a wiser fowl,  
 Bird of the night (I do not mean the owl).  
 No; let my theme be with approval heard—  
 Type of my country's muse—THE MOCKING-BIRD—

Subdued in plumage, sensitive of ear,  
 Gliding through thickets when there's danger near.  
 He does not prink, true poets never do;  
 He leaves such fopperies to the cockatoo,  
 The parrot tribe, whose ear-offending notes  
 Betray their breeding when they ope their throats.  
 Graceful in motion, elegant though shy,  
 His is the style we judge not by the eye.  
 Fine feathers mark the finch of gilded wing;  
 The bird of genius calmly waits to sing.  
 Ah, then! the magic of his art is shown  
 In twenty voices, none of them his own;  
 Now thrush, now robin,—then to hear, you think  
 The sweet bravura of the bobolink,  
 The blackbird's lilting call, the bluebird's sharp  
 Staccato chiming with the March wind's harp.  
 The round he runs of each familiar strain,  
 We scarce catch one before he's off again—  
 With the hawk's scream, the frighten'd hen deceives;  
 Twitters like sparrows underneath the eaves;  
 Trills till the vexed canary in his cage  
 Sulks on his perch in jealous, baffled rage;  
 Yelps like the puppy—like the kitten mew,  
 The lazy pigeon on the barn outcoos,  
 And crowns the whole with one triumphant note  
 Of joyous laughter from the human throat.  
 But when in midnight's hush the full moon's beam  
 Flings the black shadows on Pilatka's stream,  
 Silv'ring the summits of the moss-hung pines,  
 And decks with diamond dew the tangled vines,  
 Then, when all else is hushed, hear him repeat  
 His native love-notes, witching, wild and sweet.

Then take the slender fancy I pursue,  
 It shall be varied, if it is not new.  
 Hear first the legend of the youth of Lynn,  
 The sad, sad story of what might have been.

Sam Silsbee on Commencement Day  
 Saw the Governor's escort fill the way.

Beneath his drab vest ran a thrill  
 As the band struck up at Dana Hill,  
 And unfriendly yearnings drew his eyes  
 To the vain parade with a shy surprise.

He followed on where the elms between  
 The steeple-house o'ertopped the green.

He slipped by the men with the staves of red  
 Guarding the door, and, hat on head;

Stared at the stage where, row by row,  
 Sate the goodly professional show.

He heard with awe the stately swell  
 With which the Salutatory fell

From practiced lips, whose accents free  
 Were all of them sounded to "issime;"

Then listened with feelings of relief  
 To vernacular disquisitions brief;

Drank in with delight the oration bold,  
 Which American scholarship's mission told.

"And oh," thought he, "if I might dare  
 Some day to stand at that antique chair,

"And bow the neck that has never bent  
 In response to that gray old President,

"And hear, ere I took my proud A. B.,  
 'Oratio expectatur' from me.

"Therafter," thought he, "I might come to sport  
 My lore in the great and general court;

"Or, clad in the sable garment trim,  
 Give out from a pulpit a sounding hymn;

"Or rise to plead in the cause of Doe  
 The wrongs inflicted by Richard Roe;

"Or, fingering pulses ill at ease,  
 Coin from their throbbing golden fees;

"Or, best of all, in a silken gown  
 Sit 'mid those grave professors down."

But September's sun with dusty ray  
 Made hot the noon of that autumn day,

And Samuel turned from the arched door,  
 And went back to his native Lynn once more;

To the "thee" and "thou" and the ceaseless din  
 Of pegs on the lapstone hammered in;

To Woolman's journal and Barclay quaint,  
 Untinctured by pagan learning's taint;

To the ways of Friends, precise and calm,  
 Unveined by sermon and metric psalm.

Yet oft on a "First-day" afternoon,  
 In the dreamy days of leafy June,

He gazed the marshy levels o'er  
 To the hooded turrets of Gothic Gore,

That rose above the elm trees fair,  
 And his heart grew hot with a secret care

As he thought of the books in those alcoves dim,  
 All sealed volumes unto him;

And he sighed—"O Fox, thy 'inward light'  
 Is outer darkness upon my sight.

"And I would that mantle drab of thine  
 Had fallen on other shoulders than mine."

"O bird irreverent! O unblushing bard!  
 Knowest thou not that what is mocked is marred?"  
 I hear you murmur. Bear with me awhile—  
 I do but ask a recognizing smile.  
 Forgive me, then—if imitation be,  
 As saith the proverb, truest flattery,

I cannot flatter,—scarce find fitting praise  
For him who charmed me in my school-boy days.  
And earnest admiration gives the art  
To catch the trick of verses known by heart.

Who next? 'Tis one whose master-hand defies  
The cruder copy which the tyro tries.  
A dab of yellow tinged with rays of white  
Stands for a daisy to the poorest sight.  
But who can match with subtle workmanship  
The azure fringing of the gentian's lip?  
Or, when the pencil on the page has set  
The tender veinings of the violet,  
Can bid the mimic petals breathe the breath  
Of ling'ring odors, loveliest in death?

Here is the spot,—stand still and mark  
The old Plantation's site,  
Once trimmer than an English park,  
A garden of delight.

The wild-weed springs from mold'ring heaps,  
Where once the portal wide  
Echoed the tread of him who sleeps  
By blue Potomac's side.

Here was the sunny garden spot,  
The planter's special joy,  
Where, unrebuked and fearing not,  
Disported oft the boy.

Sole relic of that by-gone time,  
Ghost-like there meeteth me,  
In shadowy semblance of its prime,  
A solitary tree.

The gum incrusts its wrinkled bark,  
Of limb and leaf bereft;  
You scarce can trace one moss-grown mark  
A hostile steel hath left.

Was it the tomahawk that bit  
That deeply graves scar?  
Oh, no,—upon yon page is writ  
A nobler record far.

And now before my dreaming eye  
Unfolds the storied past,  
When of a manhood, chaste and high,  
The horoscope was cast.

Rebukingly the senior stands  
Inquiring of the dead,  
And, ranged around, the sable bands  
Await with anxious heed.

Unquailingly and firm, the boy  
Confronts the father's glance,  
As when he saw at York deploy  
The Briton's proud advance.

Serene, as when, like ambushed stag,  
Brave Braddock bled in vain,  
When flew the Bourbon's lied flag  
Above the Fort Duquesne;

Or when he rallied wasting ranks  
Against the troops of George,  
Beside the Brandywine's red bank  
And snows of Valley Forge.

And to his sire in accents low,  
But firm, bursts the reply:  
"Father, my hatchet struck the blow,  
I cannot tell a lie."

Pardon presumption, which perhaps in vain  
Once more essays the imitative strain.  
A monarch sees, unvexed, his jester try  
To wear the crown he carelessly put by.  
Laughs first and loudest at the regal ape  
Wrapping the ermine round his motley shape,

And can afford with lenient eye to look  
On tricks which one less royal might not brook.  
Sure he is monarch, who can find no peer,  
"Long" must we look to find his "fellow" here.

Change we the note, and call upon the stand  
New England's Plato from Lake Walden's strand.  
Wordsworth in nature worship, Keats in art  
Of classic culture, but indeed in heart  
Fresh and unhackneyed as the breeze that sweeps  
The granite ledges of Monadnoc's steeps;  
For whom in place of laurels we must twine  
A wreath of May-flower, woven with ground pine.  
Then from our Western Wordsworth let me catch  
The mystic meaning of THE SPELLING MATCH.

Blushing and giggling maidens throng  
The school-house knife-scarred desks along,  
Ranged in row the rivals stand,  
Equally counted band by band.  
Rustic youths in Sunday clothes,  
Conscious of their thumbs and toes;  
Serious urchins, quick of ear,  
Waifs of thought's unfathomed sphere,  
Prompt to meet the coming trial,  
Stubborn against Fate's denial;  
Scions of the old pine tree,  
Chips of pilgrim ancestry.

Head of one band, the Parson dark,  
Orthographic hierarch;  
Trained to answer to the call  
Of discourse hebdomadal,  
Wherein the Saxon's rugged strength  
Gives place to phrase of classic length,  
Till his pen, polysyllabic,  
Latin, Greek, and Mozarabic,  
Equally in turn distills.  
As the brooklet from the hills,  
Swollen with the winter's snow,  
Irrigates the plain below.  
So from his pulpit falls the shock  
Of Sunday deluge on his flock.

Head of the other, see the Master,  
Pledged to redeem the day's disaster.  
Something he would attempt as well,  
Ponderous decasyllabic:  
Word lurking in the darkest nook  
Of the dog-eared spelling book—  
Term borrowed from the technic arts,  
Familiar to the city marts;  
Catch-word, involute, or quaint,  
Seldom-heard name of Hebrew saint.  
Each and all the Master dares,  
While Gershom grins and Silas stares.

Dropping 'neath the steady fire,  
One and another must retire.  
Hard is the unlooked-for fate,  
Twenty-four reduced to eight.  
Three to left and five to right  
Manfully maintain the fight.  
Though the combat soon unequal,  
No seer can surmise the sequel.  
Between cup and lip,  
There is capacity of slip.  
Into the unknown, who can read?  
Haste ill-timed is doubtful speed.

Two go down on the Parson's side;  
One of the Master's three must hide  
Face suffused behind her fan,  
Vowel-vanquished Cynthia Ann.  
Reuben, Peleg Hissel's son,  
Stumbles at "Iguanodon";  
And the last of the Sorosis  
Trips upon "metempsychosis."  
One after another slain,  
Church and State alone remain.  
Parson and Master stand alone,  
Rival mastiffs o'er a bone.  
Loth that either now should yield,  
Ajax or Hector quit the field,

The umpire flings his truncheon down,  
 Ruler of mahogany brown,  
 Ordering the match as drawn,  
 Lest the conflict last till dawn,  
 And unquiet solution shame  
 Our New England's Isthmian game.

"Enough!" you say. Then let your fancy fly  
 Across the seas to greet another sky.  
 A wreath of vine-leaves, blended with the gray  
 Of dusty olive boughs, should crown his lay  
 Who knows to wield with perfect mastership  
 The Tuscan language on the Roman lip,  
 And with Italian artifice has wrought  
 The sturdy common sense of English thought!

Roberto, called Brunino of the Borg,  
 Guardian of certain droves by Thrasmene,  
 Which find cool plashy pastures near the lake,  
 Fell into doubt upon a point of law,  
 Which, being minded to steal counsel on,  
 He to the notary, Gian Battista, went,  
 And, tramping up the long, white, dusty road,  
 Beneath the massy walls the One-eyed built,  
 Was busy in his fine Italian brain  
 Weighing the pros and cons, until he came  
 To the cool piazzetta's shade, where, robed  
 In black, trimming his quills, Battista sat.  
 Good, now, you mark the sequence, shall he tell  
 His case at once, and, looking blankly out  
 Of his two eyes, discharged of meaning quite,  
 Demand his answer, "Is it thus, or so?"  
 Or, putting the Campagna cunning forth  
 Against the city shrewdness, fence awhile  
 Like one that plays at morra—flashing out  
 Well practiced fingers, "uno, cinque, sei,"  
 Reading the other's purpose on his lip?  
 "Who softly goes, goes safely," quoth the saw.  
 Therefore, with brief preamble, he began:  
 "Signor, you know my brindle—if it please  
 "You, Eccellenza, to take heed of beasts—  
 "Corpo di Baccho!—plague upon the brute,  
 "A quarrelsome, ill-tempered, ugly thing,  
 "I think his mother must have lowered herself  
 "Into forbidden wedlock—buffaloes—  
 "Or the mal' occhio crossed him when a calf.  
 "Your oxen, now, Signore, gentle, yet  
 "Pure-bred Toscani, mouse-colored, with soft,  
 "Deep, dreamy eyes, like the Madonna's own.  
 "Securo, Signore Avvocato—bless  
 "Could ne'er have done my bull an injury.  
 "My bull, I say—for, mark me, I'm a plain  
 "Man of the people, quite unskilled to put  
 "Learn'd suppositions from the civil law,  
 "As Caius thus and so, and Manlius thus—  
 "But seek to tell the plain, unvarnished tale,  
 "Just as it happened. Well, my bull, I say,  
 "Did gore your ox—the one, you know; the plump,  
 "Brown-backed one; he with just a thought of dark  
 "On his fore-shoulder. Or—you do not know,  
 "Having less care of oxen than of courts.  
 "Well, as I said, this maledetto bull  
 "Of mine hath hurt your ox, and so I come,  
 "Supposing I am bound to pay the cost,  
 "Having some certain scudi ready here.  
 "And now, 'eccellenza, tell me am I right;  
 "Or must I bring my neighbors in to prove  
 "The damage, and seek judgment in the court?"

Then Gian Battista, turning sideward round  
 His parrot-beak of nose, and fingering at  
 A score of tape-tied parchments on his desk,  
 Turned and replied: "Securo, if the case  
 "Be as you say, and if it were your bull  
 "That hurt my ox. I have a bull, I think,  
 "Not sweetly tempered; but I keep him penned.  
 "No oxen that I wot of—if, I say,  
 "The damage be a damage, which the law  
 "Rightly takes count of—then if it be shown  
 "I kept my oxen to their proper bound,  
 "And that your bull was negligently watched,  
 "Mio Roberto, I am loth to think  
 "Il Brunonino careless in his craft.  
 "Cortona knows his merit—if, I say,  
 "This doth appear, by witnesses of trust,  
 "Sworn on the Gospel—not your country louts,  
 "Who scarce can tell their right hand from their left;  
 "Or some birbone of the market-place,  
 "Who for a paul would swear that black were white,  
 "But like Tommaso yonder, or yourself,

"Supposing you not party to the case—  
 "Why, then I should consider that the suit  
 "Was one, which, bating needful steps of law,  
 "Circuitous, may be, for justice' sake,  
 "Might come before the judges in a year,  
 "Madonna helping—after which, you know,  
 "Who seeks to eat his cake, must tarry still,  
 "Until the meal be bolted." But we hope!  
 "Meanwhile,—and this advice I give you in  
 "Three colonati pays your present costs of law,  
 "I think you said you had the coin in hand,  
 "Meanwhile, in case my ox were like to die,  
 "Were he killed quickly, I might save his meat  
 "Franzino pays cinque centesimi  
 "Per pound for such, too little; but we know  
 "Beggars must not be choosers—vain to cry  
 "For milk when pails o'erturn; what must be, must.  
 "And, mi' Roberto, when you next essay  
 "To lead a lawyer to convict himself,  
 "Relying on the trick of *Esop's* age,  
 "Remember that, now, 'Abbiamo Noi  
 "Tutto reverso"—we have changed all that."

Who follows? One whose varied gifts are such,  
 'Tis hard to put his merits to the touch.  
 Unwittingly his perfect art retains  
 Remembered music from all rival strains.  
 Just lingers in his thoughts some trick of art  
 From the last verse he loved and learned by heart.

But, as the fabled philosophic stone  
 Transmuted what it touched and made its own,  
 So, in his pure alembic, fused and fined,  
 The dross departs, the gold remains behind.  
 With him the children's nursery trick I'll try:  
 "Play I was he, and play that he was I."  
 And take these lines as coming from *his* hand,  
 Write on myself—of course you understand.

There's a poet whose fortunate culture combines  
 The fresh growth of the fields with the toil of the mines,  
 Who can catch the rude accents of primitive speech  
 From the men of the furrow and men of the beach;  
 While at home, in the pages of Marlowe and Drayton,  
 Ford, Fletcher, and Webster, and Taylor and Leighton,  
 Old English and New English equally known,  
 And used with grace that is simply his own.  
 When the bird sings outside of his library sill,  
 And the poet just dreams to its jubilant trill,  
 'Mid the blossoming scents of the lilacs in June,  
 When the breeze and the sunlight with both are in tune,  
 The verse from his pen and the bird's warbled strain  
 Are twined in one lyric's melodious chain,  
 Till bird-song with bird-song so lovingly blends,  
 No critic can tell which begins and which ends.

Then his wit lights each line with a vibrating spark,  
 Like a linden with fire-flies aglow in the dark.  
 For the natural flow of his Helicon runs  
 In a radiant ripple of laughter and puns,  
 Till paronomasia expands to a science,  
 Which sets the hard angles of speech at defiance;  
 And the pure ore of feeling through every word gleam,  
 Like the gold-flakes beneath California's stream.  
 What at first appears rubbish—unless I o'erpraise.  
 The longer you "pan it," the better it pays.  
 If a bard be a prophet, of old called a seer,  
 We count in the canon the prophet Hosca,  
 The author of papers, whose title we spell  
 With a big L O W—E—double L.

Once more across the waters—yet once more,  
 And the waves bound beneath me as a steed  
 Which knows its rider. He who runs may read  
 The latest name that honors England's shore  
 In the quaint dance revived, which tracked the green  
 When Robin Hood was king—Maid Marian queen.

Guthild of Bathstead,—daughter of Gudarm,  
 King Eric's Bonder, of the upland farm—  
 Numbered ten summers since the hawthorn spray  
 Made white the church-yard on her christ'ning day.  
 What time an eight days' infant to the font  
 They bore her, as was ancient use and wont

Among Norse-folk, who ever used to say,  
 Ill-haps as gossips waited on delay.  
 Now lutesome, gleeful, fair was she and tall,  
 Able to range alone, and loving all  
 Innocent pastimes. Most she counted dear,  
 A snow-white lamb, which followed her amear.

So to the little lowly cot, where came  
 Unto the tendance of an outland dame  
 The many children of the neighbor farms,  
 Blithe-voiced, light-footed, bearing on their arms  
 Their satchels filled. With these Gunhilda fared.  
 While after her, cropping the green, unscarred  
 At sound of voice, with recognising bleats,  
 Followed the lamb. Then to the taken seats,  
 Filled in with curt'sy, each discipula  
 Greeting, as in she went, the Domina.

Short time endured the lamb such loneliness  
 Waiting without, and presently 'gan press  
 His forehead 'gainst the unlatched door, and then  
 Pushed with impatient foot, and pushed again,  
 And ere the earliest tasks were duly said,  
 Thrust in a head and neck engorged.  
 Then with uncertain, pattering steps, began  
 To tread the floor, at seeing which, there ran  
 A half-hushed titter on from lip to lip  
 Of all the rosy, fresh-hued scholarship;  
 And thy-faced little ones peeped up and caught  
 Glee from their elders' eyes and looks distraught.  
 But when one hoof uplift the lamb and laid  
 Upon the dunce-stool, as if he essayed  
 Thereon to mount and show his lack of wit,  
 Yet knew not rightly how to compass it,  
 Then bubbled up the laughter unrestrained,  
 And e'en the Domina no longer feigned.  
 The formal sternness which beset her rule,  
 Seeing such unused presence in her school.

Yet bade she put him forth, and bar the door  
 Securely, till at noon the tasks were o'er.  
 So did the school resume its drowsy head,  
 Of numbers droned, and syllables y-read.

But when the hot noon called them out of door,  
 Cropping the daisies was the lamb once more,  
 Who, with brisk bounds, to his dear mistress came.  
 Much marveled then to see the beast so tame  
 The rest, and questioned the Domina,  
 "Why loveth so the lambkin Gunhilda?"  
 Whereat the dame, seeking a moral nigh,  
 Made answer to the eager children's cry:  
 "Gunhild doth love the lamb, you know, and hence  
 You still may bind in loving confidence  
 Each gentle animal, if it but find  
 Unto its gentleness that you are kind.  
 In such ways is given the device  
 To win once more the Earthly Paradise."

Before I pluck a new name from the urn,  
 I ask the privilege that we adjourn  
 To yonder stately and memorial pile,  
 Where dinner waits (and still must wait awhile).  
 That is to say, for purposes poetic,  
 Uninfluenced by the true fact dietetic,  
 Yon hall may serve the hungry Sophomore,  
 Phi Beta Kappa seeks an i'mbler door.  
 Thus ardent youth pursues his guiding star,  
 Thinking where fame's proud temple shines afar;  
 But, sobered down by time and trial, looks  
 For a safe refuge 'mid forgotten books.  
 Too pleased, if on some alcove's spell enshrined,  
 One modest volume keeps his name in mind.

I say, in fancy pleased to gather there,  
 Picture the President within the chair.  
 The audience hushed, then bursting with applause,  
 As from his *sheer* some lines the poet draws.

What! called again. I must protest; the thing is past a joke,  
 To bid the sapling's tender green reclothe the ancient oak.  
 You'd scarce expect one of my age to furnish fun for lads,  
 Who had not donned their primal pants, when you and I were  
 grads.

What, though you've brought from Harvard Hall the old  
 familiar faces,  
 Who used from gilded frames to watch us youths put through  
 our paces,  
 When Warren from the table's head called up each luckless  
 wight,  
 And with a double-barreled pun shot speakers left and  
 right.

Perhaps you think because *they* show no sign of time's decay,  
 "Age cannot wither, custom stale," our youthful fancy's play.  
 Though Madame Boylston's silks are fresh as when she  
 smoothed them down  
 To let the painter catch the shades of that immortal brown.

Is that a reason why the robes of evanescent thought,  
 One moment flashing in the sun, the next resolved to nought,  
 Should be patched up with threadbare fun which every darn  
 displays,  
 When through these bright-hued panes pours in the light  
 of other days.

No, Mr. President, 'twon't do; my memory lets slip  
 The jests that made the board resound in Plaucus' consulship.  
 The Seniors have played out our game, let Freshmen have  
 their day,  
 Nor match with modern trotting gigs the dæmon's one-horse  
 shay.

I've practiced at the bar below, 'tis now my turn to sit  
 Above upon the Supreme bench, adjudicating wit.  
 If the court understand herself—and that, it thinks, she do—  
 Holmes versus Harvard has been tried, now call on something  
 new.

Forgive me, brothers, if I still prolong  
 These cadences of imitative song.  
 One more I would attempt, whose early lays  
 Are linked with memories of my college days,  
 Who charmed my fancies through the happy realms  
 Of dreamland 'neath yon immemorial elms;  
 Who won the quest, which Dryden sought in vain,  
 "And raised" to life "the Table Round again,"  
 In whose high-thoughted verse there mingles not  
 "One line which, dying, he could wish to blot."  
 Knight-like in thought and word he tells his tale,  
 Peer to the seekers of the Holy Grail.

Sir Lancelot had come to Joyeuse Gard,  
 By Ramborow, beside the Northern Sea,  
 Where, with his kinsmen, once he drew to head  
 Against the forces of the blameless King,  
 After his sin with Guinevere was known.  
 Not as of old now came he, but at rest,  
 Borne on a bier of leveled lances four,  
 Upheld by weeping knights, and, after him,  
 His steed, led by a squire, champed at the bit,  
 Vexed with the solemn pace, and tossed his head,  
 And flung white foam-flakes on his housings black,  
 And whinnied low, and toward the dead man's face  
 Cast wistful looks, not knowing what it meant;  
 And missing still the presence masterful  
 That used to curb him in his glad career.

So came they where the forest, opening out  
 Across the meadow swale, gave view of towers,  
 Red in the low ray of the setting sun,  
 And on the topmost turrets, from the staff  
 Hung, half-way raised, a drooping pennoncelle,  
 Argent a splintered lance and azure field.  
 Upon the barban a score of knights  
 Kept watch, and underneath the archway wide  
 Stood silent groups in weeds of russet clad.  
 The fields were silent,—no man at the plow  
 Went calling to his team,—no milk-maid sang,—  
 No wood-man swung his axe, and on the mere  
 The milk swan circled, fearless of the shaft,  
 For none were there but mourned for Lancelot!

So bare they him, till at the hollow cave  
 Of the great archway paused the train, and drew  
 Deep breaths of resting, while pealed overhead  
 A single trumpet note, long, wailing, shrill.  
 And from the city walls, and gabled ends  
 Fronting the streets, where every window showed  
 Its knot of faces, whitebly looking out  
 Over black hangings, burst a sudden cry  
 Of one great shock of grief—and children wept,  
 Not knowing why, seeing their elders weep.

Then from the minster-gate, beside the towers  
Of Joyeuse Gard, a sound of chanting rose,  
And the low dirge crept nearer, and a flare  
Of torches flickered on before the march,  
Casting weird shadows down the market-place.  
Vested in white, with sable hood, and stole,  
Bare-headed, sandal-footed, four and four,  
Paced on the priests, and at their head, as chief,  
One whilom Bishop of Carriçon-on-Uake;  
And, after, hermit, hard by Almesbury.  
So, with due tendance, took they up the corpse,  
And raised it from the leveled lances four,  
And laid it on a bier, and bore it in  
Unto the chancel to the altar's foot.

So, fifteen days within the lofty choir,  
From noon to noon, the psalm and dole were sung,  
And prayers said, and tapers burned, and thick  
The incense rose, in blue and golden clouds,  
Athwart the checkered blazon of the pances,  
And the slow sunbeam crept across the space,  
Where, with hands crossed above his heart, was laid  
Lancelot, man of men, and all men came  
To look upon his face; his face was bare,  
As is the wont for men right worshipful,  
That all might come and see him where he lay.  
And all who looked were sad—none other smile  
Was in the minster, save the dead man's smile,  
Full of high grace, as one who dies forgiven.

But, on the fifteenth morning, rang a tread  
Of nailed feet along the shadowy nave,  
Till the priests paused to listen, and the dirge  
Broke half-way off, as breaks the woodlark's song  
When the black hawk's wing shadows overhead;  
And through the press of men-folk pushed a knight,  
Dusty with travel, red and stained with clay,  
Like one who headlong heedeth not his path,  
For haste to bear a word of life or death.  
So, with pale forehead, and lips grimly set,  
And blankly staring eyes, and victim raised,  
Came he unto the bier, and all men knew  
Ector de Maris, brother to the Dead.

Then reeled he in his walk, and, kneeling down  
At the high altar's step, did off his helm,  
And cast his shield upon the rush-strewn floor;  
And in its hollow put aside his sword,  
And strove within himself, and seemed to swoon,  
Either with shock of grief or stress of way,  
And manned himself, and signed the cross, and prayed,  
Silent with lips that moved, but made no sound.  
Then, looking up at length, beside him saw  
The Bishop with the crozier in his hand,  
And, on the other side, Sir Bors, and both  
Looked sadly on him, and their eyes were wet.

Then rose Sir Ector, and upon the arm  
Of Bors he leaned a little space, and moved  
To nearer look upon the dead man's face  
That smiled—where none did smile except the Dead,  
And with low, hollow voice, as one who speaks  
Words not his own, by some strong spirit's will,—  
He spoke his requiem over Lancelot.

"Sir Lancelot, thou wert head of Christian knights.  
Ah, Lancelot; ah, my brother, there thou liest,  
Thou that wast never matched of earthly knight,  
The curtiest that ever bore a shield,  
The truest friend that ever horse bestrode,  
The truest lover of a sinful man,  
That ever sought the love of womanhood;  
The kindest man that ever struck with sword,  
The goodliest form that came in knightly press,  
The gentlest and the meekest man that e'er  
Ate amongst ladies in the banquet hall,  
And to thy mortal foe the sternest knight  
That ever put his spear into its rest."

A moment more,—since there remains alone  
One strain uncopied,—I may call my own.  
I see his critic eye upon me cast,  
Who served two famous "years before the mast."  
I know that Forbes's art has made less hard  
The seaman's labor by the double yard.  
But 'twas of old, the nautical belief,  
Its threefold creed—"to hand, to steer, to reef."  
Then of this ancient doctrine hear a lay,  
Sung by a landsman, once of Buzzard's Bay.

And if some phrase should ears marine offend,  
I got my learning from "The Seaman's Friend."

Three hand-spike raps on the forward hatch,  
A hoarse voice shouts, down the fo'castle dim,  
Starting the sleeping starboard watch,  
Out of their bunks, their clothes to snatch,  
With little thought of life or limb.

"All hands on deck! d'y hear the news,  
Reef topsails all—'tis the old man's word.  
Tumble up, never mind jackets or shoes!"  
Never a man would dare refuse,  
When that stirring cry is heard.

The weather shrouds are like iron bars,  
The leeward backstays curving out.  
Like steely spear-points gleam the stars  
From the black sky flecked with feathery bars,  
By the storm-wind swerved about.

Across the bows, like a sheeted ghost,  
Quivers a luminous cloud of spray,  
Flooding the forward deck, and most  
Of the waist; then, like a charging host,  
It rolls to leeward away.

"Mizzen topsail, clew up and furl;  
Clew up your main course now with a will!"  
The wheel goes down with a sudden whirl  
"Ease her, ease her, the good old girl,  
Don't let your head-sails fill!"

"Ease off lee braces, round in on the weather;"  
"Ease your halyards—clew down, clew down;"  
Haul out your reef-tackles, now together."  
Like an angry bull against his tether,  
Heave the folds of the topsails brown.

"Haul taut your buntlines, cheerly, men, now!"  
The gale sweeps down with a fiercer shriek.  
Shock after shock on the weather bow  
Thunders the head-sea, and below  
The throbbing timbers groan and creak.

The topsail yards are down on the caps,  
Her head lies up in the eye of the blast;  
The belling sails, with sudden slaps,  
Swell out and angrily collapse,  
Shaking the head of the springing mast.

Wildier and heavier comes the gale  
Out of the heart of the Northern Sea,  
And the phosphorescent gleamings pale  
Surge up awash of the monkey rail  
Along our down-pressed lee.

"Lay aloft! lay aloft! boys, and reef,  
Don't let my starbolines be last."  
Cries from the deck the sturdy chief;  
"Twill take a man of muscle and beef  
To get those ear-rings passed."

Into the rigging with a shout  
Our second and third mates foremost spring.  
Crackles the ice on the ratlines stout,  
As the leaders on the yards lay out,  
And the foot ropes sway and swing.

On the weather end of the jumping yard,  
One hand on the lift, and one beneath,  
Grasping the cringle, and tugging hard,  
Black Dan, our third mate, grim and scarred,  
Clutches the ear-ring for life or death.

"Light up to windward," cries the mate,  
As he rides the surging yard-arm end,  
And into the work we throw our weight,  
Every man bound to emulate,  
The rush of the gale, and the sea's wild send.

"Haul out to leeward," comes at last,  
With a cheery ring from the fore and main;  
"Knot your reef-points, and knot them fast,  
Weather and lee are the ear-rings passed,  
And over the yard we bend and strain."

"Lay down men, all, and now, with a will,  
Swing on your topsail halyards, and sway;  
Ease your braces, and let her fill,  
There's an hour below of the mid-watch still,  
Haul taut your bowlines—well all—belay!"





UNTIL a very recent period Kioto, the ecclesiastical capital of Japan, was the literary and artistic center of the Empire. The place of residence of the Mikado or Spiritual Emperor, it was long the Rome of Japan. Thither went the poets, who found there the recognition denied them in the provinces, or the commercial and military capital of Yeddo. There, too, were found the painters and draughtsmen whose works not only set the fashion in art throughout Japan, but who, themselves, took from the Court of the Mikado those suggestions which have left an indelible impression upon the national taste.

In the Court of the Empress at Kioto were found the rarest brocades, ear-rings, lacquer-work, and paintings. In her recep-

tion-room, where she sat in proud isolation on a dais, before which the court ladies squatted in semicircles, were grouped rich tables or cabinets incrusting with mother-of-pearl, and filled with illuminated books of poetry, biography, and fairy lore. Marvelous paintings hung upon the screens, and rare effects of color covered the bamboo blinds that intercepted the light of day. Gilded leaves, upon which were printed rare conceits in prose or verse, circulated from hand to hand,—or delicate drawings in India ink or sepia, the work of favorite artists and noble women, were decorously admired by this critical assemblage.

When the courtly throng, so much resembling a brilliant flower-bed, dispersed, it was only to prepare fine things in art or litera-

ture, always under the careful direction of masters, for the next festal reception. At the close of the Winter, "the awakening of Nature," the wits, artists, and court ladies

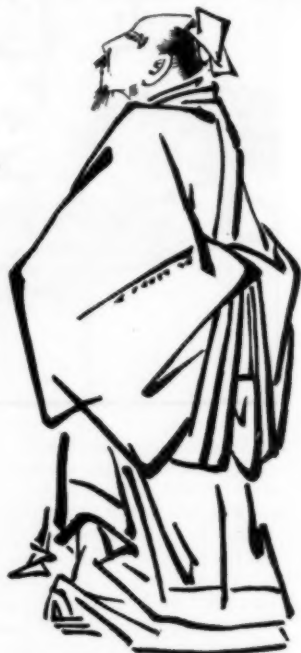


A FIGURE IN THE POPULAR STYLE.

assembled in the gardens of the palace and generously emulated each other in selecting the most appropriate verses in honor of the return of Spring. The white cedar fan, whose shape was prescribed by antique canons of art, was ornamented with leaves of ivy and blossoms of the convolvulus, and inscribed with verses chosen by the company. Souvenirs of painted satin or paper made from the delicate fiber of the mulberry-tree were given and received; and, we doubt not, much tender sentiment took shape in verse or prose, or in the artistic emblems that exchanged ownership.

This picture of courtly pastime in Japan in the time of the Mikado's isolation, reminds us of the calm seclusion of the women of European courts in the medieval age. The artificial manners and customs of that epoch have left their impression upon Japanese art. Painting in miniature was greatly affected at Kioto, as it was in Western Europe in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. Conventional forms and modes

of expression had their origin in the courtly models of an ancient Japanese civilization. The same rigorous taste that insisted upon a perpetually repeated cadence in poetical lines, prescribed and established rules of art which are now esteemed classic. To this day, therefore, the division between the severe style of high art in Japan, and the flowing freedom of the popular manner, is as distinctly marked as that which separates the work of Gustave Doré from that of the royal artist who wrought the Bayeux tapestry. But it would not be fair to the so-called popular style of Japanese art to intimate that the classic types have the sole claim to antiquity. As has just been said, Kioto, with its highly cultivated court circle, is supposed to have given the principles of high art to the nation; and Kioto art-work has its unmistakable stamp of design wherever found. But, so far as we



THE CLASSIC STYLE OF DRAWING.

know, popular art, with all its marked characteristics, is as ancient as any other. Japanese art may be said to preserve a perennial freshness and youth; but no department of it has made the slightest advance in centuries.

The two figures which I have given very

clearly illustrate the radical difference between the classic and popular methods of handling kindred subjects. Both of these are mythological figures; and, the severe, almost poverty-stricken treatment of one is sharply contrasted by the flowing curves and riotous freedom of the other. Somebody has compared Japan and China in art with Greece and Rome, respectively. There is certainly a Greek simplicity in the so called "noble"

style of Old Japan, which is never found in the coarser outlines of any Chinese work whatever. The influence of fashion upon art in Japan is more perceptible in delineations of the human face and figure than elsewhere. Official

rules hindered the development of the highest conceptions in art; and the human face in all subjects for the pencil had only one type and few variations.

It is a singular fact that, while Japanese artists have solved all mysteries of colors, and have caught the grace and life of animal and vegetable nature, they seem to have missed the true idea of the human form, its characteristics, and its infinite variety of expression. To some extent it is true that a conventional type, fixed ages ago, is adopted by the Japanese artists of to-day. Every American by this time has learned to recognize the long, oval face, bud-like little mouth, almond eyes, painted eyebrows, and inexpressive nose, with which the Japanese artist endows the female face divine. These insipid beauties simmer at us from the multitudinous fans that agitate the air of the American Republic from Maine to California.

It has been said that the Japanese artist is as unsuccessful in his attempts to delineate domestic animals as he is in human portraiture. Though this may not be strictly true, it must be confessed that the native artist, whether hampered by ancient traditions or not, does not catch the spirit and movement of animals that make their home with man, as well as he does that of the beasts of the thicket field, and forest. A single page of one of the Japanese picture-books is covered with drawings of domestic cats in every imagin-

able attitude, and each one is as admirably given as if caught instantaneously on a photographic plate. Yet the same artist furnishes us a picture of a gentleman on horseback, reproduced in these pages, in which the horse is simply a copy of the *yema* or pictorial effigy of a steed, furnished the dead for their celestial journey. The artist calls this "Riding to Far Countries," and the intention of the clumsy rider, as well as the



"RIDING TO FAR COUNTRIES."

headlong haste of the *betto*, or running groom, are certainly very well represented. But it should be borne in mind that the artist is slyly laughing at horse, rider, and footman. The truly popular artist constantly "drops into" caricature.

In the works of Hokusai, the favorite artist of Japan, we have some charming glimpses of common life, animal fun, and floral grace. The fancy of this artist is nimble, and his imagination is most fertile. Hokusai belongs to a class of draughtsmen whose works, printed on double sheets of mulberry-bark paper, and neatly stitched in stiff paper covers, afford infinite diversion to the common people of Japan. One of these books, consisting of fifty or sixty pages, and completely filled with spirited pictures in tint and ink, may be bought at native book-stalls for a few small copper coin—equivalent to less than three cents of our currency. One of these now before me is entitled "Sketches by Hokusai. Tenth Volume. Complete." The preface sets forth the fact that "By reading books, one can understand very well, but not so quickly as by looking at sketches of men, animals, birds, flowers, and things imagined," etc. This tenth volume of the prolific Hokusai is filled with pictures of jugglers, gnomes or banshees, allegorical beings,

common people at their work or play, animals, legendary and real; and heroes of Japanese fairy lore. Hokusai, more than any other Japanese artist known to foreigners, has succeeded in giving variety of expression to the human face. It must be confessed that the artistic type of the female face is more conventional and unreal than the male countenance. The group of people looking at a juggler's performance, drawn by Hokusai, will give the reader a fair idea of the artist's power of conveying an expression by a few simple lines. This cluster of five heads certainly shows considerable individuality, and it should be remembered that it is an accessory in a larger picture; the artist has only cared to make us feel that the people who compose this side group are interested, if not absorbed, in the feats of the juggler. So have I seen in the face of a figure, not so large as these, and printed on a common fan, an admirable expression of senile pleasure. An old man is standing with a child on a high platform overlooking a scene on the Inland Sea. The feeling of height is produced by soft tints below the bold color of the platform. A high horizon gives a bird's-eye view of the bay or gulf, and in the group of figures gazing on this charming panorama, is noticeable the chubby face of the child, whose eager curiosity is expressed by a few slight lines. The old man, with both hands resting on his staff, is wrinkled and brown; but there is no mistaking the air of grandfatherly fondness and delight with which he regards the urchin beside him. And all this is a slight work done on a cheap fan. Moreover, it is one of a series of panoramic views on the Inland Sea, and curious labels on, or over,

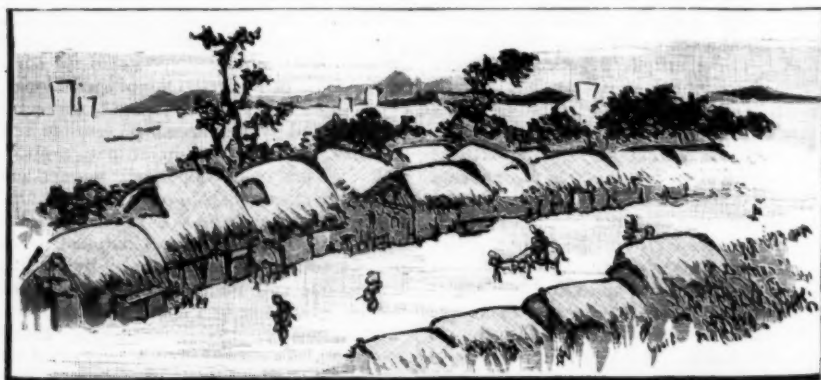
villages, headlands, and mountain peaks, fix the names of the localities with topographical accuracy.

Thoughtless people, scrutinizing a bit of Japanese ware, are diverted with what they



LOOKING AT THE JUGGLER.

are pleased to call "the comical lack of perspective" in the ornament. The Japanese artist does not undertake to produce aerial effects or linear perspective on plates, bowls, and vases. We must look to European art for such absurdities as landscapes and architectural drawings on spherical surfaces. In a Japanese workshop, the decorator *feels* just where a bright mass of color or a flowing line is wanted. He knows exactly where a single spot of gold or crimson will be most effective. He seems to have an intuitive appreciation of the relation which color and line have to the general mass before him. Therefore he makes no



THE VILLAGE OF OMORI.

mistakes. The bunch of brilliant azaleas, the flight of storks, or the floating butterflies, are each placed where they belong on the object; with unerring accuracy, each ornament finds its true position in decorative art. The space left undecorated is only an intellectual balance to the weight of color or mass on the other side. Precisely what geometrical rules determine the value of these lines, or govern the disposition of masses, we may not be able to say. But we may be sure that such agreeable, harmonious, and complete designs as those furnished by Japanese artists, are the result of serious study of certain fixed principles.

The apparent disregard of the commonest rules of perspective, for mere decorative effect, may mislead superficial critics. The Japan-

of the village street, to the dim vacuity of the distance, and the vague uncertainty with which the sail-boats melt into the mists of the bay, everything is drawn with a nice firmness of touch which reveals the hand of the true artist.

In these misty effects, the work of a most refined taste and skill, the Japanese artists greatly excel. In one of Hokusai's books of birds and animals is a group of water-fowl sporting in a sequestered pool bordered by reeds. The drawings are printed in black ink with a single half-tint, but so delicately is this done that one discerns under the flowing lines of the water the shadowy forms of those parts of the birds that are below the surface. The head of a duck feeding on the plants on the bottom is not



"GOING AND COMING BY NIGHT."

ese painter does not aim to fix a landscape on a plate; if it happen that the familiar lines of the cone-like peak of Fusi-yama, or the feathery sprays of a willow grove, best suit his design, he seizes these with absolute freedom, but with equal truth of outline. How tenderly and feelingly he can manage aerial and isometrical perspective is shown in the accompanying view of the village of Omori, drawn by a native artist of renown. The hard surface of our paper cannot give the reader a correct idea of the delicacy and lightness of touch with which the Japanese draughtsman has printed this pretty little landscape on the soft mulberry-fiber paper of the Japanese picture-book. But, from the mechanically exact drawing

cut off. It re-appears beneath in a half-tint that defines the shape with sufficient distinctness; and this is merely a common print stamped from a wooden block. I have seen in a cheap colored picture, printed on joined sheets of mulberry fiber, a moonlight view thrown carelessly into the distance and framed by an open window. The full moon is partly veiled by a floating cloud, which is faithfully repeated in the lake below. Vague masses of trees loom large against the sky, and their forms are weird and shadowy where they melt into the darkened horizon. The feeling of distance, somberness, and gloom in such a scene is perfect. Yet this simple bit of color, with the vivid group of lamp-lighted figures in the fore-



ground, was only a single leaf from the millions scattered through Yeddo toy shops for the amusement of the multitude. Some such tenderness of touch is evinced in the "Going and Coming by Night," which we have tried to reproduce from the Japanese

form of a gigantic one-eyed head, with a wonderfully distorted mouth. Kasana finds the surviving partner of her greedy speculations resting himself on a road-side fence. Him she reproaches in awful tones. The crafty old man, affecting not to see the hor-



A LANTERN FEAST INTERRUPTED.

print bearing that name. The original drawing gives the air of mistiness and uncertainty of night. The belated passengers seem to hurry. The lantern-bearer is not needed to show that this is "at night," but his single spark of light has its true value in the picture.

This ghostly effect in drawing is repeated over and over again in Hokusai's works. He delights in hobgoblins, specters, and spooks. Indeed, Japanese literature is full of themes that must engage the pencils of artists who have the least inclination to the grotesque and weird. The ghost of Sakura, a murdered retainer, fastened to the fatal cross, rises and confronts his tyrannical lord. The wife of the murdered man, accompanied by their infant, both uttering piteous cries and presenting a cup filled with Sakura's blood, appears in the air, is seen on the floor of the guilty man's chamber, and crawls to the feet of the fear-stricken nobleman. Or, the unsatisfied spirit of Kasana, an avaricious old woman, appears in the

rible head and shadowy claws above him, turns about and argues with the goblin damned, while he fingers his rosary by way of exorcism. Or the ghost of some poor woman who died in childbed rises with her infant in her arms, crying to the belated traveler, "Take my child, that I may rest."

In "A Lantern Feast Interrupted," the artist has seized on one of these uncanny incidents as a subject for his pencil. In some parts of Japan, once a year, the people assemble in the cemeteries with lanterns painted with roses. These are placed over the graves of the dead, and, with much innocent diversion, eating and drinking, the "Feast of the Rose Lanterns," as it is called, goes on for the night. Next night the lanterns are again lighted, and a glittering procession descends from the hill of burial to the shore of the bay, where frail barks, like toy ships, are prepared with flowers, incense, and small coin, to bear away again the spirits of the dead. Each bark carries a lantern and a soul. The fleet

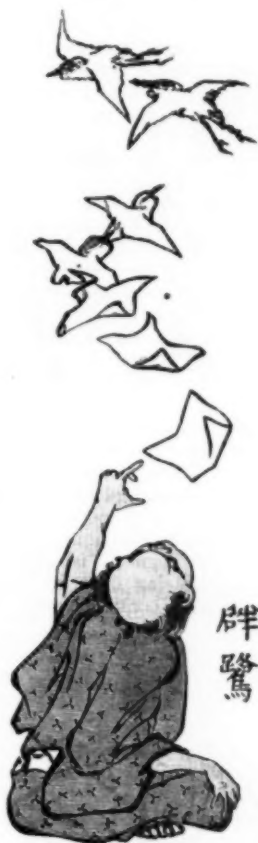
of tiny craft is lost in the night or melted in the sea. By daylight no trace of the ghostly argosy remains. Once upon a time, a hypocritical fellow of the *Samourai* or two-sworded class, offering his rose lantern at the grave of his deceased wife, was unexpectedly confronted by the spirit of that lady, who, according to all accounts, had led a hard life with him when on earth. The husband, somewhat alarmed, attempted to draw his sword, when the reproachful ghost reminded him that even the best steel of Kioto was of no avail against spirits of the air. So saying, she sunk into the sea, leaving her faithless spouse in "a state of mind." The gentle humor which pervades almost every popular historical work in Japan modifies the tragedy of this scene. The servant who takes to his heels, dropping his master's votive lantern, is an element of the grotesque. This, the artist thinks, will prevent his sketch from being too horrible to look upon.

The Japanese artist is most completely at home with the animal creation in its seclusion from the haunts of men. There is solitude itself expressed in his charming sketches of lonely streams, flowery thickets, and quiet fields. Here are all the field-mice in council, or the birds marshaled by twos and threes, or hares and foxes holding a mock council of war under a temporary armistice. A few simple touches give a sense of animal abandon that is most delightful. We know by the attitude of the romping badger that he is fearless of human interruption. The quails and pheasants walk deliberately about their leafy alleys, secure from man's intrusion and perfectly at home. Somehow, and at some time, the artist has seen these pretty creatures in their native haunts; he has studied their manners, motions, and employments, and we feel that he has given us as accurate and honest a picture of home life as if he had gone into a foreign land with camera and photographic apparatus.

Not only so, but even the time of day is told us accurately by means of a few tints or lines. A moon floating in the midst of a pale sky, washed with India ink, looks down upon a night-prowler, which, seated on its haunches, beats its white breast and emits a prolonged howl, which we can almost see coming out of the open jaws. A few graceful reeds and water-plants show us that this is a desolate swamp, and a drifting cloud approaching the moon adds to the lugubriousness of the scene. It is hardly fair to call that people, to whom so much

delicate and subtle sentiment is addressed, "semi-barbaric."

In the decorative art of Japan we see a constant repetition of lines, figures, and patterns suggested by natural and animated objects. A casual examination will show in a single design for mosaic work the waves on the beach, the leaves of trees, petals of flowers, and flying birds. Ages ago, the Japanese adopted (or invented) the so-called Greek fret, "the honeysuckle pattern" of Western art, and used the lotus leaf and flower in art. One of the princely families



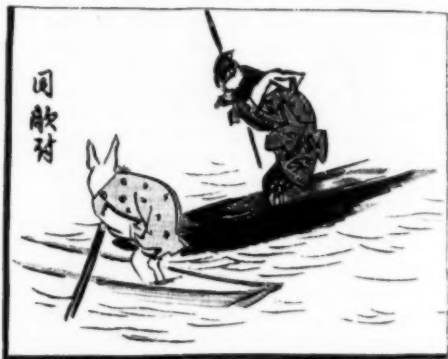
"A FLIGHT OF STORKS."

of Japan has borne the familiar Gothic trefoil on its badge for untold centuries. How the clover leaf was adopted into this design, and how it was borrowed by the Saracens, or from them by the Japanese, we can only surmise. We certainly may

credit the latter with a wonderful faculty for discovering fine artistic forms in the commonest natural objects. A flight of migratory birds, high in air, instantly suggests a combination of lines. The outline of a bit of paper flying in the wind recalls to the imaginative observer a bird. So he gives us a skillful juggler, whose airy sheets of paper turn into flying storks as he blows them upward. The gradual transformation of the floating sheets into birds is precisely the transition which the unreal makes from the real in the human imagination. It is a practical illustration of that puzzle of the fancy which sees the drifting cloud "backed like a weasel."

This fertility of imagination of the Japanese has peopled earth, air, and sky with a multitude of beings. Even their story of creation and the origin of the human species is a fantastic myth. Anciently, they say, the heavens and the earth were not separated. The germ of all things, in the form of an egg, was tossed on the troubled sea of chaos. From this egg arose vaporized matter; the pure and transparent formed the heavens, while the opaque and heavy fell downward and coagulated into the form of earth. A divine being, born in the midst, was the first of creation. An island of soft earth swam like a fish on the terrestrial waters. At the same time, betwixt heaven and earth was born something resembling the tender shoots of a plant. It was metamorphosed into a god, and became the first of the Seven Celestial Spirits. He and his successors each reigned a fabulous number of years, reproducing their kind, male and female, by mutual contemplation. Finally,

a male and female spirit descended and dwelt upon the soft island which swam in the waters below. The story of their meeting, courtship, and union, is unique and highly

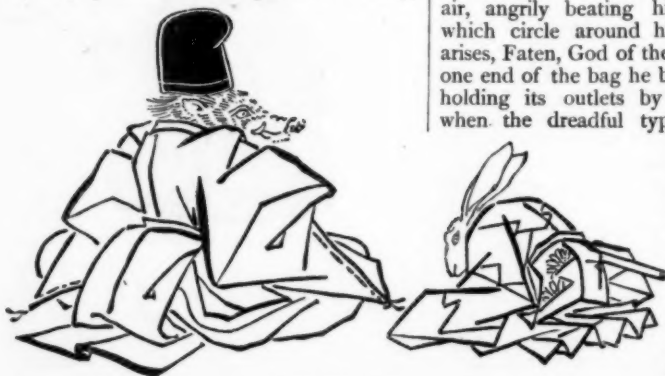


"REVENGE."

interesting. From this primal pair came the rivers, mountains, forests, and, in fact, all earth. The sun and moon were at first created to govern the world; but the first was too mighty, and he was sent above to govern the day of the sky; the second was too beautiful, and she was sent to rule the night of the sky. The stars are the offspring of other deities. The first ruler of Japan was, therefore, of divine origin; and in Japan was the pillar of heaven by which the Celestials descended to earth.

The divine essence, Japanese philosophers believe, is everywhere and in everything. The pantheism of the Greeks was not more universal—nor, we may add, was it more poetic. Does it thunder? Raiden, the Thunder God, is drifting through the upper air, angrily beating his immense drums which circle around him. When a gale arises, Faten, God of the Winds, has opened one end of the bag he bears upon his back, holding its outlets by his hands. And when the dreadful typhoon bursts upon

sea and shore, Lats-maki, the Dragon of the Typhoon, descends miles beneath the waves, upheaving great masses of water; he shrieks in the upper air, or smites with tail and claw forests, villages, cities, and fleets of



ASKING FOR WORK.

ships. The trees are alive with good and evil spirits. Animals are endowed with human speech on occasion, and for special purposes they become the friends or enemies of man, pressing into their service the fruits, flowers, and grain. These in their turn, acquire a language of their own, are metamorphosed into dwarfs, gnomes, or goodly human shapes, and so play their several parts in the great drama of life.

It is easy to see how, with such a mythology, and such a store of legendary lore

in the moon." The badger expressed a desire to accompany his ancient enemy on this voyage, but the wary little fellow pushed off without him. The badger then built a boat of baked clay and followed, determined on further mischief. Overtaking the hare, he sculled alongside, when the hare, dexterously pushing the side of his wooden craft against the brittle prow of his enemy's boat of clay, which had now begun to dissolve in the water, caused it to break up; and so the wicked badger miserably perished.



"THE FOXES' WEDDING."

to suggest subjects for the pencil, the imagination of the Japanese artist may run riot without ever once producing any fancy unworthy of popular acceptance. As I have said, his favorite class of subjects is found among the animals. These he deliberately endows with reason and sometimes with a semi-human form. To them he ascribes human motives and sentiments. The vast volume of Japanese fable furnishes him with an inexhaustible store of these subjects for illustration. The story of the "Crackling Mountain," for example, relates how the hare befriended, and the badger persecuted, a worthy couple. After innumerable adventures and conflicts, in which the man and his wife were destroyed, the badger saw the hare launching a wooden boat. "Where are you going, my friend?" asked the deceitful badger. The hare replied politely, "To the moon." This was not a joke, for the Japanese affect to see a hare where we discover "the man

of the hare boatman. He is meek, but determined; his long, inoffensive ears almost protest against the violence on which his determined little legs are resolved. The badger is just the brutal fellow which his long life of viciousness and cruelty has prepared us to expect him to be. In this, as in most of the other pictures reproduced in this paper, the artist puts his title in a few characters near the figures. The translation is given below.

The adventures of animals often, in the hands of Japanese artists, assume a purely human interest. These unconscious actors are made to represent the trials, troubles, foibles, and labors of mankind. In the story of the accomplished and lucky tea-kettle there is much hidden wisdom. The kettle had the power of turning into a badger at will, and its antics were made a source of great profit to its owner. The story of the

career of this wonderful kettle and its master is told in a multitude of ways, and always to the unbounded delight of the native hearer. Pictures innumerable illustrate in

are invariably burdened with most of the craft and wickedness of the world. The fox, indeed, has more personal characteristics, and a greater variety of them, than any of the



"THE HIDING PLACE."

books, or on fans, trays, and screens, the career of the accomplished tea-kettle.

We may say that these pictures, as well as most popular Japanese drawings, are pervaded with a spirit of caricature. In nearly all of them, the artist appears to stand off from his work and laugh with the observer. He is never unconscious of the fun which he is making. In the picture of the little hattomoto asking for work, which I have given as a specimen of a popular subject in the classic style, we have a very bold caricature. The rank of the boar is high; he wears the noble cap or toque of a great functionary. The hattomoto, or wandering retainer, is a harmless and timid hare. The abasement of the poor little fellow in quest of employment, and the brutal imperiousness of the great personage, tell their own story too well for us to suppose that the purpose of the artist was not instantly appreciated in feudal Japan.

While the hare is a favorite figure with Japanese artists who desire to illustrate amiable traits of character, the fox and the badger

tutelary divinities of Japanese mythology. He is more than Reynard the Fox, of German fable. He is hated and despised as a mischief-maker and a liar, coaxed and cajoled as a powerful instrument for good or evil, worshiped as the source of all luck, and heartily enjoyed as the inventor of fun, practical jokes, and various little games. A poor woman, weeping over her dead child, asks why she is thus bereft. The funeral lamp casts her shadow grotesquely on the wall. She sees that it assumes the outline of a fox; and she has her answer. The *ignis fatuus* floating over the swamp is the light of the fox going to a feast of witches. The rain falling in the sunshine is the foxes' wedding. And this common meteorological phenomenon is a favorite topic for illustration. It recalls a good story.

A certain white fox of high degree, and without a black hair upon him, sought and obtained the hand of a young female fox who was renowned for her personal beauty and her noble connections. The wedding was to be a grand affair; but, unhappily,



the families of the betrothed pair could not agree upon the kind of weather to be ordered for the occasion. The parents of the bride thought it good luck that a shower should fall on a bridal procession. The bridegroom and his friends objected to having their good clothes spoiled thus, and to the damper which a rain would put upon their merri-

to the house of her future husband with blissful satisfaction on all sides. In Japan, a sun-shower is called "The Foxes' Wedding." In New England, the natives mysteriously remark: "The devil is whipping his wife with a cod-fish tail."

One of Hokusai's most popular series of pictorial works is called "Pictures of this



A TRAINED HAWK.

ment. There was danger that the match should be broken off, when a very astute old fox suggested a compromise. They might have sunshine and rain together. This happy thought was received with acclamations, and the order was given accordingly; the bride's palanquin or *norimon* was borne

Floating World." By the floating world (*Ka-sai*), he means the changing, transitional, and uncertain world. Accordingly, we find the book filled with fancies and realism so grotesquely mixed, that we can hardly tell how much is fancy and how much is fact. Here we see a plaintive youth fastened

by his shoulders to a tree, while the field-mice nibble his toes. He wriggles, cries, and curls up his feet; the mice nibble on with apparent amusement. Then we light upon a street scene, where a Japanese troubadour, seated on a low bench, with his



"AT HOME."

eyes half closed and his mouth wide open, is evidently singing an improper song. A couple of passing revelers dance to his music, for he accompanies himself on a sort of mandolin. Another drops a bit of coin into the musician's tray as he passes; and a couple of women, abashed at so much naughtiness, pause, and regard the scene curiously over the tops of the fans with which they hide their blushes. Then we have a votive bonfire in a grave-yard. It is cold, and the mourners, who warm their fingers by its cheerful blaze, are unconscious of the shadowy procession of lame, halt, and blind, who hover near the warmth. We barely see the vague outlines of these ghosts, printed in a tint so fine that they seem like "water-marks" in the fabric of the paper.

Here, too, we find a group of mice engaged in the rice trade. In his admirable work on Japan, M. Humbert, adopting this popular picture, calls it "The Rat Rice

Merchants." It is known in Japan as "The Hiding Place," and it gives us a glimpse into the imaginary doings of these pilferers from storehouses and barns. Below, a party of mice-porters are tugging at a sack of rice, the fruits of a night's foraging. Above, and at the left, the rice is packed in mats, and heaped up for storage, and on the stack sits an accountant with his bead reckoning-frame. The whole scene, with the porters staggering along under the weight of baskets of copper coin, principals examining their books, and customers waiting near by, is charmingly done. It is impossible not to admire the gentle humor with which this semblance of real life is pictured.

For obvious reasons, birds are not so available for purposes of caricature and airy fun as animals. The Japanese draughtsman is often puzzled to extract from the inexpressive countenances of the featured tribes that half-human gleam of intelligence with which he endows the beasts of the forest and the field. But the noble picture of a hawk, a spirited drawing in ink, which forms a frontispiece to an illustrated book on hawking, is a fair example of serious work of this sort. The book is called "A Picture Mirror of Hawking," and it is a panorama of the adventures of a hawking party, from the beginning of the hunt until the return at night. The noble pastime of hawking, or falconry, was peculiar to the feudal age in Japan, as it was to the mediæval age of Europe. Marco

Polo describes the fowling of Kublai Khan with "trained eagles," when that mighty personage, too lame with gout to travel in any other way, was borne to the hunt in a gold-encrusted chamber, carried on the backs of four elephants. The Emperors of Japan had less pretentious outfittings; but the book before me gives illustrations of the handsome trappings of one of these dignitaries, whose adventures furnish the material and title of the work.

Birds form a conspicuous feature in the more refined popular art of Japan, as they do in Japanese poetry. One of the native traditions of the origin of man is to the effect that the two divinities, previously alluded to as the primal pair of earth, were once standing on the bridge of Heaven, when a pair of wagtails, fluttering in the air, engaged their attention. Pleased by the amorous dalliance of these feathered lovers, the deities invented the art of love, which

they took with them to the earth beneath. The subject is often found penciled or painted in the innumerable works of Japanese artists. Flowers and birds combine to form some of the happiest conceits of Oriental poetry and art. With these, in Japanese as in Persian verse, the poet woos or bewails, finds his sweetest solace and his purest joys. The Japanese song-writers make pictures in their verses, and these again find expression in the drawings which amuse and refine the commonest people of the Empire.

Japanese fans have made us familiar with all of the best-known varieties of flowers of Japan. Here we have the convolvulus, double and single pinks, azaleas, honeysuckle, fruit blossoms, and an inexhaustible sheaf of blooms unknown to American gardens. The bamboo, with its tender shoots, graceful stalks, and feathery foliage, is a favorite subject for pen and pencil. A rugged pine, which is sometimes dwarfed and grown in flower-pots, is another capital study for the draughtsman, and a combination of these two species of arboreal growth forms the title-page and frontispiece of one of the popular picture-books of Japan. This design, which we have borrowed for a frontispiece to this paper, fairly shows the lightness and grace which the native artist brings to his work, even when the product of his skill is not for the delectation of connoisseurs in high art, but for the fly-leaf of an humble book of drawings for "the million."

In the original print of this design, by the way, the title of the book was printed exactly as an ingenious home artist has designed our title, "Some Pictures from Japan," though it is needless to say that the original inscription was something quite different. A native Japanese student, attempting to read the imitation of Japanese printed in this design, gave it up as an unknown character, not being able to advance beyond the second letter of the last word, "a" in "Japan." This sign stands for "moon" in Japanese writing. He had begun to read, of course, from right to left, down each column. When asked to try by reading, "English fashion," from left to right, he struck the meaning suddenly, and said, with infinite amusement: "Oh! that is what you call a sell!"

Fairy tales and stories of Buddhist mythology are the very first books put into the hands of the Japanese children. We may be sure that the picture-books, however, are early thumbed by the rising generation of the Empire of the Sun. The cheapest of these are printed on mulberry-bark paper in two tints from wooden blocks. How such delicate and thoroughly artistic work can be executed with such simple means our plate printers ought to discover. For example, in "The Feast of Abis-ko," herewith reproduced, the Japanese artist was given a soft but well-defined outline, filled in with black and two neutral tints, each so delicately



"THE FEAST OF ABIS-KO."



SKETCH OF MONKEYS.

shaded that the general effect is that of skillful work with brush and India ink. The texture of the cloth-like paper adds much to the tenderness of the execution; but the whole, while finished with precision, is actually shaded and blended in the printing by some process unknown outside of Japan. In like manner a series of colored plates, entitled "Pictorial History of Brave Men of Tai-hai-ki," contains numerous examples in which a single mass of body color is as finely shaded from dark to light as if it were done with a brush. This book, a blaze of gorgeous color, is an admirable illustration of the skill with which the Japanese artist combines striking general effect with nicety of detail. The colors would seem impossible of harmony, they are so positive and elementary; yet their arrangement is agreeable though startling, and under all is an elaboration of detail in texture, fiber, and design within design, that is marvelous. The robe of a prince is shaded from the loins downward to the bottom, exactly as if washed in with a brush. Purple and green are set against each other without violence, and all the fine damasked work of coats of mail and the quaint designs of brocaded

stuffs, are sharply given. All this is done by block-work, in a printed book, and sold for a few cents to the common people of a semi-barbarous Empire. When shall we see such artistic work done in our picture-books for the people?

The feasting scene above referred to is one of those pictures of everyday life that have made Hokusai so well beloved in Japan. It is from his "Floating World," and represents a party of *bon vivants* welcoming with gusto and applause the appearance of the *abis-ko*, a bright red fish, resembling our rock cod in appearance, and eaten on this particular holiday. The expression of pleased triumph on the face of the host, and of mingled gratification and expectancy in the sitting group, is very funny. There is a little vein of caricature through the whole. The artist does not mean that you shall think that he altogether approves of this exhibition of greediness. Nevertheless, he enjoys it, and he means that you may.

Whatever may be said of the inexpressiveness of the Japanese female face as given by native artists, it must be confessed that the men are generally given with sufficient



A BUDDHIST SAINT.

life and expression. In one of Hokusai's pictures of a supper party, *al fresco*, this difference in handling faces is very curiously perceptible. A few plants dashed in the background show that the scene is out of doors. The full moon in a watery sky fixes the time of day, and the group of men squatted about the festive board shows one old fellow roaring at some good joke, another opening his mouth expectantly as he contemplates the dainties; a third mopping his bald head with an air of discomfort, and a fourth arguing with his neighbor, gesticulating with his tea-cup the while. Yet in this lively party the central figure wears a face as void of expression as the tea-pot which she holds; and a female guest is artfully drawn with her gorgeous back to the spectator, as if her millinery and elaborate back hair were of more account than her countenance. Perhaps all this is the fault of the traditions of Kioto. If so, it is a pity, for some of the Japanese ladies are exceedingly fair to look upon.

When we reflect that pictures in Japan reach the multitude chiefly through the medium of the printed pages of cheap books, we shall understand why the art of pictorial printing and coloring has been carried to such a high degree of perfection. There are no picture galleries for rich or poor—not even shops with show windows, those picture galleries of the people. Scrolls, emblazoned with an infinite variety of designs, hang on the walls or form the movable screens of fine houses, and the temples bear allegorical or religious subjects, in outline and color, about their interiors. But the inexpensive hand-books, with or without a text, educate and amuse the mass of people. It is more true of Japan than of any Western country, that the men and women are but children of a larger growth. The native Japanese delight in the picture-book; and, while the young ones gloat over the bright designs of the artist, elders discover, wrought into the background in colored inks, like an arabesque, the quaint characters that tell the story.

But there are printed many slight sketches which have a purely artistic value alone. These appeal to finer perceptions than we are wont to credit to any mass of people. The sketch of monkeys, reproduced here

from a native print, is the work of a true artist, who certainly thought enough of this slight thing to touch in his signature where it seems a bunch of leaves at the end of a hanging vine. Here we have the capricious attitude of the swinging monkeys rendered with as much spirit as if carefully elaborated in detail; and the fluffiness which a few strokes give their texture would seem to show that the draughtsman was illustrating the force of Ruskin's dogma, that there is no such thing as outline. In this

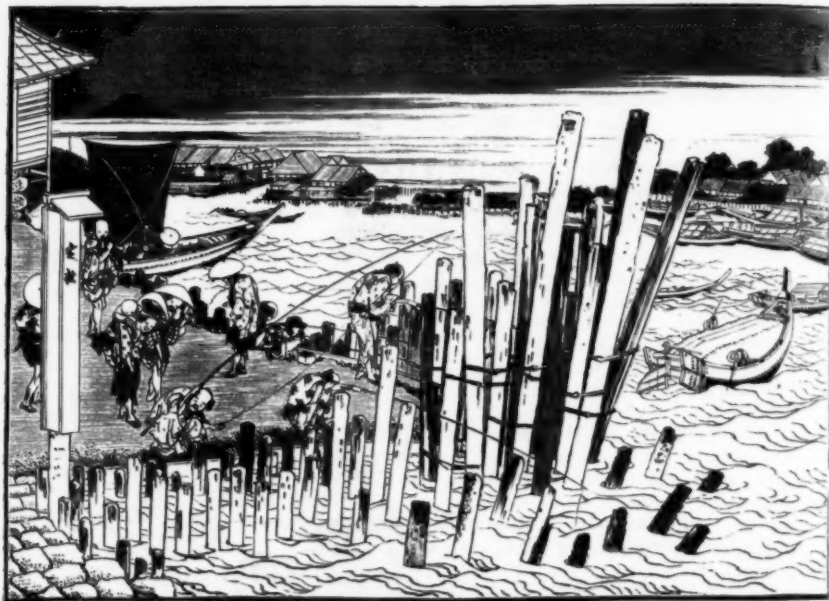


"THE RETURN AT NIGHT."

pretty little sketch, the canons of art are faithfully observed. The mass is thoroughly agreeable and harmonious; the action is free and unconstrained; the figures are simple; and the sprays of the pine overhead inclose the design with fitness. Such a bit of drawing, though a trifle, evinces much talent, as well as absolute familiarity with some of the fundamental principles of art.

The same is essentially true of the off-hand sketch of a Buddhist saint or *sennin*, which we give elsewhere. The tiger, which





A HARBOR VIEW.

this famous personage subdues by the mere exercise of his superhuman goodness of heart, is described by a few rapid touches and dashes. The outline is left to the imagination of the observer; and we may be sure that even this vague suggestion of a form is sufficient for the quick fancy of the native critic. The averted face of the saint transfers our interest to his action rather than his thought. He is caressing and leading his subdued enemy. His attitude is given by a single line; and the folds of his robe are represented by a careless stroke which may be only a blot.

"The Return at Night," reproduced from the tail-piece of the work on hawking heretofore alluded to, is another capital example of that confidence in a popular artistic feeling to which the Japanese artist often appeals. It is impossible to give on our finished paper the exquisite softness and vagueness of the original picture. It seems as if drawn in India ink, the figures lightly dabbed in with a few rapid touches. It represents the procession of footmen returning by night, the obscurity with which they melt in the distance and darkness being given by softening the outlines until the last are only blurred spots of ink in the background. It must be admitted that this is

skillfully done, considering that there is no opportunity whatever for artificial effect by means of linear perspective. Whatever idea of distance there is to be given must be conveyed wholly by means of loss of outline on a white surface. The stooping figure in the foreground signifies that the head of the train has reached a stopping-place. He drops the paper lantern and extinguishes the light within. Along the shadowy line we see the implements of the chase, the trophies of the day's sport, and the figures of the tired retainers. It is all very suggestive; and we can only say of it that it is just what the conscientious artist intended to make it.

Very different from this is the Harbor View, given above. In this, the native artist has happily conveyed that outdoor atmosphere and feeling which belong to such a picture. Our engraving is reduced from a large two-page print. But its original sharpness and brilliancy are not impaired. It is a picture of some of the occupations of the common people, in illustrating which, Japanese artists appear to take great delight.

It is not long since we began to learn something of the people of Japan, their industries, social and political life, manners

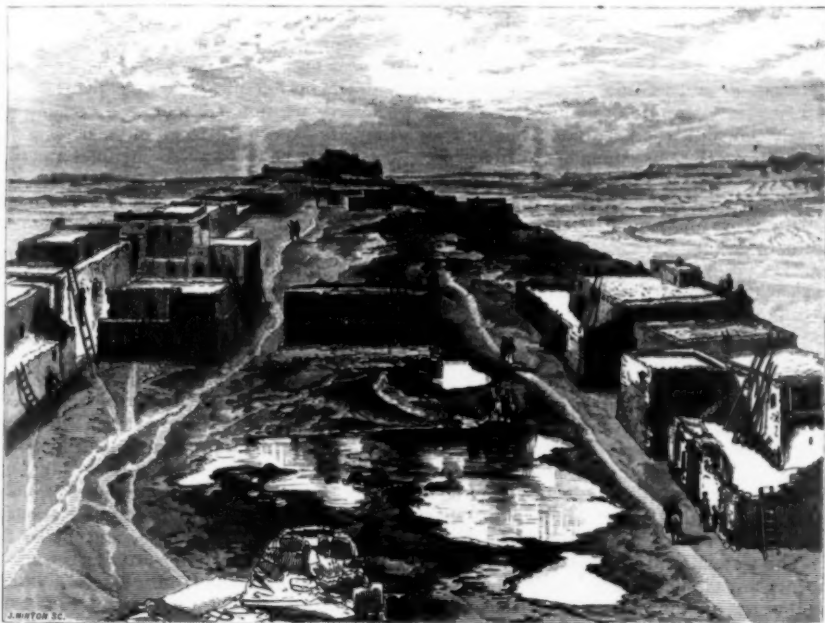
and customs. Our knowledge of their art and æsthetic culture comes late. It is quite possible that much of the present popularity of Japanese art-work in this country is due to an unintelligent fashion, rather than to a

desire to study this unique branch of art for the value of its suggestions. In time, we shall learn the real benefit which may be secured by an appreciative observation of every form of the art of this remarkable people.



## THE ANCIENT PROVINCE OF TUSAYAN.

BY MAJOR J. W. POWELL.



WOL-PI, A VILLAGE IN THE TUSAYAN COUNTRY.

It was the 23d of September. We had made an overland trip from Salt Lake City to the Grand Cañon of the Colorado,\* and were now on the bank of the Kanab, on

the way back to the rendezvous camp at the upper springs of the river, which was yet about forty miles away, and which was to be our point of departure for the "Province of Tusayan."

Since the exploration was made of which

\* See SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY for October, 1875.  
VOL. XI.—13.

I am giving a general account in these papers, this stream has been carefully surveyed. Let me describe it. It is about eighty miles long, and in its course runs through three cañons, which we have called the upper, middle, and lower Kanab cañons. Along its upper course for about a dozen miles it is a permanent stream, but just before entering the first cañon the water is lost in the sands. It is only in seasons of extreme rains that the water flows through this cañon, which is dry sometimes for two or three years in succession. The bed of the stream is usually dry between the upper and middle cañon. At the head of the middle cañon the water again gushes out in springs, and there is a continual stream for a dozen miles. About five miles below this cañon the water again sinks in the sands, and for ten miles or more the stream is lost, except in times of great rains, as above. This usually dry course of the stream is along a level plain where the sands drift, and sometimes obliterate all traces of the water-course. At the head of the lower cañon springs are again found, and the waters gather so as to form, in most seasons, a pretty little creek, though, in seasons of extreme drought, this is dry nearly down to the Colorado; but, in seasons of great rains, immense torrents roll down the gorge. Thus we have a curiously interrupted creek. In three parts of its course it is a permanent stream, and in two parts intermittent.

The point where we struck the Kanab was at the foot of the middle cañon, where the flow of waters is perpetual, and just there we found a few pioneers of a Mormon town, to be called, after the stream, Kanab. At that time these people were living in what they called a "fort"—that is, several little cabins had been built about a square, the doors and windows opening toward the plaza, the backs of their houses connected by a rude stockade made of cedar poles planted on end. This "fort" was intended for defense against the Indians.

The way in which these Mormon settlements are planted is very interesting. The authorities of the "Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints" determine to push a settlement into a new region. The country is first explored and the site for a town selected, for all settlements are made by towns. The site having been chosen, it is surveyed and divided into small lots of about an acre, with outlying lots of five or ten acres. Then a number of people are

selected "to go on mission," as it is termed. The list is made out in this way: The President of the Church, with his principal bishops and other officers, meet in consultation, and select from the various settlements throughout the territory persons whom they think it would be well to send to the new place. Many are the considerations entering into this selection. First, it is necessary to have an efficient business man, one loyal to the Church, as bishop or ruler of the place, and he must have certain counselors; it is necessary, too, that the various trades shall be represented in the village—they want a blacksmith, shoemaker, etc. Again, in making the selection, it is sometimes thought wise to take men who are not working harmoniously with the authorities where they are residing; and thus they have a thorough discussion of the various parties, and the reasons why they are needed here and there; but at last the list is made out. The President of the Church then presents these names to the General Conference of the Church for its approval, and that body having confirmed the nominations (and perhaps there is no instance known where a nomination is not confirmed), the people thus selected are notified that at a certain time they are expected "to go on a mission" to establish a new town. Sometimes a person selected, feeling aggrieved with the decision of the Church, presents his reasons to the President for wishing to remain, and occasionally such a person is excused, but the reasons must be very urgent. So far as my observation goes, there is rarely any determined opposition to the decision of the Conference.

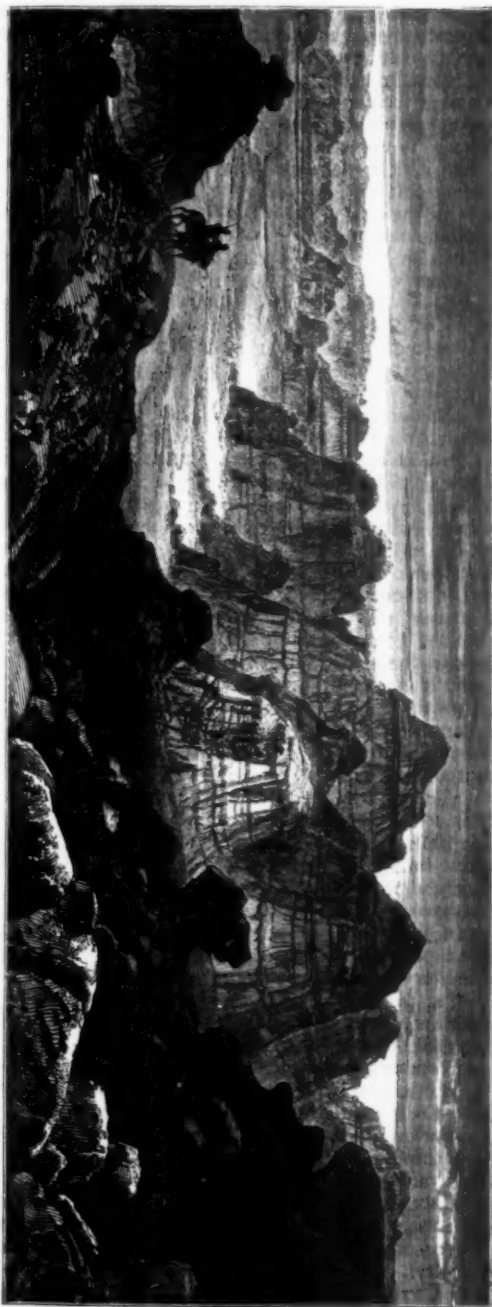
So the people move to their new home. Usually there are four lots in a square, and four persons unite to fence the same, each receiving a garden. The out-lots are fenced as one great farm. The men, living in covered wagons or tents, or having built cabins or other shelter for themselves, set to work under the bishop or one of his subordinates to fence the farm, and make the canals and minor water-ways necessary to the irrigation of the land. The water-ditch and fence of the farm are common property. As soon as possible a little store is established, all of the principal men of the community taking stock in it, usually aided more or less by "Zion's Coöperative Mercantile Institution," the great wholesale establishment in Salt Lake City. In the same way saw-mills and grist-mills are built.

Such is a brief outline of the establish-

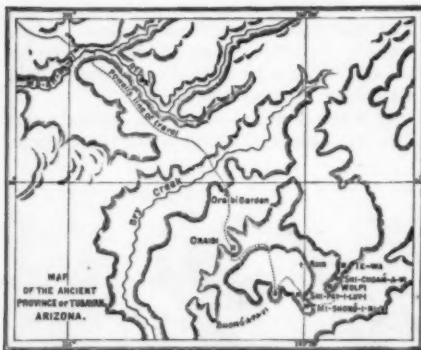
ment of a Mormon town; in like manner, all of the towns throughout the territory of Utah have branched out from the original trunk at Salt Lake City, so that they are woven together by a net-work of communal interest.

The missionary, Jacob Hamblin, who was traveling with us, came here two or three years ago and established himself in a little cabin, about which during the greater part of each season a few Indians were gathered. When we came to the place, we found the men at work cutting and hauling hay, while a number of squalid Indians were lounging in the "fort," and many children of white and Indian breed were playing in the meadow. Such a community is a strange medley of humanity. There are no physicians here, but the laying on of hands by the elders is frequently practiced, and every old man and woman of the community has some wonderful cure—a relic of ancient sorcery. Almost every town has its astrologer, and every family one or more members who see visions and dream dreams. Aged and venerable men, with solemn ceremony, are endowed by the Church with the power of prophecy and the gift of blessing. So the grandfather recounts the miracles which have been performed by the prophets; the grandmother tells of the little beast that has its nest in the heart, and when it wanders around toward the lungs causes consumption; the mother dreams dreams; the daughter consults the astrologer, and the son seeks for a sign in the heavens. At every gathering for preaching on a Sunday morning, or dancing on a week-day night, a prayer is offered. When they gather at table, thanks are rendered to the Giver of Bounties, and on all occasions, and in the most earnest manner, when a stranger is met, the subject of miracles, the persecution of the saints, and the virtue and wisdom of polygamy are discussed.

ALCORN BAD LANDS.



Good roads are built to every settlement, at great expense and with much labor. The best agricultural implements are found on the farms, and the telegraph clicks in every



village. Altogether, a Mormon town is a strange mixture of Oriental philosophy and morals, primitive superstitions and modern inventions.

I must not fail to mention here the kind treatment which I have almost invariably received from the people living in the frontier settlements of Southern Utah.

At Kanab, the party divided, Mr. Hamblin, with one man, going to Tokerville—a settlement about fifty miles to the northwest—for the purpose of procuring some additional supplies. With the remainder of the party I proceeded up the Kanab. The trail was very difficult; it was impossible to climb the cliffs and go over the plateau with our animals, and we had to make our way up the cañon. In many places the stream runs over beds of quicksand, sweeping back and forth in short curves from wall to wall, so that we were compelled to ford it now and then; again, there is a dense undergrowth, and, at many places, the stream is choked with huge boulders which have fallen from the cliffs. The plateau, or terrace, through which this cañon is cut, slopes backward to the north, and, by ascending the stream, we at last reached its summit, and found it covered with a sea of drifting sands, golden and vermillion; so we named it Sand-Dune Plateau. Just before us, there was another line of cliffs—a great wall of shining white sandstone, a thousand feet high.

We soon entered another cañon, but this was dry. At some very late geological period a stream of lava has rolled down it, so that we had to pass over beds of black

clanking basalt. At night, having emerged from the upper cañon, we found the Kanab a living stream once more, and camped upon its bank.

The next day we passed up the beautiful valley for ten miles, and arrived at the rendezvous camp. Here I was to wait for a few days for Mr. Hamblin's arrival. I kept the Indians and one white man with me, and Mr. Nebeker, with the remainder of the party and a single Indian guide, started for the Colorado River, at the mouth of the Paria, by a well traveled Indian trail. We had brought a quantity of lumber to this point with wagons, for the purpose of building a ferry-boat on the Colorado. These boards were cut into short pieces and packed on mules, and Mr. Nebeker was to push on to the river, construct the boat, get the train across, and have everything in readiness, on the opposite side of the river, by the time of our arrival. My purpose was to demonstrate the practicability of this route to the river, then to cross at the mouth of the Paria, and proceed thence to the "Province of Tusayan," in north-eastern Arizona.

The Indians we had with us were not acquainted with the country beyond the



ASH-TISH-KEEL, A CHIEF OF THE NAVAJOS.

river, and it was necessary to obtain some new aids, so I sent Chu-ar to the Kaibab Plateau, a hundred miles to the south-east, with instructions to collect the Indians who inhabit that region at a designated spring, and hold them until my arrival.

I waited a week in the upper valley of



the Kanab, the time being chiefly spent in talking with the Indians, and trying to learn something of their language. By day the men hunted, and the women gathered berries and the other rich fruits that grow in that country, and at night they danced. A little after dark a fire was kindled, and the musicians took their places. They had two kinds of instruments. One was a large basket tray, covered with pitch inside and out, so as to be quite hard and resonant; this was placed over a pit in the ground,

Gradually they formed a circle, and the dance commenced. Around they went, old men and women, young men and maidens, little boys and girls, in one great circle, around and around, all singing, all keeping time with their feet, pat, pat, pat, in the dust and sand; low, hoarse voices; high, broken, screaming voices; mellow, tender voices; but louder than all, the thump and screech of the orchestra.

One set done, another was formed; this time the women dancing in the inner circle,



THE THOUSAND WELLS.

and they beat on it with sticks. The other was a primitive fiddle, made of a cedar stick, as large around as my wrist and about three feet long; this was cut with notches about three inches apart. They placed one end on a tray arranged like the one just described, placed the other end against the stomach, and played upon the fiddle with a pine-stick bow, which was dragged up and down across the notches, making a rattling, shrieking sound. So they beat their loud drum and sawed their hoarse fiddle for a time, until the young men and maidens gathered about and joined in a song:

"Ki-ap-pa tú-gu-wun,  
Pi-vi-an-na kai-va."

(Friends, let the play commence;  
All sing together.)

the men without. Then they formed in rows, and danced, back and forth, in lines, the men in one direction, the women in another. Then they formed again, the men standing expectant without, the women dancing demurely within, quite independent of one another, until one maiden beckoned to a lover, and he, with a loud, shrill whoop, joined her in the sport. The ice broken, each woman called for her partner; and so they danced by twos and twos, in and out, here and there, with steadily increasing time, until one after another broke down and but three couples were left. These danced on, on, on, until they seemed to be wild with uncontrollable motion. At last one of the couples failed, and the remaining two pattered away, while the

whole tribe stood by shouting, yelling, laughing, and screaming, until another couple broke down, and the champions only remained. Then all the people rushed forward, and the winning couple were carried and pushed by the crowd to the fire. The

and went up a gulch, where we hoped to find water in a limestone pocket, but were disappointed. This compelled us to continue our journey long into the night. The direction traveled was now to the south, and our way was up a long cañon valley, with



INTERIOR OF ORAIBE HOUSE.

old chief came up, and on the young man's head placed a crown of eagle feathers. A circlet of braided porcupine quills was placed about the head of the maiden, and into this circlet were inserted plumes made of the crest of the quail and the bright feathers of the humming-bird.

On the first of October, Mr. Hamblin having returned from Tokerville, we started for the Kaibab Plateau to meet the Indians, as had been arranged with Chu-ar. That night we camped in the cañon of the Skoom-pa. This is really a broad cañon valley, the walls of which are of red sandstone. On the lower reaches of these walls, near some springs, there are many hieroglyphics, some of them so high up as to be beyond reach, in the present condition of the talus at the foot of the cliffs.

The next day our course was through barren sage plains until, about four o'clock, we came to the foot of the Kaibab Plateau,

high mountains on either side. At last we reached a spring, and camped.

Three hours' travel the next morning brought us to the spring at which we were to meet the Indians, but none were seen. High up on the mountain to the east was a signal smoke, which we understood, by previous arrangement, meant that we were to cross the Kaibab Plateau. We staid in camp the remainder of that day to rest.

The next day we started early, climbing to the summit of the plateau, more than two thousand feet up a long, rocky gulch; then through a forest of giant pines, with glades here and there, and now and then a lake. Occasionally a herd of deer was started. In this upper region, eight thousand feet above the level of the sea, even the clouds of northern Arizona yield moisture sufficient for forest growth and rich meadows. At dusk we descended from the plateau

on the eastern side, found a spring at its foot, and camped.

The next day we crossed a broad valley to the foot of the line of Vermilion Cliffs, and at two o'clock reached the designated spring, where we found our Indians. They had already arranged that Na-pu and Toko-puts (Old Man and Wild Cat) should be our guides from the Colorado River to the "Province of Tusayan."

During the evening I was very much interested in obtaining from them a census of their little tribe. They divided the arithmetic into parts, each of four men taking a certain number of families. Each sat down and counted on his fingers and toes the persons belonging to the families allotted to him, going over them again and again until each finger and toe stood in his mind for an individual. Then he would discuss the matter with other Indians, to see that all were enumerated, something like this: "Did you count Jack?" "Yes; that finger stands for Jack." "Did you count Nancy?" "Yes; that toe is Nancy." Each of the census takers becoming satisfied that he had correctly enumerated his portion, he procured the number of sticks necessary to represent them, and gave them to me. Adding the four together, I had the census of the tribe—seventy-three. Then I set them to dividing them severally into groups of men, women and children, but this I found a hard task. They could never agree among themselves whether certain persons should be called children, or not; but, at last, I succeeded in obtaining the number of males and females.

The next morning I distributed some presents of knives, tobacco, beads, and other trinkets, and we pushed on toward the Colorado River. We found a difficult trail, having to cross the heads of many abrupt, but not very deep cañons. Down and up we climbed all day long, winding about here and there, and always among the rocks, until at night we joined our party at the mouth of the Paria, and were ferried over to their camp.

Early the next morning I climbed the Vermilion Cliffs. This great escarpment or wall of flaring red rock in a general direction faces south, from Saint George on the Rio Virgen to a point many miles east of the Colorado River, a distance of more than three hundred miles as we follow the meandering line. There is a deep re-entrant angle at the mouth of the Paria, where I climbed. Standing on an elevated point on the cliffs, and looking southward, I could

see over a stretch of country that steadily rose in the distance until it reached an altitude far above even the elevated point of observation; and then, meandering through it to the south, the gorge in which the river runs, everywhere breaking down with a sharp brink, and the summits of the walls appearing to approach until they merged in a black line; and could hardly resist the thought that the river burrowed into, and was lost in, the great inclined plateau. This gorge was Marble Cañon, described in a previous article.

While I was climbing, the train pushed on, in a direction a little to the east of south, along the foot of the Vermilion Cliffs. By mid-afternoon I overtook it. The trail by which we were traveling led up into a deep gulch, and we came to a clear, beautiful spring, gushing from beneath a rock a thousand feet high. Here was indeed "the shadow of a great rock in a weary land," and here we camped for the night. All about us were evidences of an ancient town or hamlet, foundation walls of houses half buried in debris, fragments of pottery painted with rude devices, and picture writings etched on the cliffs.

For another day, our journey was at the foot of the Vermilion Cliffs, in a direction a little east of south, over naked hills of sand and marls, where we found briny springs occasionally, but no fresh water, and no grass; a desert, but a painted desert; not a desert plain, but a desert of hills, and cliffs, and rocks—a region of alcove lands. At night we found a little water, in a basin or pocket, a mile from the trail.

The next day we went to the top of the mesa by climbing the cliffs, and found a billowy sea of sand-dunes. The line of cliffs, separating the mesa above from the deeply gulch-carved plain below, is a long irregular and ragged region, higher by many hundred feet than the general surface of the mesa itself. On the slope of this ridge, facing the mesa, there is a massive, homogeneous sandstone, and the waters, gathering on the brink of the ridge and rolling down this slope, have carved innumerable channels; and, as they tumble down precipitously in many places, they dig out deep pot-holes, many of them holding a hundred or a thousand barrels of water. Among these holes we camped, finding a little bunch grass among the sand-dunes for our animals. We called this spot the Thousand Wells.

Leaving the wells, we trudged for a day among the sand-dunes, and at night found

a deep cave in a ledge of rocks, and, in the farther end of the cave, a beautiful lake. Here our Indian guides discovered evidences that led them to believe that our track was followed by some prowling Indians. In the sands about the cave were human tracks; these our guides studied for some time, and, while they were thus engaged, the white men of the party also



A NAVAJO BOY.

talked the matter over, with a little anxiety, for we were now in the country of the Navajos, who had lately been making raids on the Mormon settlements, stealing horses and cattle, and occasionally killing a man, and we feared that they might be following us.

In talking with Na-pu, he assured me that they were not Navajos, but doubtless belonged to a band of Indians known to our tribe as Kwai-an-ti-kwok-ets, or "Beyond the river people," and were their friends. His reasons were these: The tracks which they made in the sand were evidently made with moccasins having projecting soles, like those worn by our Indians and their friends, while the moccasins worn by the Navajos have no such projecting soles. Again, one of the tracks, as he showed me, was made by a lame man, with his right leg shortened, so that he could only walk on the toes of that foot, and this, he said, was the case with the chief of the Kwai-an-ti-kwok-ets. Again, said Na-pu, they would not have walked in places where their tracks would be exposed had they been unfriendly. The conclusion he came to was that they were anxious to see us, but were afraid we had hostile intentions. I directed him to go to an eminence near by and kindle a signal-fire. This he did, and, an hour afterward, three Indians came up. We sat and talked with them until midnight; but they seemed surly fellows, and the conversation was not satisfactory to me. At last they left us; but, for fear they would attempt to steal some of our animals, I had the latter collected, and, finding that we should lose our rest by watching them, I concluded that we might as well continue our journey. So, at two o'clock, everything was packed, we took breakfast, and started, finding our way across the country in the direction we wished to travel, guided by the stars.

Na-pu, the old Indian guide, usually rode with me, while To-ko-puts remained with the men who were managing the pack train. The old man was always solemn and quite reticent, but that day I noticed that he was particularly surly. At last I asked him why. "Why you never call me 'a brick'?" he replied. The answer, of course, astonished me; but, on thinking, and talking with him a little further, I understood the matter. For the previous two or three days we had been quite anxious about water, and the other man, To-ko-puts, when camping time came, usually ran ahead after consulting with Na-pu; finding the watering-place, he would kindle a signal-smoke for us to come on. On arriving, the men, pleased with the Indian's success, would call him "a brick," and thus, it seemed to the old man, that the younger took all the honors away from him; and he explained to me that in his boyhood he had lived in this country,

and that it was his knowledge that guided To-ko-puts altogether. I soothed his wounded feelings in this way. He could see that To-ko-puts laughed and talked with the "boys," and was a boy with the rest, but that he (Na-pu) and I were old men, and I recognized his wisdom in the matter. This satisfied him, and ever after that he seemed to be at great pains to talk no more with the younger members of the party, but always came to me.

At ten o'clock we came in sight of a deep

and castles are a million lizards: great red and black lizards, the kings of nobles; little gray lizards, the common people, and here and there a priestly rattlesnake.

We went into camp early in the day, and, with Mr. Hamblin, I started away to the north to visit what had often been described to me as an artificial wall extending across the country for many miles, and one, two, or three hundred feet high; it was claimed, further, that the blocks of which the wall was composed had been carried



TERRACED HOUSES IN ORAIBI—SHOWING ENTRANCE TO KIVA IN THE FOREGROUND.

depression made by the Mo-an-ka-pi, a little stream which enters the Colorado Chiquito. Before us, two or three miles, was the meandering creek, with a little fringe of green willows, box-elders, and cotton-woods; from these, sage plains stretched back to the cliffs that form the walls of the valley. These cliffs are rocks of bright colors, golden, vermilion, purple and azure hues, and so storm-carved as to imitate Gothic and Grecian architecture on a vast scale. Outlying buttes were castles, with minaret and spire; the cliffs, on either side, were cities looking down into the valley, with castles standing between; the inhabitants of these cities

from a great distance, from the fact that they were not rocks found in that region, but only to the north-west, among the mountains. We were well mounted and rode across the country at a good gallop, for nearly a score of miles, when we came to the wonderful wall, the fame of which had spread among all the Mormon towns to the west. We found it in fact to be an igneous dike, the blocks composed of columnar basalt. In the joints between the blocks there is often an accumulation of a whitish mineral, having the effect, in a rude way, of suggesting mortar. It is not, in fact, a single dike, but a number, radiating from a



common center, a great mass of basalt, forming quite a large hill, which the Indians call Kwi-pan-chom, a word signifying "axe hill," for here the Indians of the adjacent country obtain the material for their axes.

Late in the evening a number of Navajo Indians rode up to our camp. One of them could speak a little Spanish or Mexican *patois*. After a little conversation, they concluded to stay with us during the night, tempted, perhaps, by the sight and odor of biscuits and coffee. They were fine-looking fellows, tall and lithe, with keen eyes, sharp features, and faces full of animation. After supper, our new friends and the Kai-bab-it guides sat down for a conference. It was very interesting to observe their means of communicating thought to each other. Neither understood the oral language of the other, but they made maps with their fingers in the sand describing the whereabouts of the several tribes, and seemed to have a great deal of general discussion by means of a sign language. Whenever an Indian's tongue is tied he can talk all over; and so they made gestures, struck attitudes, grunted, frowned, laughed, and altogether had a lively time.

The next morning a Navajo boy offered to go with us to Oraibi, for the purpose of showing us the shortest way. After dinner, we descended from the table-land on which we had been riding, into a deep valley, and, having crossed this, commenced to ascend a steep rocky mesa slope by a well-worn trail, and were surprised, on approaching the summit, to find the slope terraced by rude masonry, which had evidently been

made with great labor. These terraces, two or three acres in all, were laid out in nice little gardens, carefully irrigated by training water from a great spring in little channels among the garden plats. Here we found a number of men, women and children from the town of Oraibi gathering their vegetables. They received us with hearty welcome and feasted us on melons. Then we pushed on in company with our new-found friends, rather a mixed crowd now—white men, Kai-bab-its, Navajos, and Shi-nu-mos.

A little before sundown we arrived at Oraibi, the principal town in the "Province of Tusayan," and were met by some of the men, who, at our request, informed us where we could find a good camp. Later in the evening, the chief, who was absent when we arrived, came to camp, and placed our animals in charge of two young men, who took them to a distance from the town and herded them for the night.

The "Province of Tusayan" is composed of seven towns—Oraibi, Shi-pau-i-luv-i, Mi-shong-i-ni-vi, Shong-a-pa-vi, Te-wa, Wol-pi, and Si-choam-a-vi. The last three are known as the Moqui Towns.

We remained nearly two months in the province, studying the language and customs of the people; and I shall drop the narrative of travel, to describe the towns, the people, and their daily life.

Oraibi and the three Moqui towns are greatly dilapidated, and their original plans are not easily discovered. The other three towns are much better preserved. There are now about two thousand seven hundred inhabitants in the seven towns, probably but



THE HOUSE OF TAL-TI, CHIEF OF THE COUNCIL IN THE TOWN OF ORAIBI.

a small proportion of what they at one time contained. The towns are all built on high cliffs or rocks, doubtless for greater security against the common nomadic enemies, the Navajos on the north and Apaches on the south. Each town has a form peculiar to itself and adapted to its site—Shi-pau-a-luv-i the most regular, Oraibi the most irregular.

Shi-pau-a-luv-i is built about an open court; the exterior wall is unbroken, so that you enter the town by a covered way. Standing within, the houses are seen to be two, three, and four stories high, built in terraces—that is, the second story is set back upon the first, the third back upon the second, the fourth upon the third; the fourth or upper story being therefore very narrow. Usually, to enter a room on the first story from the court, it is necessary to climb by a ladder to the top of the story, and descend by another through a hatchway. To go up to the third or fourth story you climb by a stairway made in the projecting wall of the partition. The lower rooms are chiefly used for purposes of storage. The main assembly-room is in the second story, sometimes in the third. The rooms below are quite small, eight or ten feet square, and about six feet high. The largest room occupied by a family is often twenty to twenty-four feet long by twelve or fifteen feet wide, and about eight feet between floor and ceiling. Usually all the rooms are carefully plastered, and sometimes painted with rude devices. For doors and windows there are openings only, except that sometimes small windows are glazed with thin sheets of selenite, leaf-like crystals of gypsum.

In a corner of each principal room a little fire-place is seen, large enough to hold about a peck of wood; a stone chimney is built in the corner, and often capped outside with a pottery pipe. The exterior of the house is very irregular and unsightly, and the streets and courts are filthy; but within, great cleanliness is observed. The people are very hospitable and quite ceremonious. Enter a house and you are invited to take a seat on a mat placed for you upon the floor, and some refreshment is offered—perhaps a melon, with a little bread, perhaps peaches or apricots. After you have eaten, every

thing is carefully cleaned away, and, with a little broom made of feathers, the matron or her daughter removes any crumbs or seeds which may have been dropped. They are very economical people; the desolate circumstances under which they live, the distance to the forest and the scarcity of game, together with their fear of the neighboring



MI-SHONG-I-NI-VL.

Navajos and Apaches, which prevents them from making excursions to a distance—all combine to teach them the most rigid economy. Their wood is packed from a distant forest on the backs of mules, and when a fire is kindled but a few small fragments are used, and when no longer needed the brands are extinguished, and the remaining pieces preserved for future use.

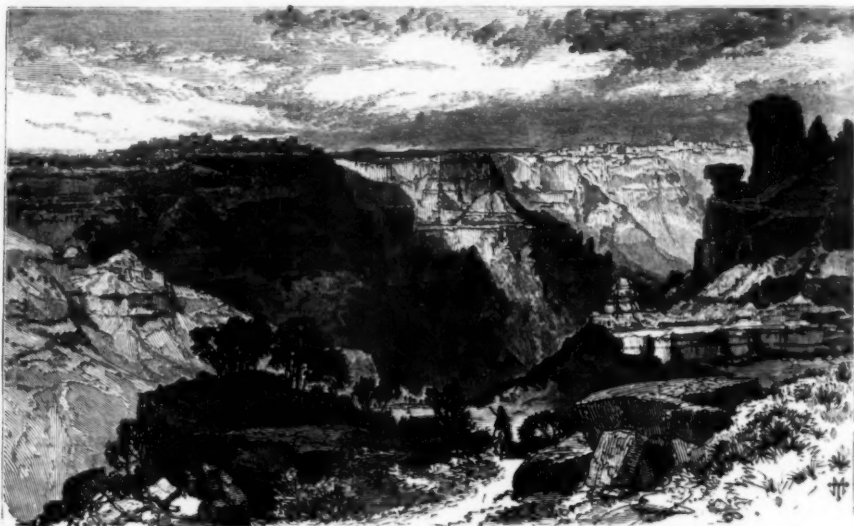
Their corn is raised in fields near by, out in the drifting sands, by digging pits eighteen inches to two feet deep, in which the seeds are planted early in the spring, while the ground is yet moist. When it has ripened, it is gathered, brought in from the fields in baskets, carried by the women and stored away in their rooms, being carefully corded. They take great pains to raise corn of different colors, and have the corn of each color stored in a separate room. This is ground by hand to a fine flour in stone mills, then made into a paste like a rather thick gruel.

In every house there is a little oven made of a flat stone eighteen or twenty inches square, raised four or five inches from the floor, and beneath this a little fire is built. When the oven is hot and the dough mixed in a little vessel of pottery, the good woman plunges her hand in the mixture and rapidly smears the broad surface of the furnace rock with a thin coating of the paste. In a few moments the film of batter is baked; when taken up it looks like a sheet of paper. This she folds and places on a tray. Having made seven sheets of this paper bread from the batter of one color and placed them on the tray, she takes batter of another color, and, in this way, makes seven sheets of each of the several colors of corn batter.

In this warm and dry climate the people live principally out of doors or on the tops of their houses, and it is a merry sight to see a score or two of little naked children climbing up and down the stairways and ladders, and running about the tops of the houses engaged in some active sport.

In every house vessels of stone and pottery are found in great abundance. These Indian women have great skill in ceramic art, decorating their vessels with picture-writings in various colors, but chiefly black.

In the early history of this country, before the advent of the Spaniard, these people raised cotton, and from it made their clothing; but between the years 1540 and 1600 they were supplied with sheep, and now the



SI-CHOAM-A-VI AND TE-WA.

They have many curious ways of preparing their food, but perhaps the daintiest dish is "virgin hash." This is made by chewing morsels of meat and bread, rolling them in the mouth into little lumps about the size of a horse-chestnut, and then tying them up in bits of corn husk. When a number of these are made, they are thrown into a pot and boiled like dumplings. The most curious thing of all is, that only certain persons are allowed to prepare these dumplings; the tongue and palate kneading must be done by a virgin. An old feud is sometimes avenged by pretending hospitality, and giving to the enemy dumplings made by a lewd woman.

greater part of their clothing is made of wool, though all their priestly habiliments, their wedding and burying garments, are still made of cotton.

Men wear moccasins, leggings, shirts and blankets; the women, moccasins with long tops, short petticoats dyed black, sometimes with a red border below, and a small blanket or shawl thrown over the body so as to pass over the right shoulder under the left arm. A long girdle of many bright colors is wound around the waist. The outer garment is also black. The women have beautiful, black glossy hair, which is allowed to grow very long, and which they take great pains in dressing. Early in the morn-

ing, immediately after breakfast, if the weather is pleasant, the women all repair to the tops of the houses, taking with them little vases of water, and wash, comb, and braid one another's hair. It is washed in a decoction of the soap plant, a species of yucca, and then allowed to dry in the open air. The married ladies have their hair braided and rolled in a knot at the back of the head, but the maidens have it parted along the middle line above, and each lock carefully braided, or twisted and rolled into a coil supported by little wooden pins so as to cover each ear, giving them a very fantastic appearance.

I have already said that the people are hospitable; they are also very polite. If you meet them out in their fields, they salute you with a greeting which seems to mean, "May the birds sing happy songs in your fields." They have many other greetings for special occasions. Do one a favor and he thanks you; if a man, he says, "Kwa kwa;" if a woman, "Es-ka-li." And this leads me to say that there is a very interesting feature in their language found among people of the same grade of civilization in other parts of the world: many words are used exclusively by men, others by women. "Father," as spoken by a girl, is one word; spoken by a boy it is another; and nothing is considered more vulgar among these people than for a man to use a woman's word, or a woman a man's.

At the dawn of day the governor of the town goes up to the top of his house and calls on the people to come forth. In a few moments the upper story of the town is covered with men, women, and children. For a few minutes he harangues them on the duties of the day. Then, as the sun is about to rise, they all sit down, draw their blankets over their heads and peer out through a little opening and watch for the sun. As the upper limb appears above the horizon every person murmurs a prayer, and continues until the whole disk is seen, when the prayer ends and the people turn to their various avocations. The young men gather

in the court about the deep fountain stripped naked, except that each one has a belt to which are attached bones, hoofs, horns,



SCENE IN TE-WA.

or metallic bells, which they have been able to procure from white men. These they lay aside for a moment,

plunge into the water, step out, tie on their belts, and dart away on their morning races over the rocks, running as if for dear life. Then the old men collect the little boys, sometimes with little whips, and compel them to go through the same exercises. When the athletes return, each family gathers in the large room for breakfast. This over, the women ascend to the tops of their houses to dress, and the men depart to the fields or woods, or gather in the kiva to chat or weave.

This kiva, as it is called in their own tongue, is called "*Estufa*" by the Spaniards, and is spoken of by writers in English as the "Sweat House." It is, in fact, an underground compartment, chiefly intended for religious ceremonies, but also used as a place of social resort. A deep pit is exca-

vated in the shaly rock and covered with long logs, over which are placed long reeds, these, in turn, covered with earth, heaped in a mound above. A hole, or hatchway, is left, and the entrance to the kiva is by a

thunder, and a god of rain, the sun, the moon, and the stars: and, in addition, each town has its patron deity. There seems, also, to be engrafted on their religion a branch of ancestral worship. Their notion



PRAYING FOR RAIN.

ladder down the hatchway. The walls are plastered, little niches, or quadrangular recesses, being left, in which are kept the paraphernalia of their religious ceremonies. At the foot of the wall, there is a step, or bench, which is used as a seat. When the people assemble in the kiva, a little fire is built immediately under the hatchway, which forms a place of escape for the smoke. Here the elders assemble for council, and here their chief religious ceremonies are performed, for the people are remarkable for their piety. Some of these ceremonies are very elaborate and long. I witnessed one which required twenty-four hours for its performance. The people seem to worship a great number of gods, many of whom are personified objects, powers and phenomena of nature. They worship a god of the north, and a god of the south; a god of the east, and a god of the west; a god of

of the form and constitution of the world is architectural; that it is composed of many stories. We live in the second. Ma-chi-ta, literally the leader, probably an ancestral god, is said to have brought them up from the lower story to the next higher, in which we now live. The heaven above is the ceiling of this story, the floor of the next. Their account of their rescue from the lower world by Ma-chi-ta is briefly as follows: The people below were a medley mass of good and bad, and Ma-chi-ta determined to rescue the former, and leave the latter behind. So he called to his friends to bring him a young tree, and, looking overhead at the sky of that lower world, the floor of this, he discovered a crack, and placed the young and growing tree immediately under it. Then he raised his hands and prayed, as did all his followers; and, as he prayed, the tree grew, until its branches were thrust through



the crevice in the lower-world sky. Then the people climbed up, in one long stream; still up they came until all the good were there. Ma-chi-ta, standing on the brink of the crevice, looked down, and saw the tree filled with the bad, who were following; then he caught the growing ladder by the upper boughs, twisted it from its foundation

"Bring me seven virgins;" and they brought him seven virgins. And he taught the virgins to weave a wonderful fabric, which he held aloft, and the breeze carried it away to the sky; and behold! it was transformed into a full-orbed moon. The same breeze also carried the flocculent fragments of cotton to the sky, and lo! these took the shape



RUINS ON THE BRINK OF GLEN CAÑON.

in the soil beneath, and threw it over, and the wicked fell down in a pile of mangled, groaning, cursing humanity. When the people had spread out through this world, they found the ceiling, or sky, so low that they could not walk without stooping, and they murmured. Then Ma-chi-ta, standing in the very center of this story, placed his shoulder against the sky, and lifted it to where it now is.

Still it was cold and dark, and the people murmured and cursed Ma-chi-ta, and he said: "Why do you complain? Bring me seven baskets of cotton;" and they brought him seven baskets of cotton. And he said:

of bright stars. And still it was cold; and again the people murmured, and Ma-chi-ta chided them once more, and said, "Bring me seven buffalo robes;" and they brought him seven buffalo robes. "Send me seven strong, pure young men;" and they sent him seven young men, whom he taught to weave a wonderful fabric of the buffalo fur. And when it was done, he held it aloft, and a whirlwind carried it away to the sky, where it was transformed into the sun.

I have given but a very bare account of these two chapters in their unwritten bible—the bringing up of the people from the lower world to this, and the creation of

the heavenly bodies. As told by them, there are many wonderful incidents; the travels, the wandering, the wars, the confusion of tongues, the dispersion of the people into tribes—all these are given with much circumstance.

Mu-ing-wa is the god of rain, and the ceremony of which I have made mention as lasting twenty-four hours was in honor of this god, immediately after the gathering of the harvest. A priest from Oraibi, one from Shi-pau-i-luv-i, one from Shong-a-pa-vi, together with the one from Mi-shong-i-ni-vi, gathered in the kiva at this latter place. An old woman, a grandmother, her daughter, a mother and her granddaughter, a virgin, three women in the same ancestral line, were also taken into the kiva, where I was permitted to join them. Before this I had known of many ceremonies being performed, but they had always refused me admittance,



WATCH-TOWER AT MCELMO CAÑON.

and it was only the day before, at a general council held at Oraibi, that it was decided to admit me. The men were entirely naked, except that during certain parts of the ceremony they wrapped themselves in blankets,

and a blanket was furnished me at such times for the same purpose. The three women were naked, except that each had a cincture made of pure white cotton wound about the loins and decorated with tassels. Event followed event, ceremony ceremony so rapidly during the twenty-four hours, that I was not able on coming out to write a very definite account of the sacred rites, but I managed to carry away with me some things which I was afterward able to record in my notes from time to time.

I have said that the ceremony was in honor of Mu-ing-wa, the god of rain. It was a general thanksgiving for an abundant harvest, and a prayer for rain during the coming season. Against one end of the kiva was placed a series of picture writings on wooden tablets. Carved wooden birds on little wooden pedestals, and many pitchers and vases, were placed about the room. In the niches was kept the collection of sacred jewels—little crystals of quartz, crystals of calcite, garnets, beautiful pieces of jasper, and other bright or fantastically shaped stones, which, it was claimed, they had kept for many generations. Corn, meal, flour, white and black sand were used in the ceremony at different times. There were many sprinklings of water, which had been previously consecrated by ceremony and prayer. Often the sand or meal was scattered about. Occasionally during the twenty-four hours a chorus of women singers was brought into the kiva, and the general ceremony was varied by dancing and singing. The dancing was performed by single persons or by couples, or by a whole bevy of women; but the singing was always in chorus, except a kind of chant from time to time by the elder of the priests. My knowledge of the language was slight, and I was able to comprehend but little of what was said; but I think I obtained, by questioning and close observation, and gathering a few words here and there, some general idea of what they were doing. About every two hours there was a pause in the ceremony, when refreshments were brought in, and twenty minutes or half an hour was given to general conversation, and I always took advantage of such a time to have the immediately preceding ceremony explained to me as far as possible. During one of these resting times I took pains to make a little diagram of the position which had been assumed by the different parties engaged, and to note down, as far as possible, the various performances, which I will endeavor to explain.

A little to one side of the fire (which was in the middle of the chamber) and near the sacred paintings, the four priests took their positions in the angles of a somewhat regular quadrilateral. Then the virgin placed a large vase in the middle of the space; then she brought a pitcher of water, and, with a prayer, the old man poured a quantity into the vase. The same was done in turn by the other priests. Then the maiden brought on a little tray or salver, a box or pottery case containing the sacred jewels, and, after a prayer, the old man placed some of these jewels in the water, and the same ceremony was performed by each of the other priests. Whatever was done by the old priest was also done by the others in succession. Then the maiden brought kernels of corn on a tray, and these were in like manner placed on the water. She then placed a little brush near each of the priests. These brushes were made of the feathers of the beautiful warblers and humming-birds found in that region. Then she placed a tray of meal near each of the priests, and a tray of white sand, and a tray of red sand, and a tray of black sand. She then took from the niche in the wall a little stone vessel, in which had been ground some dried leaves, and placed it in the center of the space between the men. Then on a little willow-ware tray, woven of many-colored strands, she brought four pipes of the ancient pattern—hollow cones, in the apex of which were inserted the stems. Each of the priests filled his pipe with the ground leaves from the stone vessel. The maiden lighted a small fantastically painted stick and gave it to the priest, who lighted his pipe and smoked it with great vigor, swallowing the smoke, until it appeared that his stomach and mouth were distended. Then, kneeling over the vase, he poured the smoke from his mouth

into it, until it was filled, and the smoke piled over and gradually rose above him, forming a cloud. Then the old man, taking one of the little feather brushes, dipped it into the vase of water and sprinkled the

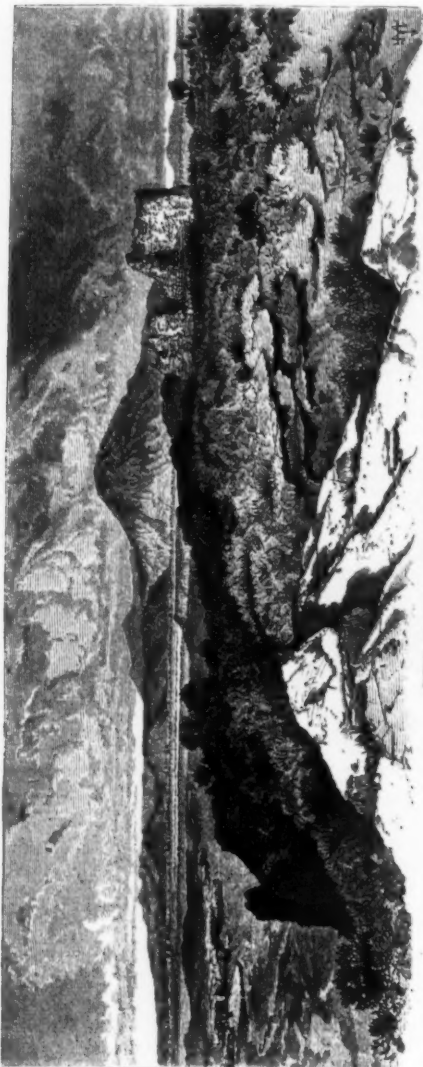


AN-TI-NAINTS, PU-TU-SU, AND WI-CHUTS (POSY, EYELASH, AND BIRDIE)

floor of the kiva, and, standing up, clasped his hands, turned his face upward, and prayed. "Mu-ing-wa! very good; thou dost love us, for thou didst bring us up from the lower world. Thou didst teach our fathers, and their wisdom has descended to us. We eat no stolen bread. No stolen sheep are found in our flocks. Our young men ride not the stolen ass. We beseech thee, Mu-ing-wa, that thou wouldst dip thy brush, made of the feathers of the birds of heaven, into the lakes of the skies, and scatter water over the earth, even as I scatter water over the floor of this kiva; Mu-ing-wa, very good."

Then the white sand was scattered over the floor, and the old man prayed that during the coming season Mu-ing-wa would

break the ice in the lakes of heaven, and grind it into ice dust (snow) and scatter it over the land, so that during the coming winter the ground might be prepared for the planting of another crop. Then, after



RUINS AT THE HEAD OF MUELMO CANYON

corn might ripen, and that each kernel might be as hard as one of the jewels. Then this part of the ceremony ceased. The vases, and pitchers, and jewels, and other paraphernalia of the ceremony were placed away in the niche by the mother.

At day-break on the second morning, when the ceremonies had ceased, twenty-five or thirty maidens came down into the kiva, disrobed themselves, and were re-clothed in gala dress, variously decorated with feathers and bells, each assisting the other. Then their faces were painted by the men in this wise: A man would take some paint in his mouth, thoroughly mix it with saliva, and with his finger paint the girl's face with one color, in such manner as seemed right to him, and she was then turned over to another man who had another color prepared. In this way their faces were painted yellow, red, and blue. When all was ready, a line was formed in the kiva, at the head of which was the grandmother, and at the foot the virgin priestess, who had attended through the entire ceremony. As soon as the line was formed below, the men, with myself, having in the meantime re-clothed ourselves, went up into the court and were stationed on the top of the house nearest the entrance to the kiva. We found all the people of this village, and what seemed to me all the people of the surrounding villages, assembled on top of the houses, men, women, and children, all standing expectant.

As the procession emerged from the kiva by the ladder, the old woman commenced to chant. Slowly the procession marched about the court and around two or three times, and then to the center, where the maidens formed a circle, the young virgin priestess standing in the center. She held in her hand a beautifully wrought willow-work tray, and all the young men stood on the brink of the wall next to the plaza, as if awaiting a signal. Then the maiden, with eyes bandaged, turned round and round, chanting something which I could not understand, until she should be thoroughly confused as to the direction in which the young men stood. Then she threw out of the circle in which she stood the tray which she held, and, at that instant, every young athlete sprang from the wall and rushed toward the tray and entered into the general conflict to see who should obtain it. No blows were given, but they caught each other about the waist and around the neck.

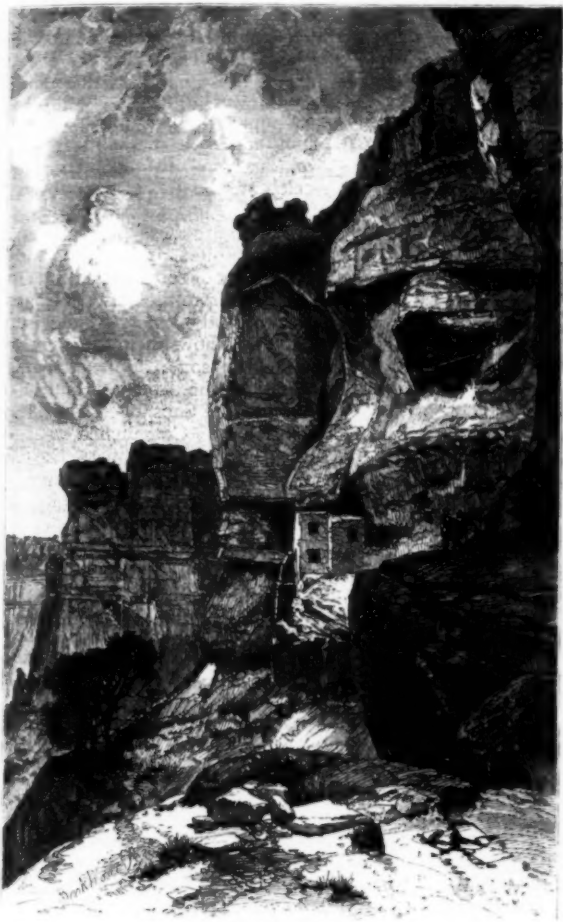
another ceremony with kernels of corn, he prayed that the corn might be impregnated with the life of the water, and made to bring forth an abundant harvest. After a ceremony with the jewels, he prayed that the

tumbling and rolling about into the court until, at last, one got the tray into his possession for an instant, threw it aloft and was declared the winner. With great pride he carried it away. Then the women returned to the kiva. In a few minutes afterward

and revelry. During the afternoon there were races, and afterward dancing, which was continued until midnight.

In a former article I have briefly described the system of picture-writings found in use among these people. These are rude etch-

ings on the rocks or paintings on tablets of wood. They are simply mnemonic, and are, of course, without dates. A great buffalo hunt is recorded with a picture of a man standing in front of and pointing an arrow at one of these animals. The record of a great journey is made with a rude map. On the cliff near Oraibi, I found a record like this etched on a stone. Below and to the left were three Spaniards, the leader with a sword, the two followers carrying spears. Above and to the right were three natives in an attitude of rolling rocks. Near by was a Spaniard prone on the ground, with a native pouring water on his head. Tal-ti, whose name means "peep of day," because he was born at dawn, explained to me that the record was made by their ancestors a very long time ago, and that the explanation had been handed down as follows: Their town was attacked by the Spaniards; the commander was a gallant fellow, who attempted to lead his men up the stone stairway to the town, but the besieged drove them back with rolling stones, and the Spanish captain was wounded and left by his followers. The people, in admiration of



ANCIENT CLIFF HOUSE

they emerged again, another woman carrying a tray, and so the contests were kept up until each maiden had thrown a tray into the court-yard, and it had been won by some of the athletes. About ten o'clock these contests ended, and the people retired to their homes, each family in the village inviting its friends from the surrounding villages, and for an hour there was feasting

his valor, took him to a spring near by, poured water on him, dressed his wounds, and, when they were healed, permitted him to return.

Tal-ti's description of the scene was quite vivid, and even dramatic, especially when he described the charge of the Spaniards rushing forward and shouting their war cries, "*Santiago! Santiago! Santiago!*"



Thus in this desert land we find an agricultural people; a people living in stone houses, with walls laid in mortar and plastered within, houses two, three, four, five, or

half of these were destroyed, and, in all the remaining towns, except the seven, a new religion was imposed upon the people. It should rather be said that Christian forms and Christian ideas were ingrafted on the old pagan stock. Most of the towns outside of this province are watched over by Catholic priests, and the pagan rites and ceremonies are prohibited. But occasionally the people steal away from their homes and assemble on the mountains or join the people of the "Province of Tusayan" in the kivas, and celebrate the rites of their ancient religion.

"Who are these people?" is a question often asked. Are they a remnant of some ancient invading race from the Eastern Continent? I think not. Linguistic evidence shows them to be nearly related to some of the nomadic tribes of the Rocky Mountains, such as the Shoshones, Utes, Pai Utes, and Comanches. The region of country between the Rocky Mountains and the Sierras, stretching from northern Oregon to the Gulf of California, is occupied by many tribes speaking languages akin to one another. These town-building people seem to be a branch of this great family; now, but a remnant of this branch is left; but there was a time when they were a vast people. The



AN INDIAN HUNTER.

six stories high; a people having skill in the manufacture and ornamentation of pottery, raising cotton, and weaving and dyeing their own clothing, skilled in a system of picture-writings, having a vast store of mythology, and an elaborate, ceremonious religion; without beasts of burden, and having no knowledge of metals, all their tools being made of bones, stone, or wood. Such was their condition when found by the first Europeans who invaded their lands. Early in the recorded history of this country they obtained from the Spaniards a few tools of iron, some sheep, which they raised for their flesh as well as for their wool, and asses, which they use as a means of transportation.

The seven hamlets of this province form only one of many groups discovered by those early Spanish adventurers. Altogether, about sixty towns were found by them; about

ruins of these towns are found in great profusion throughout Nevada, Utah, Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona, and Southern California. On every stream, and at almost every spring of importance, vestiges of this race may be found. Where Salt Lake City now stands, in that ancient time there stood a settlement of the people calling themselves Shi-nu-mos, a word signifying "We, the wise." I have visited nearly every settlement in the Territory of Utah, and many in the State of Nevada, and have never failed, on examination, to find evidences of an ancient town on the same site, or one near by. On the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains they have also been found; one near Golden City by Captain Berthoud, and many others on the same slope to the southward. I have found them on the western slope of the same system of mountains, on the Yampa, White and Grand Rivers; and

Dr. Newberry and Mr. Jackson have found them in great abundance on the San Juan and its tributaries. The history of the exploration of New Mexico and Arizona is replete with accounts of these vestiges of ancient life.

Over all this vast territory, in every beautiful valley and glen, by every stream of water and every spring, on the high mountains, on the cliffs, away out in the deserts of drifting sand, and down in the deep cañon gorges by which much of the country is traversed—everywhere are found ruins, stone implements or fragments of pottery.

How have these people been so nearly destroyed? From a somewhat careful examination of the facts at hand, I have an explanation to offer, though I cannot here give the fragments of evidence on which it rests. There are two great bodies of Indians in this country who are intruders—the Navajos and Apaches, and a number of small tribes in California who speak Athabaskan languages, and who originally dwelt far to the north in British America. The Pueblo people call them their northern enemies. It seems that these people gradually spread to the south, attracted perhaps by the wealth accumulated by an agricultural and economic people; and, as they swept south-

ward, from time to time, in bold excursions, town after town, and hamlet after hamlet was destroyed; the people were driven into the cañons and among the cliffs, and on the advent of the white man to this continent, only the sixty towns which I have mentioned remained. Of these, there are now but thirty. Of the former inhabitants of the thirty destroyed since the first invasion of the country by the Spaniards, some, at least, have become nomadic, for the Co-a-ni-nis and Wal-la-pais, who now live in the rocks and deep gorges of the San Francisco Plateau, claim that at one time they dwelt in pueblos, near where Zunia now stands.

Interested as we were in this strange people, time passed rapidly, and our visit among them was all too short; but, at last, the time came for us to leave. When we were ready to start we were joined by a small delegation of the Indians, who proposed to travel with us for a few days.

We made our way to Fort Defiance, thence to Fort Wingate, and still on to the East until we reached the Valley of the Rio Grande del Norte. Here we stopped for a day to visit the ancient town of Jemez, and then proceeded to Santa Fé, where our long journey on horseback ended.

### SPANISH SKETCHES.

SPAIN abounds in attractions to Americans. Perhaps this is chiefly because there are few countries which present such strong and sharp contrasts with our own. Instead of the restless activity and enterprise which are here constantly reaching out for new fields of exertion, we find there a disregard of the present and a carelessness for the future which are almost incomprehensible. While we are making history, the Spaniard is content with the ages which lie behind him. He lives, if he thinks of history at all, in the past centuries, which are so full of deeds of romance and chivalry that the inglorious present has not altogether clouded their brilliancy. The traces and remains of former grandeur are so constantly encountered that travelers who face the inconveniences and discomforts incident to a sojourn in the country invariably find themselves amply repaid, even if they are thereby compelled

to abridge the time they may spend in the more familiar countries of Europe. Architecture, wonderfully exquisite and graceful, illustrates the exuberant fancy of those who designed it, and the patient skill of those who worked out its infinite and delicate details. In the churches and galleries are many of the noblest specimens of the old masters. Here those of æsthetic tastes have abundant material for study, while others, who are content to be amused with observing the peculiarities of the people, will find the peasants, the gypsies, and even the beggars, altogether unique. But if one may not enjoy the privilege of visiting Spain in person, the next best thing certainly is to see it through the eyes of the famous artist Doré. His marvelous quickness in seizing upon that which is picturesque or grand in natural scenery, and his wonderful power of reproducing it; his keen sense of the ludicrous

and grotesque,—characteristics which must find constant exemplifications in a people that could furnish the originals of Don Quixote or Gil Blas,—make him the artist

felt finds such constant expression that every one who glances over his sketches must insensibly catch his spirit. In the Baron Ch. Davillier, Doré was so fortunate as to



WANDERING MUSICIANS.

of all others to illustrate the various phases of life in Spain. Freer, bolder, and better work than his Spanish sketches never came from Doré's pencil. Nowhere else does he appear so unaffected, so perfectly himself, and the hearty enjoyment which he evidently

have a traveling companion as skillful with the pen as he himself was with the pencil. Together they made the tour of Spain, visiting all the cities, striking here and there through the country, and coming in contact with all classes of the people under the most

favorable circumstances for noting their habits and customs. The broad pages of the sumptuous quarto\* which was the result of this happy combination, afford ample opportunity for reproducing the architectural beauties of the Alhambra, the Escorial at Madrid, the mosque at Cordova, the Toledo Cathedral, the tomb of Ferdinand and Isabella in the Cathedral of Granada, the superb mountain views in which the Sierras abound; while the various aspects of peasant, minstrel, gypsy, and beggar life, the vicissitudes of the smuggler's career, the dangers of diligence traveling in the mountains, bull-fighting, and the other customs peculiar to Spain, are all handled with a skill and effect which no artist but Doré has yet attained.

The artist and author covered so much ground in their travels, and reproduce and describe what they saw so thoroughly and exhaustively, that it would be useless to try to follow them in detail. We shall therefore content ourselves with culling here and there from their narrative some of the more striking sketches and pictures.

Perpignan is a town on the Gulf of Lyons, in the extreme south-eastern part of France. For the traveler who means to make a thorough tour of Spain, and who is not impatient to strike important points at once, it is an excellent point of departure. Junquera is the first village one finds after crossing the frontier. But the people of Catalonia, in which province Junquera is situated, hardly consider themselves Spanish. Their thrift and industry are in such strong contrast with the idleness of the Spaniards in general, that they have passed into a proverb. Thus, in some provinces the common phrase for going to shop or market is, "Go to the Catalonians." Another proverb says, "If you give stones to the Catalonian, he will extract bread from them."

Barcelona, the capital of Catalonia, is the first industrial city in the Peninsula, and is still as animated as it was in the days of Don Quixote and his faithful attendant Sancho Panza. In its leading characteristics the city resembles Marseilles, presenting nearly the same activity, the same mixture of diverse nationalities, and the same absence of any distinctive type. In the Cathedral of Barcelona is to be found some most

carefully finished and patiently elaborated work, notably in the *rejas* which shut off the chapels. In the center of the cloister which contains these chapels is a charming fountain shaded by orange-trees. This cloister is made a sort of *Cour des Miracles*, and here a motley crew of importunate, whining vagrants are always to be found. "There is hardly any civilized country, unless it be Italy," remarks Baron Davillier, "where one sees mendicity establish itself in broader daylight, and with less ceremony than in Spain. Full of dignity, one might almost say pride, the Spanish beggar wraps himself in the remains of his mantle, and goes armed with an immense stick, used to drive off the dogs, which by instinct are hostile to men of his type. Shrouded in his rags, he philosophically carries on his profession or his art—which you please—as his highest ambition is to be accounted an accomplished mendicant. A modern Spanish author who has paid special attention to this subject assures us that in many families the profession becomes hereditary; the children religiously observe the precepts of those who have grown old in the arts of mendicity, and are not slow to profit by the hard-won experience of their teachers. Thus the veteran knows full well how to portion out his time and lay his plans for each day's campaign, so that by appearing in a certain place at a time carefully determined beforehand, his tatters, tricks, and misery will meet with their fullest reward."

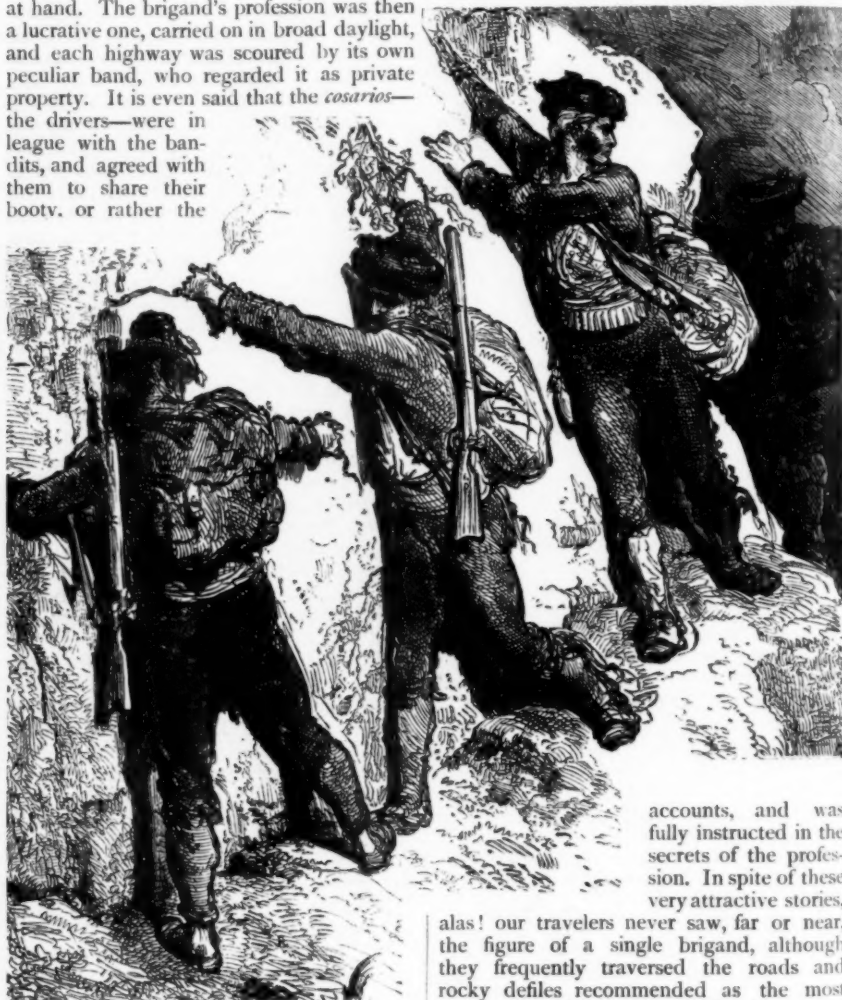
The ancient prison of the Inquisition may still be seen in Barcelona. It is a massive, gloomy building, pierced with a number of narrow windows. Beyond the walls of the town is the *Prado de San Sebastian*, the site of the *Quernadero*, "where heretics were consumed by fire for the good of the faith." Never was edifice more purely in harmony with its design, and the famous Torquemada, the model inquisitor, the great burner of heretics, ought to have found it to his taste.

Keeping along the eastern coast of Spain, our travelers visited Tarragona and Valencia. When Baron Davillier first went over this route, some years previous to this trip with Doré, there was no railroad, and brigands were said to infest it. According to the tales of travelers, no one then ever set out without preparing for some adventure, and those who lived to return, if they had not been actually attacked, had barely escaped, and could tell at least one tale of mysterious Spaniards, wrapped alike in their mantles and the gloom of night, or disappearing

\* Spain. By the Baron Ch. Davillier. Illustrated by Gustave Doré. Translated by J. Thomson, F. R. G. S. 1 vol., large 4to. New York: Scribner, Welford & Armstrong.

suddenly, bent on some deed of darkness, with their uplifted swords or daggers gleaming in the pale moonlight. These were the good old times, when the coaches were regularly stopped, and no one ever settled in his seat without having his ransom ready at hand. The brigand's profession was then a lucrative one, carried on in broad daylight, and each highway was scoured by its own peculiar band, who regarded it as private property. It is even said that the *cosarios*—the drivers—were in league with the bandits, and agreed with them to share their bootv. or rather the

the exercise of his noble profession, would settle down to an uneventful life of simple respectability, but before abandoning the king's highway he was careful to sell the good-will of his business to some enterprising successor, who probably inspected the



SMUGGLERS OF THE SERRANIA DE RONDA.

coachman paid a regular blackmail, which was contributed by the passengers; and, curiously enough, the members of the band always knew when and where to receive this tribute. Sometimes the chief of a band, having earned a competency by

accounts, and was fully instructed in the secrets of the profession. In spite of these very attractive stories, alas! our travelers never saw, far or near, the figure of a single brigand, although they frequently traversed the roads and rocky defiles recommended as the most likely and dangerous. Still these bandits are now and then heard of, and as recently as 1871 they displayed enterprise and boldness enough to stop a railway train near Sierra Morena, and rob the passengers. Traveling by diligence is, of course, still in vogue where the railways have not penetrated, and this method of progression





has its wild excitements, in spite of the diminution of brigandage. Between Barcelona and Valencia, Davillier and Doré passed a frightful ravine, into which a diligence had been precipitated, carrying in its fall both horses and travelers.

The diligence is a heavy lumbering coach, having its body generally strongly braced with iron, so as to resist the severest shocks. Its interior is divided into two compartments, separated by a partition fitted with a shutter, which may be opened or closed at pleasure, while Venetian blinds afford protection against the heat. The horses or mules are clipped so as to leave the upper half of the coat intact, and are harnessed in pairs. Coaching is very costly in Spain. Sometimes two *pesetas* a mile—nearly five times the cost of a first-class railway fare—is exacted. Baggage is charged at the same exorbitant rates, and the traveler is allowed to carry only a nominal weight free. Twenty years ago, when Mr. Barringer was United States Minister to Spain, he had to pay three hundred *duros*—more than three hundred dollars—for the transport from Cadiz to Madrid, of a carriage which had cost only fifty *duros* freight from New York to Cadiz.

There are, of course, many of the mountainous parts of Spain which the diligence cannot penetrate, and where these are near the frontier, they are

AN ACCIDENT.

the resorts of smugglers, and occasionally of brigands.

These hardy smugglers know all the most difficult passes of the sierras, which they frequently cross with burdens on their backs, and carbines slung over their shoulders, clinging with their hands to the projecting ledges on the perpendicular rocks. Strange to relate, these traders are often on the best of terms with the authorities of the villages through which they pass, never neglecting to offer a packet of fragrant cigars to the *alcalde*, tobacco to his scribe, and an attractive silk handkerchief to *la señora alcaldesa*. They almost always reach their destination without let or hinderance. Nevertheless, they are at times surprised by a band of *carabineros*, when they wake the echoes of the sierras with the reports of their *retacos*. This, however, is a very rare occurrence, as it pays better to settle amica-

sole benefit. This daring adventurer, when not engaged in commerce, devotes his hours of leisure to spending, with reckless prodigality, the money he has gained at the peril of his life. He passes his time at the *taberna*, either playing at *monte* (a game at cards of which he is passionately fond), or in relating his adventures, taking care to moisten his narrative with frequent bumpers of sherry, *remojar la palabra*, to soften his words, according to the common Andalusian phrase. As might naturally be expected, and notwithstanding his brilliant opportunities, the contrabandist who does the work rarely accumulates a fortune, while wealth and honor seem to wait upon the *hacienda* with whom he shares his gains. He frequently ends his days in prison or the *presidio*. It is said that many of the smugglers, when trade is languid, take to the road and to

lightening travelers of their baggage and money, an operation invariably conducted with the utmost courtesy. It is probable that this report does them no injustice, as the profession of smuggler is a sort of apprenticeship to that of highway robber.

Bull-fights are still, as they have been from time immemorial, the favorite and standard amusement of the Spanish populace. The courses are regularly held at Madrid every Sunday, from Easter to All Saints' Day. In provincial towns they are only held from time to time, on the occasion of the principal fêtes, and rarely during the winter months, as the cold renders the brutes much less furious; besides this, as a major-

ity of the spectators are exposed to the air, they would run the risk of being frozen to death in their seats in a climate like that of Madrid, where the winter frosts are quite as keen as in Paris. In Andalusia and Valencia the mildness of the climate sometimes admits of winter courses; at Seville,



PLAY OF THE CAPE.

bly with their easily pacified foes, who are always open to the magic influence of a few *duros*. Arrived at the termination of his journey, the trader delivers up his wares to his constituents, who sell them on joint account; but it sometimes happens that the tobacco and cigars are sold for the trader's

for example, the travelers witnessed a bull-fight in the month of December. There are hardly any Spanish towns that have not their *plazas de toros*. Sometimes these amphitheatres belong to the municipality or

ferent incidents of these exciting contests. One of these programmes, artistically pricked at Valencia, presented the fearful total of wounds that could be inflicted in a two-hours' combat: thirty-one horses killed



THE GORDITO.

to the hospitals, which are partly supported by letting the plaza to the contractors for the courses. The plaza at Madrid is let for about 7,000 francs for the single course, and the bulls—some of them—cost as much as 800 francs a head. The number of bulls killed on a single occasion varies between six and eight, and sometimes the public demands a *toro de gracia*, which swells the number to nine. Some days before a *corrida*, the town is placarded with bills of gigantic proportions and all colors, giving a detailed programme of the fight. In these bills, not only the names of the bulls and their assailants are given, but the pedigree, not of the men, but of the brutes to be slaughtered, is carefully recorded. Smaller programmes are issued, having blank spaces, on which the spectators delight to jot down the harrowing events of the fête. There are few, if any, of the witnesses of a bull-fight who are not careful to exhibit their passion for the sport by keeping a record of the dif-

ferent incidents of these exciting contests. One of these programmes, artistically pricked at Valencia, presented the fearful total of wounds that could be inflicted in a two-hours' combat: thirty-one horses killed

or wounded by eight bulls, which had themselves received twenty-nine thrusts in exchange for twenty-four falls of the *picadores*. Passing over Baron Davillier's discussion of bull-fighting in its historical aspects, we condense a detailed account which he gives of a *corrida* witnessed at Valencia, merely premising that in the splendid action of the animals and their antagonists, as well as in the enthusiastic demonstrations of the audience, Doré finds ample scope for exhibiting the power of his pencil. Sunday, as is invariably the case, was the day selected for the fête, which promised to be a splendid one.

Following the crowd, the travelers were soon lodged in the front row of the amphitheater, impatient to witness the drama about to be played. The *plaza* presented one of those spectacles which can never be forgotten. There were some fifteen thousand spectators, in brilliant costumes, the effect of which was heightened by a

dazzling sun. A murmur of many voices rose from the throng, and was only broken by the cries of hawkers selling their wares, and by those of the *naranjeros*, whose oranges, cleverly thrown, always reached their men even at the highest seats. Vendors of fans at a penny each were driving a brisk trade among the unfortunates who were being grilled like lizards in the hot sun. Leathern bottles filled with dark wine were busily circulated, and might be seen to collapse with amazing celerity as they passed from hand to hand. Here and there disputes arose, but no blows were exchanged.

Soon a murmur of excitement announced the clearing of the arena, the soldiers pushing the stragglers before them, little by little, to the accompanying growls of the audience, who were becoming impatient for the commencement of the course. After clearing the arena, there came the procession which precedes the *corrida*. At the head were the *alguaciles*, mounted on jet-black steeds decked with crimson velvet, while their riders, attired in black, wore a costume of the sixteenth century. These men did not seem to enjoy great popularity, as their approach was greeted by outbursts of shrill whistling and torrents of abuse. Then came the footmen, followed by the *banderilleros*, the *espadas*, and, lastly, the *chulos*, or *capeadores*. As soon as the latter appeared, the banter changed into noisy applause. They wear a very elegant costume: the head covered with the *mantilla* of black velvet, ornamented with bows of silk; falling on the back of the neck they carried the *moña*, a black silk chignon fastened to the *coleta*, a little tress of hair, a sort of rudimentary tail cultivated by all *toreros*. This chignon, which might well be an object of envy to a lady, presents a singular contrast to the thick black whiskers of the *chulos*. The short jacket and waistcoat are partially hidden by a fringe of silk, and peeping out from a pocket at the side of the jacket one could see the corner of a fine cambric handkerchief, Brodered by the hand of some dear one. Over the ornamented shirt front falls a cravat knotted "*à la Colin*." The short breeches, which show the form as well as if the wearer were in swaddling clothes, are made of blue, red, green, or lilac satin, always of the most delicate shades. The waist is bound round by the inevitable *faja*, a silk band of startling hues, while flesh-colored stockings complete the costume. These gladiators of Spain resemble ballet-dancers, and one has the greatest difficulty

in realizing that these men, so coquettishly dressed, are prepared to risk their lives, and play with blood.

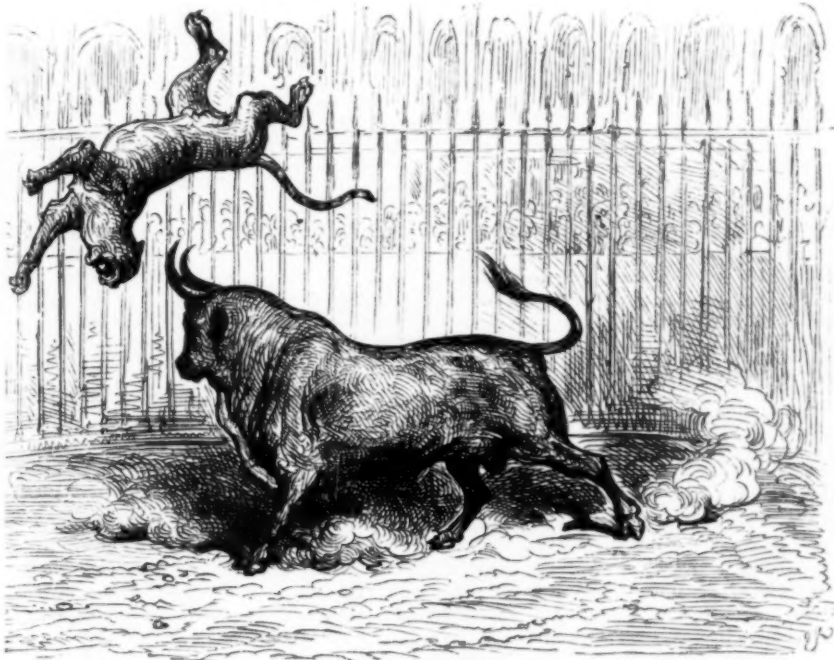
The *toreros* advanced with charming grace, proudly wrapped in their mantles of bright colors, used to attract the bull. Behind them came the *picadores*, firmly seated on their horses, and wearing broad-brimmed felt hats, ornamented by tufts of ribbons, short jackets decked with bows and loops of ribbons; white open vests, not less ornamented, left the embroidered shirt front in full view. A broad silk waistband supported yellow leathern trowsers, which concealed the iron armor protecting the limbs.

The procession terminated with a troop of attendants in Andalusian costume; slowly it defiled around the arena, and proceeded to salute the *señor alcalde*—president of the place—who had just arrived; they then prepared for the combat. The president gave the key of the *toril* to one of the *alguaciles*, who, accompanied by the hooting of the audience, proceeded to open the door of the cell, whence bounded a fierce bull, a superb animal of great size, black as coal, and with wide-spreading horns.

Calderon, the *picador*, was at his post, that is to say, at eight or nine paces from the left of the door, and two from the barrier. He had already shaded the eyes of his steed with a red handkerchief to prevent him seeing the bull, and guarded his thumb with a shield of leather to prevent the lance slipping from his grasp. The ferocious brute, as it emerged from the darkness of its prison, hesitated a few seconds, as if dazzled by the sun and crowd; then, rushing headlong at Calderon, was received on the lance of the *picador*, but the steel, protected by a hempen pad, only grazed the broad shoulder of the bull, and the animal, maddened by the wound, plunged one of its horns into the chest of the horse, from which issued a stream of blood. The poor brute, exhausted from loss of blood, commenced to totter, and while yet the *picador* was driving the spurs into its quivering flanks, the animal fell forward dead. The audience, without taking the slightest notice of this harrowing incident, clamored for another horse, which was soon brought in. While Calderon, embarrassed by his armor, slowly mounted his new steed, the bull had sought the other side of the arena, charging Pinto, surnamed *el Bravo*, the second *picador*, who received him with a powerful thrust of the lance in his shoulder; the pole bent with the shock, and the cavalier was hurled to the earth. his

horse falling heavily upon him. It is said that the sight of blood excites the bull; but it is singular to notice that the furious animal, never knowing how to distinguish his real foe, nearly always spends his rage on the

desirous to show to his many admirers that he had no fear of his terrible foe; digging his spurs into his steed, he galloped to within a few paces of the bull, who stood in the center of the arena making the sand fly



COMBAT BETWEEN TIGER AND BULL.

poor horses, in place of attacking the dismounted *picadores*. While a number of *chulos* rescued Pinto, others used their *capas* to draw off the bull from the dying horse, which was being speedily torn and lacerated by the huge sanguinary horns. At last the bull left his victim, and followed one of the *chulos*, who, taking a circuitous route, soon found himself hotly pursued, and, with a single bound, vaulted over the barrier, while his surprised and disappointed foe stopped for a moment, and then turned his wrath against the friendly barrier, in which he left the marks of his huge horns.

The exploits of the bull produced shouts of applause; in less than a minute he had thrown two *picadores* and slain two horses, and shouts of "*Bravo toro!*" rang through the *plaza*. The *picadores* had their share of the plaudits, as they had fought bravely. Calderon, who had a fall to avenge, was

from his feet, and bellowing loudly, as if to challenge anew his enemies. The movement was extremely hazardous; when a *picador* attacks a bull, he arranges, if possible, to fall so that the body of his horse will serve to shield him on one side and the barrier on the other, whereas in the middle of the arena he would be exposed to danger on every side. The daring of Calderon therefore called forth an ovation from the spectators. Excited by the tumult of popular favor, Calderon proceeded to challenge the bull, provoking it by brandishing his lance. Still the animal stood immovable, while the *picador*, making his horse advance a step, with a rapid action cast his huge hat before the bull; still the noble animal, although doubtless astonished at such audacity, did not move. Calderon finally went so far as to prick the nose of his foe with his lance. This last affront roused his ven-



geance, and he charged with such force that the cavalier and his horse were thrown to the ground together. The *chulos* rushed to the rescue, waving their mantles. The horse now neighed furiously, and Calderon, stunned by his fall, was almost trodden under foot; at last the Tato, by several flirts of his cape, succeeded in attracting the animal, but

combat within five minutes of his entering the arena.

A fanfare of trumpets announced that the work of the *picadores* was at an end; the *banderilleros* entered the arena, waving their *banderillas* in the air, to excite the bull and rouse him to combat.

The *banderillas* are little pieces of wood



CIGARRERAS AT WORK.

the *espada*, making a sudden detour, stopped, and gracefully wrapping himself in his cloak, waited the near approach of the bull, when, with great agility, he repeated his movement, again and again evading pursuit, and with the most tranquil air even allowing the sharp horns to touch his mantle. The spectators, as if moved by an electric shock, rose on seeing the fainting Calderon borne from the arena in the arms of the *chulos*. A large wound was noticeable on the forehead of Calderon, who was thus placed *hors de*

about as thick as one's thumb, and about sixty centimeters in length, ornamented with ribbons of colored paper; at one end there is an iron dart resembling a bait-hook. These small instruments of torture are fixed into the shoulders of the bull in order to irritate the already wounded animal; they are usually inserted in pairs, one in each shoulder. The work of the *banderillero* is dangerous and difficult, requiring great agility and coolness; both arms must be raised at once above the bull's horns, so as

almost to touch them; the least hesitation, the faintest doubt, or a single false step, may prove fatal. The *banderillas* are so frightfully irritating to the bull, that they intensify his fury to the last degree, and have given rise to the popular saying,—“Give him the *banderillas*,” addressed to some one who is being worried or chaffed.

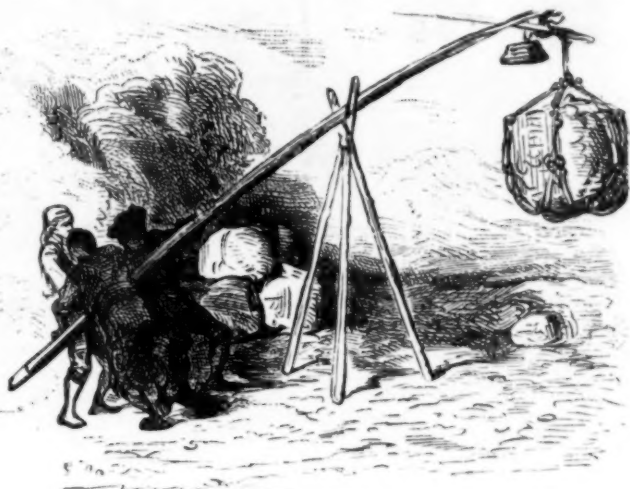
Suddenly, as the Gordito was preparing to lay his fourth pair of *banderillas*, the clarion sounded the death-note. The honor of inflicting the first thrust had fallen to the Tato. The Tato, carrying in his left hand his sword and *muleta*, advanced to the president's seat, and uncovered his head in graceful salutation. This over, the Alcalde nodded approvingly, and the Tato, making a pirouette, tossed his mantle into the air. Then, with his sword in his right hand and his *mantilla* in his left, he made straight for the bull.

Passing his *muleta*, or little red flag, repeatedly before the bull, he failed to rouse it to charge. Then, as if to defy his foe, he lifted the *banderillas* with the point of his sword, and took up his position, holding his weapon horizontally, and his *muleta* draped on the ground. The Tato thus presented a superb picture. “How beautifully he stands!” exclaimed the women. But the moment of attack approached—all eyes were fastened upon the statuesque figure. Suddenly the *espada* advanced upon his foe, the horns touched the silk of his jacket, and his sword sheathed itself in the shoulder of the bull.

The pass which Tato had just made brought down thunders of applause, and from all sides came an avalanche of hats falling into the *redondel*. This storm of head-gear is the highest compliment that can be paid to the pluck of the arena, and the merit of the pass might be arithmetically reckoned by the number of hats tossed into the air. Cigars were also flying in great profusion, and even the charming

*aficionadas* tossed their bouquets into the arena in order to applaud with all the force of their little hands. The object of this ovation stood in the center of a frightful group of torn and mutilated horses, some dead, and others tossing their heads in agony above dark pools of blood which reflected the strange medley of flowers, fans, and satins, and at the same time the forms of the writhing and excited multitude—an ideal picture, indeed, of the ghastly and the gay of the Spanish bull-fight.

When the excitement had died out, the hats were calmly collected by the attendants, and cleverly tossed back to their respective owners to serve for another occasion. Some hats make at least half a dozen such journeys during a course. But the bull was not yet disposed of, although the sword blade was buried in his breast, and one could only see the hilt. The animal, beginning to totter like a drunken man, turned madly upon his own quivering flesh, then his eyes grew dim; but, as if defiant of death itself, he held his head proudly erect, until his pains were ended by the *cachetero*, a personage dressed in black, who struck one blow with a poniard, and the noble brute dropped his head in death. To celebrate this solemn event, the band played an Andalusian air



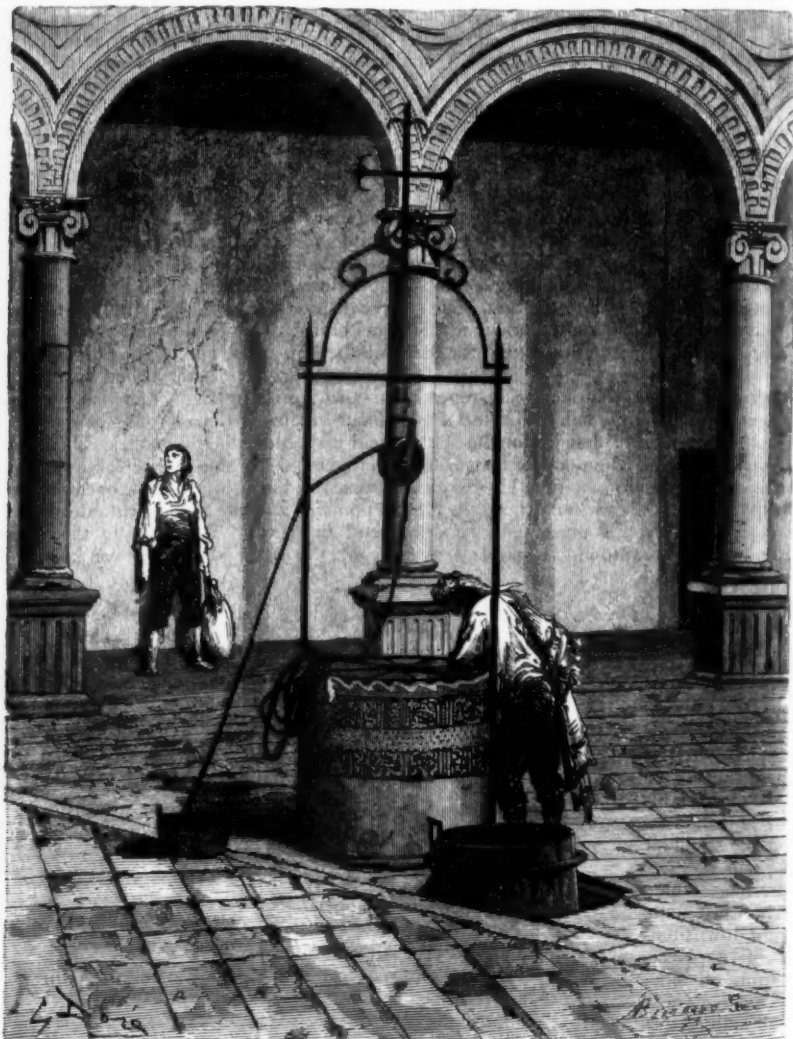
WEIGHING CHARCOAL.

much loved by the Spanish spectators, who kept time with hands and feet. The mules were now brought in to clear the arena of the dead animals.

Another bull was waited for with great

impatience, as the Gordito, or "the fat one," a renowned bull fighter, was announced to fire a pair of *banderillas sentado*—that is to say, seated on a chair. When at last the

breasts beat with terrible excitement as the furious animal, tossing clouds of dust in the air, charged his enemy, and, when within two paces of the chair, a terrible shriek rent



AN ARABIAN WELL AT TOLEDO.

bull was released, a chair covered with straw was placed in the middle of the arena. On this the Gordito was seated, awaiting, smilingly, the charge of his foe. Soon aroused by the capes of the *chulos*, the bull rushed at the Gordito. Thousands of

the air—in an instant the upraised arms of the Gordito were seen, as, springing nimbly to one side, he planted his *banderillas*, and escaped. The bull, doubly furious to find himself pricked by the iron and disappointed of his prize, sent the chair spinning

around in fragments, and continued his course, each flank decked with a superb *banderilla*.

Words cannot describe the intense excitement of the scene. The air was darkened with a storm-cloud of hats, while a steady shower of cigars fell on the arena, which were picked up by the Gordito, who shared them with his comrades. One other scene which caused an uproar, was occasioned by a *banderillero*, who, at the moment when the death note sounded, was seized with the unfortunate ambition to inflict another pair of *banderillas* on the bull, but, making a false step, fell face downward. Notwithstanding the efforts of the *chulos*, he was lifted on the horns of the animal, and carried twice around the arena. Fortunately he fell to the ground, and his captor continued his course, carrying at the points of his horns some rags of satin. The man had been caught up by the vest, and, to the astonishment of the spectators, had escaped without a single scratch.

Later in their journeyings the travelers attended a *corrida* at Aranjuez, to witness a fight between a bull and a tiger. The course, however, did not last long. The tiger, in spite of the exciting cries of the crowd, remained perfectly still, displaying nothing in his attitude to denote the ferocity of his race. The bull, on the contrary, though small in size, was bent on war. Thus he advanced on his foe, and tossed him into the air. The tiger, without attempting to resent the insult, calmly crawled off to his cage, leaving his adversary master of the field.

Between beggars and bull-fights, one might conclude that the larger part of the population of Spain spent its time very lazily or very unprofitably. There, too, are the traveling musicians, who are to be encountered everywhere, and who are but one remove from beggars. Still there are industrious men and women to be found in Spain as well as elsewhere, and among them are workers in the tobacco manufactories. There is a very large establishment of this description at Seville, which was founded by an Armenian, Jean Baptiste Carafa, as long ago as 1620. This factory contained eighty-four courts, as many fountains and wells, and more than two hundred mills drawn by horses. Passing through the rooms where the leaf is crushed and triturated, the visitors were half choked by the poignancy of the air, to which, however, the workers were so accustomed as to experience no inconvenience whatever.

Entering a long gallery, the ears of the

visitors were assailed by a murmur like the sound of ten thousand swarms of bees. Here they found numerous workers, whose hands were employed in rolling cigars with an activity only surpassed by the ceaseless clamor of their voices. As the visitors passed from place to place the busy tongues were arrested for an instant, but the whisperings soon commenced again with redoubled vigor. The *Maestra* said that if the workers were compelled to perform their tasks in silence, every one of them would leave the factory rather than submit to such tyranny. Another strange sound mingled with the whisperings was caused by hundreds of scissors, *tijeras*, all in motion at the same time, cutting the points of the cigars; these are so indispensable to the *cigarreras* as to be called their bread-winners.

One or two of the best workers were able to turn out as many as ten packets or *ataidos* a day, each one containing fifty cigars, making a total of five hundred, an exceptional number, as few of the *cigarreras* make above three hundred cigars a day, and the majority not so many. The price paid per hundred is one franc, twenty-eight centimes, and the earning for an average day's toil is a little over two francs.

The people employed in making cigars are the aristocracy of the trade, known under the established name of *purenas*, that is to say, makers of *puros*, the name generally given to cigars to distinguish them from cigarettes, or *cigarros de papel*. Spanish cigars, as a rule, are of very large dimensions, and the largest are sometimes named *purones*; the inside is made up of Virginia tobacco, while the outer cover, or the *capa*, consists of a leaf of Havana tobacco. An enormous number of cigars and of cigarettes is smoked in Spain, but the pipe is rarely seen unless on some parts of the coast in Catalonia, and in the Balearic isles. Although tobacco may be bought cheaply at the *estancos* or sales, yet it is asserted that large quantities are smuggled into the country, chiefly by way of Gibraltar, that great entrepôt for contraband goods.

Before reaching the exalted position of *cigarrera*, the worker, who usually enters the factory at the age of thirteen, has to serve as an apprentice, and has to pass through the different degrees of the hierarchy; first she is occupied in selecting the finest sides of the *pahillos*, or leaves of the tobacco. Later she is advanced to making the cigar, to *hacer el niño*—to make the chubby-cheeked boy—according to their own peculiar lan-

guage. She gains but little for some years, and from her slender earnings has to sacrifice a portion to pay for the *esputa*, the basket, designed to receive the tobacco leaves, the scissors, and the *tarugo*, an instrument used to round the *puros*.

The *cigarreras* take their meals with them to the factory, the rooms being twice a day transformed into huge refectories, redolent with the mingled odors of garlic, fish, sardines, red-herrings,—black as ink—and slices of broiled tunny—the materials which make up the *cigarrera's* simple bill of fare.

While the work of cigar-making is reduced to a system, this description shows that the Spaniards have not yet learned the advantages of bringing in machinery to aid them in the production of cigars. Everywhere through the country one constantly comes upon the rudest methods of performing the simplest operations. Even in the streets of Madrid may be seen *carboneros* weighing sacks of charcoal or coke on roughly constructed steelyards. Both steelyards and coke are hung on one end of a long pole, while two or three *carboneros*, throwing their weight on the other end of this pole, raise the sacks clear of the ground until the weight of their contents is determined.

It would be extremely interesting to follow our travelers through those districts of Spain where the most ancient ruins are to be found,

and to revive some of the singular fables of antiquity which there abound; but our space forbids more than a mere allusion to them. There is Toledo, for instance, whose history has been the subject of such absurd conjectures. In the architecture of the city there are innumerable evidences of its prolonged occupation by the Arabs. Not the least notable among the ruins are the wells, of one of which we give a representation. The Cathedral of Toledo is one of the finest, and, without doubt, the richest in Spain. It was begun in the thirteenth century, and for nearly two centuries the work of its construction was carried on without intermission. It was completed at the end of the fifteenth century. In the time of its greatest prosperity, between three and four centuries ago—when Philip II. made it his capital—Toledo numbered more than two hundred thousand inhabitants. Now it can hardly count fifteen thousand.

Here we must take leave regretfully of this most entertaining and valuable volume. Pen and pencil are rarely put to better use than in preserving the traditions and perpetuating the characteristics of a country and of a people whose past has been so full of the most profound interest, and from the present condition of which so much instruction may be derived. Such books as this are not likely to become too numerous.

## SELF-REVEALED.

"Dip deep thy pen into my heart,  
O angel scribe, and write, that I  
May know myself; I will not cry  
Nor weep—dip deep; I will not start."

The angel dipped deep in her heart,  
And drew his dripping pen and wrote;  
And, though her knees together smote,  
She did not cry, nor weep, nor start.

He wrote one word in many ways,  
All quaint, but beautiful, until  
His fair white roll was full, and still  
Her modest eyes she did not raise.

"Is it all written?" "Even so,  
Behold." She saw not, for her sight  
Was dim with pain; and in despite  
Her woman's tears began to flow.

Then through her tears she looked again,  
And saw the word all written fair;  
And smiled and sighed, and with her  
hair  
Toyed, crying: "'Love?' but love is  
pain;

"Yet Thou, dear Christ, hast shown me  
how  
To die for love; let others wear  
Life's roses in their waving hair,  
I twine Thy thorns about my brow."

The angel bent his stately head,  
And bade her bless him as he bowed;  
"For though my name and state be  
proud  
I am no peer to thee," he said.



## FRENCH AND AMERICAN CURRENCIES.

IN comparison with the United States in 1861, France was financially well prepared for war in 1870, so far as her monetary condition was concerned. In the summer of that year, at the outbreak of the Prussian war, the circulation of the Bank of France was 251 million dollars, with a specie reserve of 229 millions—equal to 90 cents on the dollar.

The banks of the United States, on the other hand, had, at the commencement of the late war, a circulation of 207 millions, with a specie reserve of 83 millions, equal to but 40 per cent., or less than half that of the French currency. This statement, however, by no means conveys a full idea of the relative strength of the two monetary systems. The difference between what are in this country termed "deposits," but which the Bank of France more justly calls "accounts," that is, what the bank actually owes *on account*, is very marked and significant. For example, the aggregate of these "accounts" in the Bank of France was, at the time mentioned, but 140 million dollars. If to this we add its circulation of 251 millions, we have 391 millions as the total immediate liabilities of the bank, against which were held the aforesaid 229 millions of bullion, equal to 58.6 per cent. The banks of this country, in addition to their circulation as just stated, had 253 millions of "deposits," that is, what they owed on account, with but 83 millions of coin, giving them a reserve of but 18.4 per cent. In proportion to immediate liabilities, the Bank of France had a specie basis, nearly three times as large as that of the banks of the United States. The most important fact in regard to American currency, as compared with all European currencies, seems always to have been overlooked by those who have instituted a comparison between them. In the former, there has ever been a far greater indebtedness in the shape of accounts or "deposits," so-called, than in any other country in the world! This point should be well considered and its consequences fully appreciated, or no correct idea can be formed of the most striking characteristic of American banking as compared with banking in other countries.

In France, the only anxiety is to protect the circulation by prompt redemption, but

here it is *deposits* that cause danger and create alarm.

The suspensions in the United States in 1837, '57 and '73 were accompanied by a call for payment of deposits, not for the redemption of notes. So it has always been, and always must be, under a system in which the amount owed by the banks on account is much larger than that of their notes, since the former can only be gradually returned, while the latter, being payable in the chief centers of trade, may, and, when there is any severe pressure, will, be called for at once.

Why there should be such an immense excess of these "deposits" is well understood by those familiar with American banking. In general, every man who keeps an account at bank, and expects loans—"accommodations,"—is compelled by the law of custom to have a certain balance at all times standing to his credit. In the aggregate, these balances amount to an immense sum; at present, in the National Banks, to over 600 millions, and these the banks mostly loan out to their customers, to the very men who make them. It is one of the modes by which the income of the banks is largely increased, but, as experience shows, a very hazardous one. American banks on an average owe two dollars on account, for one on note.

Such large deposits are artificial. They do not arise in the legitimate transactions of trade. They are virtually to a large extent compulsory, as testified before the Bank Committee of Congress at its last session.

There is still another view of the subject which presents in stronger relief the disparity between the French and American systems.

By referring to the returns of the Bank of France at the breaking out of the late war, we find, as before stated, that the amount it owed "on account," was but 140 million dollars, while, if it had been as great as that of the American banks, its indebtedness would have amounted to 690 millions, to which if we add the circulation of 251 millions, we have an aggregate of 901 millions. Had the Bank of France been thus indebted, on instant demand would it have been able to assist the Government, as it did, in its hour of peril? Surely not. It must have suspended, like the American

banks, on the first alarm of war, and France, like the United States, would have been thrown upon an irredeemable, depreciated currency with which to sustain its conflict with Germany.

Another important difference in favor of the French people, so far as the stability of their currency was concerned, is to be seen in the fact, that up to the war of 1870, the National Bank (and there was no other bank of issue) had no notes of less than 100 francs (\$20); consequently, all the circulation under that denomination was metallic. This added immensely to the strength of their currency, as compared with that of the United States, because it appears from the Report of the Comptroller of the Currency for 1872 that 69 per cent. of the entire paper circulation of the United States was in notes of less than 20 dollars.

This was undoubtedly an unnatural proportion of small notes, owing to the anxiety of the banks to keep out as large an amount of such notes as possible; but, if we suppose the natural proportion to be but 50 per cent., as is probably the case, the circulation in France under 100 francs must have been 250 millions; and that amount is essentially the increase that has taken place in the volume of its circulation. Thus it appears that specie to that extent was liberated by the temporary issue of these small notes, and formed a large part of the amount that has gone to Prussia, as a portion of what M. Wolowski calls the "war-fine." France, as a stern necessity, was compelled to reduce the quality of her paper circulation from 90 to 52 per cent.

It is still, however, of a high standard as compared with the notes of the National Banks of the United States, which, by the authority just quoted, had but 21 millions of specie against 333 millions circulation—a specie reserve of some seven cents on the dollar. Such is the contrast between the actual quality, or value element, of the currencies of the two countries; one at the end of but three years from its great struggle, the other after the lapse of ten years. And,

to the credit of France, it should be added, that effective measures are being taken for the gradual withdrawal of all circulation under the denomination of one hundred francs.

From the foregoing statements it will be perceived that France was as well prepared for war, so far as its monetary affairs were concerned, as any nation having a mixed currency could well be. Indeed, she has ever since the commencement of the present century preserved a more uniform and substantial circulating medium than any in existence, having in it any degree of the element of credit. She has ever been far ahead of England in the regularity and stability of her banking operations. Her affairs, financial and monetary, have been kept in the hands of men who well understood, both in theory and practice, the great interests intrusted to their care—in the charge of men who were placed in their responsible positions because qualified for the duties that would devolve upon them, not because they belonged to a particular political organization, or resided in a section of the country that must have "its share" of the public offices, whether it could present men suitable to fill them or not.

The results are before the world. France is in a high and honorable position, its currency at par with gold, its credit untarnished, its industry uninterrupted, its commerce rapidly extending, and every material interest in a healthy condition.

But what reasonable explanation can be given for the wide disparity between the financial and monetary condition of the United States and that of the French Republic at the present moment, except that the currency of the latter stood upon the strong basis of 90 cents on the dollar at the beginning of its conflict with Prussia, and was therefore sufficient to meet the shock of war with comparatively little embarrassment or damage, and that its finances have been intrusted to men of high intelligence and capacity?

## A SCIENTIFIC VAGABOND.

THE steamer which as far back as 1860 passed every week on its northward way up along the coast of Norway was of a very sociable turn of mind. It ran with much shrieking and needless bluster in and out the calm, winding fjords, paid unceremonious little visits in every out-of-the-way nook and bay, dropped now and then a black heap of coal into the shining water, and sent thick volleys of smoke and shrill little echoes careering aimlessly among the mountains. It seemed, on the whole, from an æsthetic point of view, an objectionable phenomenon—a blot upon the perfect summer day. By the inhabitants, however, of these remote regions (with the exception of a few obstinate individuals, who had at first looked upon it as the sure herald of doomsday, and still were vaguely wondering what the world was coming to), it was regarded in a very different light. This choleric little monster was to them a friendly and welcome visitor, which established their connection with the outside world, and gave them a proud consciousness of living in the very heart of civilization. Therefore, on steamboat days they flocked *en masse* down on the piers, and, with an ever-fresh sense of novelty, greeted the approaching boat with lively cheers, with firing of muskets and waving of handkerchiefs. The men of condition, as the judge, the sheriff, and the parson, whose dignity forbade them to receive the steamer in person, contented themselves with watching it through an opera-glass from their balconies; and if a high official was known to be on board, they perhaps displayed the national banner from their flag-poles, as a delicate compliment to their superior.

But the Rev. Mr. Oddson, the parson of whom I have to speak, had this day yielded to the gentle urgings of his daughters (as, indeed, he always did), and had with them boarded the steamer to receive his nephew, Arnfinn Vording, who was returning from the university for his summer vacation. And now they had him between them in their pretty white-painted parsonage boat, with the blue line along the gunwale, beleaguering him with eager questions about friends and relatives in the capital, chums, university sports, and a medley of other things interesting to young ladies who have

a collegian for a cousin. His uncle was charitable enough to check his own curiosity about the nephew's progress in the arts and sciences, and the result of his recent examinations, till he should have become fairly settled under his roof; and Arnfinn, who, in spite of his natural brightness and ready humor, was anything but a "dig," was grateful for the respite.

The parsonage lay snugly nestled at the end of the bay, shining contentedly through the green foliage from a multitude of small sun-smitten windows. Its pinkish white-wash, which was peeling off from long exposure to the weather, was in cheerful contrast to the broad black surface of the roof, with its glazed tiles, and the starlings' nests under the chimney-tops. The thick-leaved maples and walnut-trees which grew in random clusters about the walls seemed loftily conscious of standing there for purposes of protection; for, wherever their long-fingered branches happened to graze the roof, it was always with a touch, light, graceful, and airily caressing. The irregularly paved yard was inclosed on two sides by the main buildings, and on the third by a species of log cabin, which in Norway is called a brew-house; but toward the west the view was but slightly obscured by an elevated pigeon cot and a clump of birches, through whose sparse leaves the fjord beneath sent its rapid jets and gleams of light, and its strange suggestions of distance, peace, and unaccountable gladness.

Arnfinn Vording's career had presented that subtle combination of farce and tragedy which most human lives are apt to be; and if the tragic element had during his early years been preponderating, he was hardly himself aware of it; for he had been too young at the death of his parents to feel that keenness of grief which the same privation would have given him at a later period of his life. It might have been humiliating to confess it, but it was nevertheless true that the terror he had once sustained on being pursued by a furious bull was much more vivid in his memory than the vague wonder and depression which had filled his mind at seeing his mother so suddenly stricken with age, as she lay motionless in her white robes in the front parlor. Since then his uncle, who was his guardian and nearest relative, had taken him into his family, had

instructed him with his own daughters, and finally sent him to the University, leaving the little fortune which he had inherited to accumulate for future use. Arnfinn had a painfully distinct recollection of his early hardships in trying to acquire that soft pronunciation of the *r* which is peculiar to the western fjord districts of Norway, and which he admired so much in his cousins; for the merry-eyed Inga, who was less scrupulous by a good deal than her older sister, Augusta, had from the beginning persisted in interpreting their relation of cousinship as an unbounded privilege on her part to ridicule him for his personal peculiarities, and especially for his harsh *r* and his broad eastern accent. Her ridicule was always very good-natured, to be sure, but therefore no less annoying.

But—such is the perverseness of human nature—in spite of a series of apparent rebuffs, interrupted now and then by fits of violent attachment, Arnfinn had early selected this dimpled and yellow-haired young girl, with her piquant little nose, for his favorite cousin. It was the prospect of seeing her which, above all else, had lent, in anticipation, an altogether new radiance to the day when he should present himself in his home with the long-tasseled student cap on his head, the unnecessary “pinchers” on his nose, and with the other traditional paraphernalia of the Norwegian collegian. That great day had now come; Arnfinn sat at Inga’s side playing with her white fingers, which lay resting on his knee, and covering the depth of his feeling with harmless banter about her “amusingly unclassical little nose.” He had once detected her, when a child, standing before a mirror, and pinching this unhappy feature in the middle, in the hope of making it “like Augusta’s;” and since then he had no longer felt so utterly defenseless whenever his own foibles were attacked.

“But what of your friend, Arnfinn?” exclaimed Inga, as she ran up the stairs of the pier. “He of whom you have written so much. I have been busy all the morning making the blue guest-chamber ready for him.”

“Please, cousin,” answered the student in a tone of mock entreaty, “only an hour’s respite! If we are to talk about Strand we shall have to make a day of it, you know. And just now it seems so grand to be at home, and with you, that I would rather not admit even so genial a subject as Strand to share my selfish happiness.”

“Ah, yes, you are right. Happiness is too often selfish. But tell me only why he didn’t come and I’ll release you.”

“He is coming.”

“Ah! And when?”

“That I don’t know. He preferred to take the journey on foot, and he may be here at almost any time. But, as I have told you, he is very uncertain. If he should happen to make the acquaintance of some interesting snipe, or crane, or plover, he may prefer its company to ours, and then there is no counting on him any longer. He may be as likely to turn up at the North Pole as at the Gran Parsonage.”

“How very singular. You don’t know how curious I am to see him.”

And Inga walked on in silence under the sunny birches, which grew along the road, trying vainly to picture to herself this strange phenomenon of a man.

“I brought his book,” remarked Arnfinn, making a gigantic effort to be generous, for he felt dim stirrings of jealousy within him. “If you care to read it, I think it will explain him to you better than anything I could say.”

## II.

THE Oddsons were certainly a very happy family, though not by any means a harmonious one. The excellent pastor, who was himself neutrally good, orthodox, and kind-hearted, had often, in the privacy of his own thought, wondered what hidden ancestral influences there might have been at work in giving a man so peaceable and inoffensive as himself two daughters of such strongly defined individuality. There was Augusta, the elder, who was what Arnfinn called “indiscriminately reformatory,” and had a universal desire to reform everything, from the Government down to agricultural implements and preserve jars. As long as she was content to expend the surplus energy, which seemed to accumulate within her through the long eventless winters, upon the Zulu Mission, and other legitimate objects, the pastor thought it all harmless enough; although, to be sure, her enthusiasm for those naked and howling savages did at times strike him as being somewhat extravagant. But when occasionally, in her own innocent way, she put both his patience and his orthodoxy to the test by her exceedingly puzzling questions, then he could not, in the depth of his heart, restrain the wish that she might have been more like other young girls, and less ardently solicitous about the fate of

her kind. Affectionate and indulgent, however, as the pastor was, he would often, in the next moment, do penance for his unregenerate thought, and thank God for having made her so fair to behold, so pure, and so noble-hearted.

Toward Arnfinn, Augusta had, although of his own age, early assumed a kind of elder-sisterly relation; she had been his comforter during all the trials of his boyhood; had yielded him her sympathy with that eager impulse which lay so deep in her nature, and had felt forlorn when life had called him away to where her words of comfort could not reach him. But when once she had hinted this to her father, he had pedantically convinced her that her feeling was unchristian, and Inga had playfully remarked that the hope that some one might soon find the open Polar Sea would go far toward consoling her for her loss; for Augusta had glorious visions at that time of the open Polar Sea. Now, the Polar Sea, and many other things, far nearer and dearer, had been forced into uneasy forgetfulness; and Arnfinn was once more with her, no longer a child, and no longer appealing to her for aid and sympathy; man enough, apparently, to have outgrown his boyish needs, and still boy enough to be ashamed of having ever had them.

It was the third Sunday after Arnfinn's return. He and Augusta were climbing the hill-side to the "Giant's Hood," from whence they had a wide view of the fjord, and could see the sun trailing its long bridge of flame upon the water. It was Inga's week in the kitchen, therefore her sister was Arnfinn's companion. As they reached the crest of the "Hood," Augusta seated herself on a flat boulder, and the young student flung himself on a patch of greensward at her feet. The intense light of the late sun fell upon the girl's unconscious face, and Arnfinn lay, gazing up into it, and wondering at its rare beauty; but he saw only the clean cut of its features and the purity of its form, being too shallow to recognize the strong and heroic soul which had struggled so long for utterance in the life of which he had been a blind and unmindful witness.

"Gracious, how beautiful you are, cousin!" he broke forth heedlessly, striking his leg with his slender cane; "pity you were not born a queen; you would be equal to almost anything, even if it were to discover the Polar Sea."

"I thought you were looking at the sun, Arnfinn," answered she, smiling reluctantly.

"And so I am, cousin," laughed he, with another emphatic slap of his boot.

"That compliment is rather stale."

"But the opportunity was too tempting."

"Never mind, I will excuse you from further efforts. Turn around and notice that wonderful purple halo which is hovering over the forests below. Isn't it glorious?"

"No, don't let us be solemn, pray. The sun I have seen a thousand times before, but you I have seen very seldom of late. Somehow, since I returned this time, you seem to keep me at a distance. You no longer confide to me your great plans for the abolishment of war, and the improvement of mankind generally. Why don't you tell me whether you have as yet succeeded in convincing the peasants that cleanliness is a cardinal virtue, that hawthorn hedges are more picturesque than rail fences, and that salt meat is a very indigestible article?"

"You know the fate of my reforms, from long experience," she answered, with the same sad, sweet smile. "I am afraid there must be something radically wrong about my methods; and, moreover, I know that your aspirations and mine are no longer the same, if they ever have been, and I am not ungenerous enough to force you to feign an interest which you do not feel."

"Yes, I know you think me flippant and boyish," retorted he, with sudden energy, and tossing a stone down into the gulf below. "But, by the way, my friend Strand, if he ever comes, would be just the man for you. He has quite as many hobbies as you have, and, what is more, he has a profound respect for hobbies in general, and is universally charitable toward those of others."

"Your friend is a great man," said the girl, earnestly. "I have read his book on 'The Wading Birds of the Norwegian Highlands,' and none but a great man could have written it."

"He is an odd stick, but, for all that, a capital fellow; and I have no doubt you would get on admirably with him."

At this moment the conversation was interrupted by the appearance of the pastor's man, Hans, who came to tell the "young miss" that there was a big tramp hovering about the barns in the "out-fields," where he had been sleeping during the last three nights. He was a dangerous character, Hans thought, at least judging from his looks, and it was hardly safe for the young miss to be roaming about the fields at night as long as he was in the neighborhood.

"Why don't you speak to the pastor, and



have him arrested?" said Arnfinn, impatient of Hans's long-winded recital.

"No, no, say nothing to father," demanded Augusta, eagerly. "Why should you arrest a poor man as long as he does nothing worse than sleep in the barns in the out-fields?"

"As you say, miss," retorted Hans, and departed.

The moon came up pale and mist-like over the eastern mountain ridges, struggled for a few brief moments feebly with the sunlight, and then vanished.

"It is strange," said Arnfinn, "how everything reminds me of Strand-to-night. What gloriously absurd apostrophes to the moon he could make! I have not told you, cousin, of a very singular gift which he possesses. He can attract all kinds of birds and wild animals to himself; he can imitate their voices, and they flock around him, as if he were one of them, without fear of harm."

"How delightful," cried Augusta, with sudden animation. "What a glorious man your friend must be!"

"Because the snipes and the wild ducks like him? You seem to have greater confidence in their judgment than in mine."

"Of course I have—at least as long as you persist in joking. But, jesting aside, what a wondrously beautiful life he must lead whom Nature takes thus into her confidence; who has, as it were, an inner and subtler sense, corresponding to each grosser and external one; who is keen-sighted enough to read the character of every individual beast, and has ears sensitive to the full pathos of joy or sorrow in the song of the birds that inhabit our woodlands."

"Whether he has any such second set of senses as you speak of, I don't know; but there can be no doubt that his familiarity, not to say intimacy, with birds and beasts gives him a great advantage as a naturalist. I suppose you know that his little book has been translated into French, and rewarded with the gold medal of the Academy."

"Hush! What is that?" Augusta sprang up, and held her hand to her ear.

"Some love-lorn mountain-cock playing yonder in the pine copse," suggested Arnfinn, amused at his cousin's eagerness.

"You silly boy! Don't you know the mountain-cock never plays except at sunrise?"

"He would have a sorry time of it now, then, when there is no sunrise."

"And so he has; he does not play except in early spring."

The noise, at first faint, now grew louder. It began with a series of mellow, plaintive clucks that followed thickly, one upon another, like smooth pearls of sound that rolled through the throat in a continuous current; then came a few sharp notes as of a large bird that snaps his bill; then a long, half-melodious rumbling, intermingled with cacklings and snaps, and, at last, a sort of *diminuendo* movement of the same round, pearly clucks. There was a whizzing of wing-beats in the air; two large birds swept over their heads and struck down into the copse whence the sound had issued.

"This is indeed a most singular thing," said Augusta under her breath, and with wide-eyed wonder. "Let us go nearer, and see what it can be."

"I am sure I can go if you can," responded Arnfinn, not any too eagerly. "Give me your hand, and we can climb the better."

As they approached the pine copse, which projected like a promontory from the line of the denser forest, the noise ceased, and only the plaintive whistling of a mountain-hen, calling her scattered young together, and now and then the shrill response of a snipe to the cry of its lonely mate, fell upon the summer night, not as an interruption, but as an outgrowth of the very silence. Augusta stole with soundless tread through the transparent gloom which lingered under those huge black crowns, and Arnfinn followed impatiently after. Suddenly she motioned to him to stand still, and herself bent forward in an attitude of surprise and eager observation. On the ground, some fifty steps from where she was stationed, she saw a man stretched out full length, with a knapsack under his head, and surrounded by a flock of downy, half-grown birds, which responded with a low, anxious piping to his alluring cluck, then scattered with sudden alarm, only to return again in the same curious, cautious fashion as before. Now and then there was a great flapping of wings in the trees overhead, and a heavy brown and black speckled mountain-hen alighted close to the man's head, stretched out her neck toward him, cocked her head, called her scattered brood together, and departed with slow and deliberate wing-beats.

Again there was a frightened flutter overhead, a shrill anxious whistle rose in the air, and all was silence. Augusta had stepped on a dry branch—it had broken under her weight—hence the sudden confusion and flight. The unknown man had sprung up, and his eye, after a moment's search, had

found the dark, beautiful face peering forth behind the red fir-trunk. He did not speak or salute her; he greeted her with silent joy, as one greets a wondrous vision which is too frail and bright for consciousness to grasp, which is lost the very instant one is conscious of seeing. But, while to the girl the sight, as it were, hung trembling in the range of mere physical perception, while its suddenness held it aloof from moral reflection, there came a great shout from behind, and Arnfinn, whom in her surprise she had quite forgotten, came bounding forward, grasped the stranger by the hand with much vigor, laughing heartily, and pouring forth a confused stream of delighted interjections, borrowed from all manner of classical and unclassical tongues.

"Strand! Strand!" he cried, when the first tumult of excitement had subsided; "you most marvelous and incomprehensible Strand! From what region of heaven or earth did you jump down into our prosaic neighborhood? And what in the world induced you to choose our barns as the center of your operations, and nearly put me to the necessity of having you arrested for vagrancy? How I do regret that Cousin Augusta's entreaties mollified my heart toward you. Pardon me, I have not introduced you. This is my cousin, Miss Oddson, and this is my miraculous friend, the world-renowned author, vagrant, and naturalist, Mr. Marcus Strand."

Strand stepped forward, made a deep but somewhat awkward bow, and was dimly aware that a small soft hand was extended to him, and, in the next moment, was enclosed in his own broad and voluminous palm. He grasped it firmly, and, in one of those profound abstractions into which he was apt to fall when under the sway of a strong impression, pressed it with increasing cordiality, while he endeavored to find fitting answers to Arnfinn's multifarious questions.

"To tell the truth, Vording," he said, in a deep, full-ringing bass, "I didn't know that these were your cousin's barns—I mean that your uncle"—giving the unhappy hand an emphatic shake—"inhabited these barns."

"No, thank heaven, we are not quite reduced to that," cried Arnfinn gayly; "we still boast a parsonage, as you will presently discover, and a very bright and cozy one, to boot. But, whatever you do, have the goodness to release Augusta's hand. Don't you see how desperately she is struggling, poor thing?"

Strand dropped the hand as if it had been

a hot coal, blushed to the edge of his hair, and made another profound reverence. He was a tall, huge-limbed youth, with a frame of gigantic mold, and a large, blonde, shaggy head, like that of some good-natured antediluvian animal, which might feel the disadvantages of its size amid the puny beings of this later stage of creation. There was a frank directness in his gaze, and an unconsciousness of self, which made him very winning, and which could not fail of its effect upon a girl who, like Augusta, was fond of the uncommon, and hated smooth, facile and well-tailored young men, with the labels of society and fashion upon their coats, their mustaches, and their speech. And Strand, with his large sun-burned face, his wild-growing beard, blue woolen shirt, top boots, and unkempt appearance generally, was a sufficiently startling phenomenon to satisfy even so exacting a fancy as hers; for, after reading his book about the Wading Birds, she had made up her mind that he must have few points of resemblance to the men who had hitherto formed part of her own small world, although she had not until now decided just in what way he was to differ.

"Suppose I help you to carry your knapsack," said Arnfinn, who was flitting about like a small nimble spaniel trying to make friends with some large, good-natured Newfoundland. "You must be very tired, having roamed about so long in this Quixotic fashion!"

"No, I thank you," responded Strand, with an incredulous laugh, glancing alternately from Arnfinn to the knapsack, as if estimating their proportionate weight. "I am afraid you would rue your bargain if I accepted it."

"I suppose you have a great many stuffed birds at home," remarked the girl, looking with self-forgetful admiration at the large brawny figure.

"No, I have hardly any," answered he, seating himself on the ground, and pulling a thick note-book from his pocket. "I prefer live creatures. Their anatomical and physiological peculiarities have been studied by others, and volumes have been written about them. It is their psychological traits, if you will allow the expression, which interest me, and those I can only get at while they are alive."

"How delightful!"

Some minutes later they were all on their way to the Parsonage. The sun, in spite of its midsummer wakefulness, was getting red-

eyed and drowsy, and the purple mists which hung in scattered fragments upon the forest below had lost something of their deep-tinged brilliancy. But Augusta, quite blind to the weakened light effects, looked out upon the broad landscape in ecstasy, and, appealing to her more apathetic companions, invited them to share her joy at the beauty of the faint-flushed summer night.

"You are getting quite dithyrambic, my dear," remarked Arnfinn, with an air of cousinly superiority, which he felt was eminently becoming to him; and Augusta looked up with quick surprise, then smiled in an absent way, and forgot what she had been saying. She had no suspicion but that her enthusiasm had been all for the sunset.

### III.

IN a life so outwardly barren and monotonous as Augusta's—a life in which the small external events were so firmly interwoven with the subtler threads of yearnings, wants, and desires—the introduction of so large and novel a fact as Marcus Strand would naturally produce some perceptible result. It was that deplorable inward restlessness of hers, she reasoned, which had hitherto made her existence seem so empty and unsatisfactory; but now his presence filled the hours, and the newness of his words, his manner, and his whole person afforded inexhaustible material for thought. It was now a week since his arrival, and while Arnfinn and Inga chatted at leisure, drew caricatures, or read aloud to each other in some shady nook of the garden, she and Strand would roam along the beach, filling the vast unclouded horizon with large glowing images of the future of the human race. He always listened in sympathetic silence while she unfolded to him her often childishly daring schemes for the amelioration of suffering and the righting of social wrongs; and when she had finished, and he met the earnest appeal of her dark eye, there would often be a pause, during which each, with a half unconscious lapse from the impersonal, would feel more keenly the joy of this new and delicious mental companionship. And when at length he answered, sometimes gently refuting and sometimes assenting to her proposition, it was always with a slow, deliberate earnestness, as if he felt but her deep sincerity, and forgot for the moment her sex, her youth, and her inexperience. It was just this kind of fel-

lowship for which she had hungered so long, and her heart went out with a great gratitude toward this strong and generous man, who was willing to recognize her humanity, and to respond with an ever-ready frankness, unmixed with petty suspicions and second thoughts, to the eager needs of her half-starved nature. It is quite characteristic, too, of the type of womanhood which Augusta represents (and with which this broad continent of ours abounds), that, with her habitual disregard of appearances, she would have scorned the notion that their intercourse had any ultimate end beyond that of mutual pleasure and instruction.

It was early in the morning in the third week of Strand's stay at the Parsonage. A heavy dew had fallen during the night, and each tiny grass-blade glistened in the sun, bending under the weight of its liquid diamond. The birds were improvising a miniature symphony in the birches at the edge of the garden; the song-thrush warbled with a sweet melancholy his long-drawn contralto notes; the lark, like a prima donna, hovering conspicuously in mid air, poured forth her joyous soprano solo; and the robin, quite unmindful of the *tempo*, filled out the pauses with his thoughtless staccato chirp. Augusta, who was herself the early bird of the pastor's family, had paid a visit to the little bath-house down at the brook, and was now hurrying homeward, her heavy black hair confined in a delicate muslin hood, and her lithe form hastily wrapped in a loose morning gown. She had paused for a moment under the birches to listen to the song of the lark, when suddenly a low, half articulate sound, very unlike the voice of a bird, arrested her attention; she raised her eyes, and saw Strand sitting in the top of a tree, apparently conversing with himself, or with some tiny thing which he held in his hands.

"Ah, yes, you poor little sickly thing!" she heard him mutter. "Don't you make such an ado now. You shall soon be quite well, if you will only mind what I tell you. Stop, stop! Take it easy. It is all for your own good, you know. If you had only been prudent, and not stepped on your lame leg, you might have been spared this affliction. But, after all, it was not your fault—it was that foolish little mother of yours. She will remember now that a skein of hemp thread is not the thing to line her nest with. If she doesn't, you may tell her that it was I who said so."

Augusta stood gazing on in mute astonishment; then, suddenly remembering her hasty toilet, she started to run; but, as chance would have it, a dry branch, which hung rather low, caught at her hood, and her hair fell in a black waving stream down over her shoulders. She gave a little cry, the tree shook violently, and Strand was at her side. She blushed crimson over neck and face, and, in her utter bewilderment, stood like a culprit before him, unable to move, unable to speak, and only returning with a silent bow his cordial greeting. It seemed to her that she had ungenerously intruded upon his privacy, watching him, while he thought himself unobserved. And Augusta was quite unskilled in those social accomplishments which enable young ladies to hide their inward emotion under a show of polite indifference, for, however hard she strove, she could not suppress a slight quivering of her lips, and her intense self-reproach made Strand's words fall dimly on her ears, and prevented her from gathering the meaning of what he was saying. He held in his hands a young bird with a yellow line along the edge of its bill (and there was something beautifully soft and tender in the way those large palms of his handled any living thing), and he looked pityingly at it while he spoke.

"The mother of this little linnet," he said, smiling, "did what many foolish young mothers are apt to do. She took upon her the responsibility of raising offspring without having acquired the necessary knowledge of housekeeping. So she lined her nest with hemp, and the consequence was, that her first-born got his legs entangled, and was obliged to remain in the nest long after his wings had reached their full development. I saw her feeding him about a week ago, and, as my curiosity prompted me to look into the case, I released the little cripple, cleansed the deep wound which the threads had cut in his flesh, and have since been watching him during his convalescence. Now he is quite in a fair way, but I had to apply some salve, and to cut off the feathers about the wound, and the little fool squirmed under the pain, and grew rebellious. Only notice this scar, if you please, Miss Oddson, and you may imagine what the poor thing must have suffered."

Augusta gave a start; she timidly raised her eyes, and saw Strand's grave gaze fixed upon her. She felt as if some intolerable spell had come over her, and, as her agitation increased, her power of speech seemed utterly to desert her.

"Ah, you have not been listening to me?" said Strand, in a tone of wondering inquiry. "Pardon me for presuming to believe that my little invalid could be as interesting to you as he is to me."

"Mr. Strand," stammered the girl, while the invisible tears came near choking her voice. "Mr. Strand—I didn't mean—really—"

She knew that if she said another word she should burst into tears. With a violent effort, she gathered up her wrapper, which somehow had got unbuttoned at the neck, and, with heedlessly hurrying steps, darted away toward the house.

Strand stood long looking after her, quite unmindful of his feathered patient, which flew chirping about him in the grass. Two hours later Arnfinn found him sitting under the birches with his hands clasped over the back of his head, and his surgical instruments scattered on the ground around him.

"*Corpo di Baccho*," exclaimed the student, stooping to pick up the precious tools; "have you been amputating your own head, or is it I who am dreaming?"

"Ah," murmured Strand, lifting a large, strange gaze upon his friend, "is it you?"

"Who else should it be? I come to call you to breakfast."

## IV.

"I WONDER what is up between Strand and Augusta?" said Arnfinn to his cousin Inga. The questioner was lying in the grass at her feet, resting his chin on his palms, and gazing with roguishly tender eyes up into her fresh, blooming face; but Inga, who was reading aloud from "David Copperfield," and was deep in the matrimonial tribulations of that noble hero, only said "hush," and continued reading. Arnfinn, after a minute's silence, repeated his remark, whereupon his fair cousin wrenched the cane out of his hand, and held it threateningly over his head.

"Will you be a good boy and listen?" she exclaimed, playfully emphasizing each word with a light rap on his curly pate.

"Ouch! that hurts," cried Arnfinn, and dodged.

"It was meant to hurt," replied Inga, with mock severity, and returned to "Copperfield."

Presently the seed of a corn-flower struck the tip of her nose, and again the cane was lifted; but Dora's housekeeping experiences were too absorbingly interesting, and the blue eyes could not resist their fascination.

"Cousin Inga," said Arnfinn, and this time with as near an approach to earnestness as he was capable of at that moment, "I do believe that Strand is in love with Augusta."

Inga dropped the book, and sent him what was meant to be a glance of severe rebuke, and then said, in her own amusingly emphatic way:

"I do wish you wouldn't joke with such things, Arnfinn."

"Joke! Indeed I'm not joking. I wish to heaven that I were. What a pity it is that she has taken such a dislike to him!"

"Dislike! Oh, you are a profound philosopher, you are! You think that because she avoids —"

Here Inga abruptly clapped her hand over her mouth, and, with sudden change of voice and expression, said:

"I am silent as the grave."

"Yes, you are wonderfully discreet," cried Arnfinn, laughing, while the girl bit her under lip with an air of penitence and mortification which, in any other bosom than a cousin's, would have aroused compassion.

"Aha! *So steht's!*" he broke forth, with another burst of merriment; then, softened by the sight of a tear that was slowly gathering beneath her eyelashes, he checked his laughter, crept up to her side, and in a half-childishly coaxing, half-caressing tone, he whispered:

"Dear little cousin, indeed I didn't mean to hurt your feelings. You are not angry with me, are you? And if you will only promise me not to tell, I have something here which I should like to show you."

He well knew that there was nothing which would sooner soothe Inga's wrath than confiding a secret to her; and while he was a boy, he had, in cases of sore need, invented secrets lest his life should be made miserable by the sense that she was displeased with him. In this instance her anger was not strong enough to resist the anticipation of a secret, probably relating to that little drama which had, during the last weeks, been in progress under her very eyes. With a resolute movement, she brushed her tears away, bent eagerly forward, and, in the next moment, her face was all expectancy and animation.

Arnfinn pulled a thick black note-book from his breast pocket, opened it in his lap, and read:

"August 3, 5 A. M.—My little invalid is doing finely; he seemed to relish much a few dozen flies which I brought him in my

hand. His pulse is to-day, for the first time, normal. He is beginning to step on the injured leg without apparent pain.

"10 A. M.—Miss Augusta's eyes have a strange, lustrous depth, whenever she speaks of subjects which seem to agitate the depths of her being. How and why is it that an excessive amount of feeling always finds its first expression in the eye? One kind of emotion seems to widen the pupil, another kind to contract it. *To be noticed in future, how particular emotions affect the eye.*

"6 P. M.—I met a plover on the beach this afternoon. By imitating his cry, I induced him to come within a few feet of me. The plover, as his cry indicates, is a very melancholy bird. In fact I believe the melancholy temperament to be prevailing among the wading birds, as the phlegmatic among birds of prey. The singing birds are choleric or sanguine. Tease a thrush, or even a lark, and you will soon be convinced. A snipe, or plover, as far as my experience goes, seldom shows anger; you cannot tease them. *To be considered, how far the voice of a bird may be indicative of its temperament.*

"August 5, 9 P. M.—Since the unfortunate meeting yesterday morning, when my intense pre-occupation with my linnet, which had torn its wound open again, probably made me commit some breach of etiquette, Miss Augusta avoids me.

"August 7—I am in a most singular state. My pulse beats 85, which is a most unheard-of thing for me, as my pulse is naturally full and slow. And, strangely enough, I do not feel at all unwell. On the contrary, my physical functions seem to be more intensely active than ever. The life of a whole week is crowded into a day, and that of a day into an hour."

Inga, who, at several points of this narrative, had been struggling hard to preserve her gravity, here burst into a ringing laugh.

"That is what I call scientific love-making," said Arnfinn, looking up from the book with an expression of subdued amusement.

"But Arnfinn," cried the girl, while the laughter quickly died out of her face, "does Mr. Strand know that you are reading this?"

"To be sure he does. And that is just what to my mind makes the situation so excessively comical. He has himself no suspicion that this book contains anything but scientific notes. He appears to prefer the empiric method in love as in philosophy. I verily believe that he is innocently experi-



menting with himself, with a view to making some great physiological discovery."

"And so he will, perhaps," rejoined the girl, the mixture of gayety and grave solicitude making her face, as her cousin thought, particularly charming.

"Only not a physiological, but possibly a psychological one," remarked Arnfinn. "But listen to this. Here is something rich:

"August 9—Miss Augusta once said something about the possibility of animals being immortal. Her eyes shone with a beautiful animation as she spoke. I am longing to continue the subject with her. It haunts me the whole day long. There may be more in the idea than appears to a superficial observer."

"Oh, how charmingly he understands how to deceive himself," cried Inga.

"Merely a *quid pro quo*," said Arnfinn.

"I know what I shall do!"

"And so do I."

"Won't you tell me, please?"

"No."

"Then I sha'n't tell you either."

And they flew apart like two thoughtless little birds ("sanguine," as Strand would have called them), each to ponder on some formidable plot for the reconciliation of the estranged lovers.

#### v.

During the week that ensued, the multifarious sub-currents of Strand's passion seemed slowly to gather themselves into one clearly defined stream, and, after much scientific speculation, he came to the conclusion that he loved Augusta. In a moment of extreme discouragement, he made a clean breast of it to Arnfinn, at the same time informing him that he had packed his knapsack, and would start on his wanderings again the next morning. All his friend's entreaties were in vain; he would and must go. Strand was an exasperatingly headstrong fellow, and persuasions never prevailed with him. He had confirmed himself in the belief that he was very unattractive to women, and that Augusta, of all women, for some reason which was not quite clear to him, hated and abhorred him. Inexperienced as he was, he could see no reason why she should avoid him, if she did not hate him. They sat talking together until midnight, each entangling himself in those passionate paradoxes and contradictions peculiar to passionate and impulsive youth. Strand paced the floor with large steps, pouring out his long pent-up emotion in

violent tirades of self-accusation and regret; while Arnfinn sat on the bed, trying to soothe his excitement by assuring him that he was not such a monster as, for the moment, he had believed himself to be, but only succeeding, in spite of all his efforts, in pouring oil on the flames. Strand was scientifically convinced that Nature, in accordance with some inscrutable law of equilibrium, had found it necessary to make him physically unattractive, perhaps to indemnify mankind for that excess of intellectual gifts which, at the expense of the race at large, she had bestowed upon him.

Early the next morning, as a kind of etherealized sunshine broke through the white muslin curtains of Arnfinn's room, and long streaks of sun-illuminated dust stole through the air toward the sleeper's pillow, there was a sharp rap at the door, and Strand entered. His knapsack was strapped over his shoulders, his long staff was in his hand, and there was an expression of conscious martyrdom in his features. Arnfinn raised himself on his elbows, and rubbed his eyes with a desperate determination to get awake, but only succeeded in gaining a very dim impression of a beard, a blue woollen shirt, and a disproportionately large shoe-buckle. The figure advanced to the bed, extended a broad, sunburnt hand, and a deep bass voice was heard to say:

"Good-bye, brother."

Arnfinn, who was a hard sleeper, gave another rub, and, in a querulously sleepy tone, managed to mutter:

"Why,—is it as late as that—already?"

The words of parting were more remotely repeated, the hand closed about Arnfinn's half-unfeeling fingers, the lock on the door gave a little sharp click, and all was still. But the sunshine drove the dust in a dumb, confused dance through the room.

Some four hours later, Arnfinn woke up with a vague feeling as if some great calamity had happened; he was not sure but that he had slept a fortnight or more. He dressed with a sleepy, reckless haste, being but dimly conscious of the logic of the various processes of ablution which he underwent. He hurried up to Strand's room, but, as he had expected, found it empty.

During all the afternoon, the reading of "David Copperfield" was interrupted by frequent mutual condolences, and at times Inga's hand would steal up to her eye to brush away a treacherous tear. But then she only read the faster, and David and

Agnes were already safe in the haven of matrimony before either she or Arnfinn was aware that they had struggled successfully through the perilous reefs and quicksands of courtship.

Augusta excused herself from supper, Inga's forced devices at merriment were too transparent, Arnfinn's table-talk was of a rambling, incoherent sort, and he answered dreadfully malapropos, if a chance word was addressed to him, and even the good-natured pastor began, at last, to grumble; for the inmates of the Gran Parsonage seemed to have but one life and one soul in common, and any individual disturbance immediately disturbed the peace and happiness of the whole household. Now gloom had, in some unaccountable fashion, obscured the common atmosphere. Inga shook her small wise head, and tried to extract some little consolation from the consciousness that she knew at least some things which Arnfinn did not know, and which it would be very unsafe to confide to him.

#### VI.

FOUR weeks after Strand's departure, as the summer had already assumed that tinge of sadness which impresses one as a foreboding of coming death, Augusta was walking along the beach, watching the flight of the sea-birds. Her latest "aberration," as Arnfinn called it, was an extraordinary interest in the habits of the eider-ducks, auks, and sea-gulls, the noisy monotony of whose existence had, but a few months ago, appeared to her the symbol of all that was vulgar and coarse in human and animal life. Now she had even provided herself with a note-book, and (to use once more the language of her unbelieving cousin) affected a half-scientific interest in their clamorous pursuits. She had made many vain attempts to imitate their voices and to beguile them into closer intimacy, and had found it hard at times to suppress her indignation when they persisted in viewing her in the light of an intruder, and in returning her amiable approaches with shy suspicion, as if they doubted the sincerity of her intentions.

She was a little paler now, perhaps, than before, but her eyes had still the same lustrous depth, and the same sweet serenity was still diffused over her features, and softened, like a pervading tinge of warm color, the grand simplicity of her presence. She sat down on a large rock, picked up a curiously twisted shell, and seeing a

plover wading in the surf, gave a soft, low whistle, which made the bird turn round and gaze at her with startled distrust. She repeated the call, but perhaps a little too eagerly, and the bird spread its wings with a frightened cry, and skimmed, half flying, half running, out over the glittering surface of the fjord. But from the rocks close by came a long melancholy whistle like that of a bird in distress, and the girl rose and hastened with eager steps toward the spot. She climbed up on a stone, fringed all around with green slimy sea-weeds, in order to gain a wider view of the beach. Then suddenly some huge figure started up between the rocks at her feet; she gave a little scream, her foot slipped, and in the next moment she lay—in Strand's arms. He offered no apology, but silently carried her over the slippery stones, and deposited her tenderly upon the smooth white sand. There it occurred to her that his attention was quite needless, but at the moment she was too startled to make any remonstrance.

"But how in the world, Mr. Strand, did you come here?" she managed at last to stammer. "We all thought that you had gone away."

"I hardly know myself," said Strand, in a beseeching undertone, quite different from his usual confident bass. "I only know that—that I was very wretched, and that I had to come back."

Then there was a pause, which to both seemed quite interminable, and, in order to fill it out in some way, Strand began to move his head and arms uneasily, and at length seated himself at Augusta's side. The blood was beating with feverish vehemence in her temples, and for the first time in her life she felt something akin to pity for this large, strong man, whose strength and cheerful self-reliance had hitherto seemed to raise him above the need of a woman's aid and sympathy. Now the very shabbiness of his appearance, and the look of appealing misery in his features, opened in her bosom the gate through which compassion could enter, and, with that generous self-forgetfulness which was the chief factor of her character, she leaned over toward him, and said:

"You must have been very sick, Mr. Strand. Why did you not come to us and allow us to take care of you, instead of roaming about here in this stony wilderness?"

"Yes; I have been sick," cried Strand with sudden vehemence, seizing her hand; "but it is a sickness of which I shall never, never be healed."

And with that world-old eloquence which is yet ever new, he poured forth his passionate confession in her ear, and she listened, hungrily at first, then with serene, wide-eyed happiness. He told her how, driven by his inward restlessness, he had wandered about in the mountains, until one evening, at a sæter, he had heard a peasant lad singing a song, in which this stanza occurred:

A woman's frown, a woman's smile,  
Nor hate nor fondness prove;  
For maidens smile on him they hate,  
And fly from him they love.

Then it had occurred to him for the first time in his life that a woman's behavior need not be the logical indicator of her deepest feelings, and, enriched with this joyful discovery, inspired with new hope, he had returned, but had not dared at once to seek the Parsonage, until he could invent some plausible reason for his return; but his imagination was very poor, and he had found none, except that he loved the pastor's beautiful daughter.

The evening wore on. The broad mountain-guarded valley, flooded now to the brim with a soft misty light, spread out about them, and filled them with a delicious sense of security. The fjord lifted its grave gaze toward the sky, and deepened responsively with a bright, ever-receding immensity. The young girl felt this blessed peace gently stealing over her; doubt and struggle were all past, and the sun shone ever serene and

unobscured upon the widening expanses of the future. And in his breast, too, that mood reigned in which life looks boundless and radiant, human woes small or impossible, and one's own self large and all-conquering. In that hour they remodeled this old and obstinate world of ours, never doubting that, if each united his faith and strength with the other's, they could together lift its burden.

That night was the happiest and most memorable night in the history of the Gran Parsonage. The pastor walked up and down on the floor, rubbing his hands in quiet contentment. Inga, to whom an engagement was essentially a solemn affair, sat in a corner and gazed at her sister and Strand with tearful radiance. Arnfinn gave vent to his joy by bestowing embraces promiscuously upon whomsoever chanced to come in his way.

This story, however, has a brief but not unimportant sequel. It was not many weeks after this happy evening that Arnfinn and the maiden with the "amusingly unclassical nose" presented themselves in the pastor's study and asked for his paternal and unofficial blessing. But the pastor, I am told, grew very wroth, and demanded that his nephew should first take his second and third degrees, attaching, besides, some very odious stipulations regarding average in study and college standing, before there could be any talk about engagement or matrimony. So, at present, Arnfinn is still studying, and the fair-haired Inga is still waiting.

## A PORTRAIT.

A FAIR, pale face, most delicately wrought  
In feature, and in those more subtle lines  
Which trace our inner story to the eye  
That hath the power to read A gentle mien  
Of courteous gravity, through which there plays  
The quick illumination of a wit  
Subdued to charity. Shadowy eyes,  
With something timorous in their depths, as they  
Had looked on Death, nor ever from their sight  
Could that dread presence totally depart.  
A voice so sweet, silence seems harsh beside  
Its intermitted measure, and a soul  
As sweetly pure; so to the listener's ear  
The sound and sense one self-same music make.  
Yet ever in that melody there thrills  
A low vibration of unspoken pain,  
Like the wind's sigh through bending cypresses,—  
The memory of hopes that glow no more  
Save in the firmament of God's Hereafter.

## GABRIEL CONROY.\*

BY BRET HARTE.

## CHAPTER VIII.

## THE FOOT-PRINTS GROW FAINTER.

It was Philip Ashley! Philip Ashley—faded, travel-worn, hollow-eyed, but nervously energetic and eager. Philip, who four days before had left Grace the guest of a hospitable trapper's half-breed family, in the California Valley. Philip—gloomy, discontented, hateful of the quest he had undertaken, but still fulfilling his promise to Grace, and the savage dictates of his own conscience. It was Philip Ashley, who now, standing beside the hut, turned half cynically, half indifferently, toward the party.

The surgeon was first to discover him. He darted forward with a cry of recognition, "Poinsett! Arthur!—what are you doing here?"

Ashley's face flushed crimson at the sight of the stranger. "Hush," he said, almost involuntarily. He glanced rapidly around the group and then in some embarrassment replied with awkward literalness, "I left my horse with the others at the entrance of the cañon!"

"I see," said the surgeon briskly, "you have come with relief like ourselves; but you are too late! too late!"

"Too late?" echoed Ashley.

"Yes, they are all dead or gone!"

A singular expression crossed Ashley's face. It was unnoticed by the surgeon, who was whispering to Blunt. Presently he came forward.

"Captain Blunt, this is Lieutenant Poinsett of the Fifth Infantry, an old messmate of mine, whom I have not met before for two years. He is here, like ourselves, on an errand of mercy. It is like him!"

The unmistakable air of high breeding and intelligence which distinguished Philip always, and the cordial endorsement of the young surgeon, prepossessed the party instantly in his favor. With that recognition, something of his singular embarrassment dropped away.

"Who are these people?" he ventured at last to say.

"Their names are on this paper, which we found nailed to a tree. Of course, with no survivor present, we are unable to identify them all. The hut occupied by Dr. Devarges, whose body buried in the snow we have identified by his clothing, and the young girl Grace Conroy and her child-sister, are the only ones we are positive about."

Philip looked at the Doctor.

"How have you identified the young girl?"

"By her clothing, which was marked."

Philip remembered that Grace had changed her clothes for the suit of a younger brother who was dead.

"Only by that?" he asked.

"No. Dr. Devarges in his papers gives the names of the occupants of the hut. We have accounted for all but her brother, and a fellow by the name of Ashley."

"How do you account for them?" asked Philip, with a dark face.

"Ran away! What can you expect from that class of people?" said the surgeon, with a contemptuous shrug.

"What class?" asked Philip, almost savagely.

"My dear boy," said the surgeon, "you know them as well as I. Didn't they always pass the Fort where we were stationed? Didn't they beg what they could, and steal what they otherwise couldn't get, and then report to Washington the incompetency of the military? Weren't they always getting up rows with the Indians, and then sneaking away to let us settle the bill? Don't you remember them—the men gaunt, sickly, vulgar, low-toned; the women dirty, snuffy, prematurely old and prematurely prolific?"

Philip tried to combat this picture with his recollection of Grace's youthful features, but somehow failed. Within the last half hour his instinctive fastidiousness had increased a hundred fold. He looked at the Doctor and said "Yes."

"Of course," said the surgeon. "It was the old lot. What could you expect? People who could be strong only in proportion to their physical strength, and losing everything with the loss of that? There has been selfishness, cruelty—God knows—perhaps murder done here!"

"Yes, yes," said Philip, hastily; "but

\* Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1875, by Bret Harte, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington, D. C.

you were speaking of this girl, Grace Conroy; what do you know of her?"

"Nothing, except that she was found lying there dead with her name on her clothes and her sister's blanket in her arms, as if the wretches had stolen the dying child from the dead girl's arms. But you, Arthur, how chanced you to be here in this vicinity? Are you stationed here?"

"No, I have resigned from the army."

"Good! and you are here—"

"Alone!"

"Come, we will talk this over as we return. You will help me make out my report. This, you know, is an official inquiry based upon the alleged clairvoyant quality of our friend Blunt. I must say we have established that fact, if we have been able to do nothing more."

The surgeon then lightly sketched an account of the expedition, from its inception in a dream of Blunt (who was distinctly impressed with the fact that a number of emigrants were perishing from hunger in the Sierras) to his meeting with Philip, with such deftness of cynical humor and playful satire—qualities that had lightened the weariness of the mess-table of Fort Bobadil—that the young men were both presently laughing. Two or three of the party who had been engaged in laying out the unburied bodies, and talking in whispers, hearing these fine gentlemen make light of the calamity in well-chosen epithets, were somewhat ashamed of their own awe, and less elegantly, and I fear less grammatically, began to be jocose too. Whereat the fastidious Philip frowned, the surgeon laughed, and the two friends returned to the entrance of the cañon, and thence rode out of the valley together.

Philip's reticence regarding his own immediate past was too characteristic to excite any suspicion or surprise in the mind of his friend. In truth, the Doctor was too well pleased with his presence, and the undoubted support which he should have in Philip's sympathetic tastes and congenial habits, to think of much else. He was proud of his friend—proud of the impression he had made among the rude unlettered men with whom he was forced by the conditions of frontier democracy to associate on terms of equality. And Philip, though young, was accustomed to have his friends proud of him. Indeed, he always felt some complacency with himself that he seldom took advantage of this fact. Satisfied that he might have confided to the Doctor the truth

of his connection with the ill-fated party, and his flight with Grace, and that the Doctor would probably have regarded him as a hero, he felt less compunction at his suppression of the fact.

Their way lay by Monument Point and the dismantled cairn. Philip had already passed it on his way to the cañon, and had felt a thankfulness for the unexpected tragedy that had, as he believed, conscientiously relieved him of a duty to the departed naturalist, yet he could not forego a question.

"Is there anything among these papers and collections worth our preserving?" he asked the surgeon.

The Doctor, who had not for many months had an opportunity to air his general skepticism, was nothing if not derogatory.

"No," he answered shortly. "If there were any way that we might restore them to the living Dr. Devarges, they might minister to his vanity, and please the poor fellow. I see nothing in them that should make them worthy to survive him."

The tone was so like Dr. Devarges' own manner as Philip remembered it, that he smiled grimly and felt relieved. When they reached the spot Nature seemed to have already taken the same cynical view; the metallic case was already deeply sunken in the snow, the wind had scattered the papers far and wide, and even the cairn itself had tumbled into a shapeless, meaningless ruin.

#### CHAPTER IX.

##### IN WHICH THE FOOT-PRINTS ARE LOST FOREVER.

A FERVID May sun had been baking the adobe walls of the *Presidio* of San Ramon, firing the red tiles, scorching the black courtyard, and driving the mules and vaqueros of a train that had just arrived, into the shade of the long galleries of the quadrangle, when the *Comandante*, who was taking his noonday *siesta* in a low studded chamber beside the guard-room, was gently awakened by his secretary. For thirty years the noonday slumbers of the Commander had never been broken; his first thought was the heathen!—his first impulse, to reach for his trusty Toledo. But, as it so happened, the cook had borrowed it that morning to rake *tortillas* from the *Presidio* oven, and Don Juan Salvatierra contented himself with sternly demanding the reason for this unwonted intrusion.

"A *senorita*—an American—desires an immediate audience."



Don Juan removed the black silk handkerchief which he had tied around his grizzled brows, and sat up. Before he could assume a more formal attitude, the door was timidly opened, and a young girl entered.

For all the disfigurement of scant, coarse, ill-fitting clothing, or the hollowness of her sweet eyes, and even the tears that dimmed their long lashes; for all the sorrow that had pinched her young cheek and straightened the corners of her child-like mouth, she was still so fair, so frank, so youthful, so innocent and helpless, that the *Comandante* stood erect and then bent forward in a salutation that almost swept the floor.

Apparently the prepossession was mutual. The young girl took a quick survey of the gaunt but gentleman-like figure before her, cast a rapid glance at the serious but kindly eyes that shone above the Commander's iron-gray mustachios, dropped her hesitating, timid manner, and, with an impulsive gesture and a little cry, ran forward and fell upon her knees at his feet.

The Commander would have raised her gently, but she restrained his hand.

"No, no, listen! I am only a poor, poor girl, without friends or home. A month ago I left my family starving in the mountains, and came away to get them help. My brother came with me. God was good to us, Señor, and after a weary tramp of many days we found a trapper's hut, and food and shelter. Philip, my brother, went back alone to succor them. He has not returned. O sir, he may be dead; they all may be dead—God only knows! It is three weeks ago since he left me, three weeks! It is a long time to be alone, Señor, a stranger in a strange land. The trapper was kind and sent me here to you for assistance. You will help me? I know you will. You will find them, my friends, my little sister, my brother!"

The Commander waited until she had finished, and then gently lifted her to a seat by his side. Then he turned to his secretary, who, with a few hurried words in Spanish, answered the mute inquiry of the Commander's eyes. The young girl felt a thrill of disappointment as she saw that her personal appeal had been lost and unintelligible; it was with a slight touch of defiance that was new to her nature that she turned to the secretary, who advanced as interpreter.

"You are an American?"

"Yes," said the girl, curtly, who had taken one of the strange, swift, instinctive dislikes of her sex, to the man.

"How many years?"

"Fifteen."

The Commander, almost unconsciously, laid his brown hand on her clustering curls.

"Name?"

She hesitated and looked at the Commander.

"Grace," she said.

Then she hesitated; and, with a defiant glance at the secretary, added:

"Grace Ashley!"

"Give to me the names of some of your company, Mees Graziashly?"

Grace hesitated.

"Philip Ashley, Gabriel Conroy, Peter Dumphy, Mrs. Jane Dumphy," she said at last.

The secretary opened a desk, took out a printed document, unfolded it, and glanced over its contents. Presently he handed it to the Commander with the comment "*Bueno*." The Commander said "*Bueno*" also, and glanced kindly and re-assuringly at Grace.

"An expedition from the upper *Presidio* has found traces of a party of Americans in the Sierra," said the secretary, monotonously. "There are names like these."

"It is the same—it is our party!" said Grace, joyously.

"You say so?" said the secretary, cautiously.

"Yes," said Grace, defiantly.

The secretary glanced at the paper again, and then said, looking at Grace intently:

"There is no name of Mees Graziashly."

The hot blood suddenly dyed the cheek of Grace and her eyelids dropped. She raised her eyes imploringly to the Commander. If she could have reached him directly, she would have thrown herself at his feet and confessed her innocent deceit, but she shrank from a confidence that first filtered through the consciousness of the secretary. So she began to fence feebly with the issue.

"It is a mistake," she said. "But the name of Philip, my brother, is there?"

"The name of Philip Ashley is here," said the secretary, grimly.

"And he is alive and safe!" cried Grace, forgetting in her relief and joy, her previous shame and mortification.

"He is not found," said the secretary.

"Not found?" said Grace, with widely opened eyes.

"He is not there."

"No, of course," said Grace, with a

nervous, hysterical laugh; "he was with me; but he came back—he returned."

"On the 30th of April there is no record of the finding of Philip Ashley."

Grace groaned and clasped her hands. In her greater anxiety now, all lesser fears were forgotten. She turned and threw herself before the Commander.

"O, forgive me, Señor, but I swear to you I meant no harm! Philip is not my brother, but a friend, so kind, so good. He asked me to take his name, poor boy, God knows if he will ever claim it again, and I did. My name is not Ashley. I know not what is in that paper, but it must tell of my brother Gabriel, my sister, of all! O, Señor, are they living or dead? Answer me you must, for—I am—I am Grace Conroy!"

The secretary had refolded the paper. He opened it again, glanced over it, fixed his eyes upon Grace, and, pointing to a paragraph, handed it to the Commander. The two men exchanged glances, the Commander coughed, rose, and averted his face from the beseeching eyes of Grace. A sudden death-like chill ran through her limbs as, at a word from the Commander, the secretary rose and placed the paper in her hands.

Grace took it with trembling fingers. It seemed to be a proclamation in Spanish.

"I cannot read it," she said, stamping her little foot with passionate vehemence. "Tell me what it says."

At a sign from the Commander, the secretary opened the paper and arose. The Commander, with his face averted, looked through the open window. The light, streaming through its deep, tunnel-like embrasure, fell upon the central figure of Grace, with her shapely head slightly bent forward, her lips apart, and her eager, passionate eyes fixed upon the Commander. The secretary cleared his throat in a perfunctory manner; and, with the conscious pride of an irreproachable linguist, began:

#### "NOTICE.

"TO HIS EXCELLENCY THE COMANDANTE OF THE PRESIDIO OF SAN FELIPE.

"I have the honor to report that the expedition sent out to relieve certain distressed emigrants in the fastnesses of the Sierra Nevadas, said expedition being sent on the information of Don Jose Bluent of San Geronimo, found in a cañon east of the Canada del Diablo the evidences of the recent existence of such emigrants buried in the snow, and the melancholy and deeply to be deplored record of their sufferings, abandonment, and death. A written record preserved by these miserable and most infelicitous ones gives the names and history of their

organization, known as 'Captain Conroy's Party,' a copy of which is annexed below.

"The remains of five of these unfortunates were recovered from the snow, but it was impossible to identify but two, who were buried with sacred and reverential rites.

"Our soldiers behaved with that gallantry, coolness, patriotism, inflexible hardihood, and high principled devotion which ever animate the swelling heart of the Mexican warrior. Nor can too much praise be given to the voluntary efforts of one Don Arthur Poinsett, late Lieutenant of the Army of the United States of America, who, though himself a voyager and stranger, assisted our commander in the efforts of humanity.

"The wretched dead appeared to have expired from hunger, although one was evidently a victim—"

The tongue of the translator hesitated a moment, and then with an air of proud superiority to the difficulties of the English language, he resumed—

"A victim to fly poison. It is to be regretted that among the victims was the famous Doctor Paul Devargès, a Natural, and collector of the stuffed Bird and Beast, a name most illustrious in science."

The secretary paused, his voice dropped its pretentious pitch, he lifted his eyes from the paper, and fixing them on Grace, repeated deliberately:

"The bodies who were identified were those of Paul Devargès and Grace Conroy."

"Oh, no! no!" said Grace, clasping her hands wildly; "it is a mistake! You are trying to frighten me, a poor, helpless, friendless girl! You are punishing me, gentlemen, because you know I have done wrong, because you think I have lied! Oh, have pity, gentlemen. My God—save me—Philip!"

And with a loud, despairing cry, she rose to her feet, caught at the clustering tendrils of her hair, raised her little hands, palms upward, high in air, and then sank perpendicularly as if crushed and beaten flat, a pale and senseless heap upon the floor.

The Commander stooped over the prostrate girl. "Send Manuela here," he said quickly, waving aside the proffered aid of the secretary, with an impatient gesture quite unlike his usual gravity, as he lifted the unconscious Grace in his arms.

An Indian waiting woman hurriedly appeared, and assisted the Commander to lay the fainting girl upon a couch.

"Poor child!" said the Commander, as Manuela, bending over Grace, unloosed her garments with sympathetic feminine hands. "Poor little one, and without a father!"

"Poor woman!" said Manuela to herself, half aloud; "and without a husband!"

## CHAPTER X.

## ONE HORSE GULCH.

It was a season of unexampled prosperity in One Horse Gulch. Even the despondent original locator, who, in a fit of depressed alcoholism, had given it that infelicitous title, would have admitted its injustice but that he fell a victim to the "craftily qualified" cups of San Francisco long before the Gulch had become prosperous. "Hed Jim struck to straight whisky he might hev got his pile outer the very ledge whar his cabin stood," said a local critic. But Jim did not; after taking a thousand dollars from his claim he had flown to San Francisco, where, gorgeously arrayed, he had flitted from champagne to cognac, and from gin to lager beer, until he brought his gilded and ephemeral existence to a close in the county hospital.

Howbeit, One Horse Gulch survived not only its godfather, but the baleful promise of its unhallowed christening. It had its Hotel and its Temperance House, its Express office, its saloons, its two squares of low wooden buildings in the main street, its clustering nests of cabins on the hill-sides, its freshly hewn stumps and its lately cleared lots. Young in years, it still had its memories, experiences, and antiquities. The first tent pitched by Jim White was still standing, the bullet holes were yet to be seen in the shutters of the Cachucha saloon, where the great fight took place between Boston Joe, Harry Worth, and Thompson of Angel's; from the upper loft of Watson's "Emporium" a beam still projected from which a year ago a noted citizen had been suspended, after an informal inquiry into the ownership of some mules that he was found possessed of. Near it was a small unpretentious square shed, where the famous caucus had met that had selected the delegates who chose the celebrated and Honorable Blank to represent California in the councils of the nation.

It was raining. Not in the usual direct, honest, perpendicular fashion of that mountain region, but only suggestively, and in a vague, uncertain sort of way, as if it might at any time prove to be fog or mist, and any money wagered upon it would be hazardous. It was raining as much from below as above, and the lower limbs of the loungers who gathered around the square box stove that stood in Briggs's warehouse, exhaled a cloud of steam. The loungers in Briggs's were those who from deficiency of

taste or the requisite capital avoided the gambling and drinking saloons, and quietly appropriated crackers from the convenient barrel of the generous Briggs, or filled their pipes from his open tobacco canisters, with the general suggestion in their manner that their company fully compensated for any waste of his material.

They had been smoking silently—a silence only broken by the occasional hiss of expectoration against the hot stove, when the door of a back room opened softly, and Gabriel Conroy entered..

"How is he gettin' on, Gabe?" asked one of the loungers.

"So, so," said Gabriel. "You'll want to shift those bandages agin," he said, turning to Briggs, "afore the doctor comes. I'd come back in an hour, but I've got to drop in and see how Steve's gettin' on, and it's a matter of two miles from home."

"But he says he won't let anybody tech him but you," said Mr. Briggs.

"I know he *says* so," said Gabriel soothingly, "but he'll get over that. That's what Stimson sed when he was took worse, but he got over that, and I never got to see him except in time to lay him out."

The justice of this was admitted even by Briggs, although evidently disappointed. Gabriel was walking to the door, when another voice from the stove stopped him.

"Oh, Gabe! you mind that emigrant family with the sick baby camped down the gulch? Well, the baby up and died last night."

"I want to know," said Gabriel, with thoughtful gravity.

"Yes, and that woman's in a heap of trouble. Couldn't you kinder drop in in passing and look after things?"

"I will," said Gabriel thoughtfully.

"I thought you'd like to know it, and I thought she'd like me to tell you," said the speaker, settling himself back again over the stove with the air of a man who had just fulfilled, at great personal sacrifice and labor, a work of supererogation.

"You're always thoughtful of other folks, Johnson," said Briggs admiringly.

"Well, yes," said Johnson, with a modest serenity, "I allers allow that men in Californy ought to think of others besides them selves. A little keer and a little *sabe* on my part, and there's that family in the gulch made comfortable with Gabe around 'em."

Meanwhile this homely inciter of the unselfish virtues of One Horse Gulch had passed out into the rain and darkness. So

conscientiously did he fulfill his various obligations, that it was nearly one o'clock before he reached his rude hut on the hill-side, a rough cabin of pine logs, so unpretentious and wild in exterior as to be but a slight improvement on nature. The vines clambered unrestrainedly over the bark-thatched roof; the birds occupied the crevices of the walls, the squirrel ate his acorns on the ridge-pole without fear and without reproach.

Softly drawing the wooden peg that served as a bolt, Gabriel entered with that noiselessness and caution that was habitual to him. Lighting a candle by the embers of a dying fire, he carefully looked around him. The cabin was divided into two compartments by the aid of a canvas stretched between the walls, with a flap for the doorway. On a pine table lay several garments apparently belonging to a girl of seven or eight—a frock grievously rent and torn, a frayed petticoat of white flannel already patched with material taken from a red shirt, and a pair of stockings so excessively and sincerely darned, as to have lost nearly all of their original fabric in repeated bits of relief that covered almost the entire structure. Gabriel looked at these articles ruefully, and, slowly picking them up, examined each with the greatest gravity and concern. Then he took off his coat and boots, and having in this way settled himself into an easy dishabille, he took a box from the shelf, and proceeded to lay out thread and needles, when he was interrupted by a child's voice from behind the canvas screen.

"Is that you, Gabe?"

"Yes."

"Oh, Gabe, I got tired and went to bed."

"I see you did," said Gabriel dryly, picking up a needle and thread that had apparently been abandoned after a slight excursion into the neighborhood of a rent and left hopelessly sticking in the petticoat.

"Yes, Gabe; they're so awfully old!"

"Old!" repeated Gabe reproachfully.

"Old! Lettin' on a little wear and tear, they're as good as they ever were. That petticoat is stronger," said Gabriel, holding up the garment and eying the patches with a slight glow of artistic pride—"stronger, Olly, than the first day you put it on."

"But that's five years ago, Gabe."

"Well," said Gabriel, turning round and addressing himself impatiently to the screen, "Wot if it is—"

"And I've growed."

"Growed!" said Gabriel scornfully. "And haven't I let out the tucks, and didn't I put

three fingers of the best sacking around the waist? You'll just ruin me in clothes."

Olly laughed from behind the screen. Finding, however, no response from the grim worker, presently there appeared a curly head at the flap, and then a slim little girl, in the scantiest of nightgowns, ran, and began to nestle at his side, and to endeavor to inwrap herself in his waistcoat.

"Oh, go 'way!" said Gabriel with a severe voice and the most shameless signs of relenting in his face. "Go away! What do you care? Here I might slave myself to death to dress you in silks and satins, and you'd dip into the first ditch or waltz through the first underbrush that you kem across. You haven't got no *sabé* in dress, Olly. It ain't ten days ago as I iron-bound and copper-fastened that dress, so to speak, and look at it now! Olly, look at it now!" And he held it up indignantly before the maiden.

Olly placed the top of her head against the breast of her brother as a *point d'appui*, and began to revolve around him, as if she wished to bore a way into his inmost feelings.

"Oh, you ain't mad, Gabe!" she said, leaping first over one knee and then over the other without lifting her head. "You ain't mad!"

Gabriel did not deign to reply, but continued mending the frayed petticoat in dignified silence.

"Who did you see down town?" said Olly, not at all rebuffed.

"No one," said Gabriel, shortly.

"You did! You smell of linnyments and peppermint," said Olly, with a positive shake of the head. "You've been to Briggs' and the new family up the gulch."

"Yes," said Gabriel, "that Mexican's legs is better, but the baby's dead. Jest remind me, to-morrow, to look through mother's things for suthin' for that poor woman."

"Gabe, do you know what Mrs. Markle says of you?" said Olly, suddenly raising her head.

"No," replied Gabriel, with an affectation of indifference that, like all his affectations, was a perfect failure.

"She says," said Olly, "that you want to be looked after yourself more'n all these people. She says you're just throwing yourself away on other folks. She says I ought to have a woman to look after me."

Gabriel stopped his work, laid down the petticoat, and taking the curly head of Olly between his knees, with one hand beneath her chin and the other on top of her head,

turned her mischievous face toward his. "Olly, he said seriously, "when I got you outer the snow at Starvation Camp; when I toted you on my back for miles till we got into the valley; when we lay by thar for two weeks, and me a felling trees and picking up provisions here and thar, in the wood or the river, wharever thar was bird or fish, I reckon you got along as well—I won't say better—ez if you had a woman to look arter you. When at last we kem here to this camp, and I built this yer house, I don't think any woman could hev done better. If they could, I'm wrong, and Mrs. Markle's right."

Olly began to be uncomfortable. Then the quick instincts of her sex came to her relief, and she archly assumed the aggressive.

"I think Mrs. Markle likes you, Gabe."

Gabriel looked down at the little figure in alarm. There are some subjects whereof the youngest of womankind has an instinctive knowledge that makes the wisest of us tremble.

"Go to bed, Olly," said the cowardly Gabriel.

But Olly wanted to sit up, so she changed the subject.

"The Mexican you're tendin' isn't a Mexican, he's a Chileno; Mrs. Markle says so."

"Maybe; it's all the same. I call him a Mexican. He talks too straight, anyway," said Gabriel, indifferently.

"Did he ask you any more questions about—about old times?" continued the girl.

"Yes; he wanted to know everything that happened in Starvation Camp. He was reg'larly took with poor Gracey; asked a heap o' questions about her—how she acted, and seemed to feel as bad as we did about never hearing anything from her. I never met a man, Olly, afore, as seemed to take such an interest in other folk's sorrows as he did. You'd have tho't he'd been one of the party. And he made me tell him all about Dr. Devarges."

"And Philip?" queried Olly.

"No," said Gabriel, somewhat curtly.

"Gabriel," said Olly suddenly, "I wish you didn't talk so to people about those days."

"Why?" asked Gabriel, wonderingly.

"Because it ain't good to talk about. Gabriel, dear," she continued, with a slight quivering of the upper lip, "sometimes I think the people round yer look upon us sorter queer. That little boy that came

here with the emigrant family wouldn't play with me, and Mrs. Markle's little girl said that we did dreadful things up there in the snow. He said I was a cannon-ball."

"A what?" asked Gabriel.

"A cannon-ball! He said that you and I"—

"Hush," interrupted Gabriel, sternly, as an angry flush came into his sunburned cheek, "I'll jest bust that boy if I see him round yer agin."

"But, Gabriel," persisted Olly, "nobody"—

"Will you go to bed, Olly, and not catch your death yer on this cold floor asking ornery and perfectly ridiculus questions?" said Gabriel, briskly, lifting her to her feet.

"Thet Markle girl ain't got no sense anyway—she's allers leading you round in ditches, ruinin' your best clothes, and keepin' me up half the night mendin' on 'em."

Thus admonished, Olly retreated behind the canvas screen, and Gabriel resumed his needle and thread. But the thread became entangled, and was often snappishly broken, and Gabriel sewed imaginary, vindictive stitches in the imaginary calves of an imaginary youthful emigrant until Olly's voice again broke the silence.

"O, Gabe!"

"Yes," said Gabriel, putting down his work despairingly.

"Do you think—that Philip—ate Grace?"

Gabriel rose swiftly, and disappeared behind the screen. As he did so, the door softly opened, and a man stepped into the cabin. The new-comer cast a rapid glance around the dimly lighted room, and then remained motionless in the door-way. From behind the screen came the sound of voices. The stranger hesitated, and then uttered a slight cough.

In an instant Gabriel re-appeared. The look of angry concern at the intrusion turned to one of absolute stupefaction as he examined the stranger more attentively. The new-comer smiled faintly, yet politely, and then, with a slight halt in his step, moved toward a chair, into which he dropped with a deprecating gesture.

"I shall sit—and you shall pardon me. You have surprise! Yes? Five, six hour ago you leave me very sick on a bed—where you are so kind—so good. Yes? Ah? You see me here now, and you say crazy! Mad!"

He raised his right hand with the fingers upward, twirled them to signify Gabriel's supposed idea of a whirling brain, and smiled again



"Listen. Comes to me an hour ago a message most important. Most necessary it is I go to-night—now, to Marysville. You see. Yes? I rise and dress myself. Ha! I have great strength for the effort. I am better. But I say to myself, 'Victor, you shall first pay your respects to the good Pike who have been so kind, so good. You shall press the hand of the noble grand miner who have recover you.' *Bueno*, I am here!"

He extended a thin, nervous brown hand, and for the first time since his entrance concentrated his keen black eyes, which had roved over the apartment and taken in its minutest details, upon his host. Gabriel, lost in bewilderment, could only gasp:

"But you ain't well enough, you know. You can't walk yet. You'll kill yourself!"

The stranger smiled.

"Yes?—you think—you think? Look now! Waits me, outside, the horse of the livery stable man. How many miles you think to the stage town? Fifteen." (He emphasized them with his five uplifted fingers.) "It is nothing. Two hour comes the stage and I am there. Ha!"

Even as he spoke, with a gesture, as if brushing away all difficulties, his keen eyes were resting upon a little shelf above the chimney, whereon stood an old-fashioned daguerreotype case open. He rose, and with a slight halting step and an expression of pain, limped across the room to the shelf, and took up the daguerreotype.

"What have we?" he asked.

"It is Gracie," said Gabriel, brightening up. "Taken the day we started from St. Jo."

"How long?"

"Six years ago. She was fourteen then," said Gabriel, taking the case in his hand and brushing the glass fondly with his palm. "Thar warn't no puttier gal in all Missouri," he added, with fraternal pride, looking down upon the picture with moistened eyes. "Eh—what did you say?"

The stranger had uttered a few words hastily in a foreign tongue. But they were apparently complimentary, for when Gabriel looked up at him with an inquiring glance, he was smiling and saying, "Beautiful! Angelic! Very pretty!" with eyes still fixed upon the picture. "And it is like—ah, I see the brother's face, too," he said, gravely, comparing Gabriel's face with the picture. Gabriel looked pleased. Any nature less simple than his would have detected the polite fiction. In the square, honest face

of the brother there was not the faintest suggestion of the delicate, girlish, poetical oval before him.

"It is precious," said the stranger; "and it is all, ha?"

"All," echoed Gabriel, inquiringly.

"You have nothing more?"

"No."

"A line of her writing, a letter, her private papers would be a treasure, eh?"

"She left nothing," said Gabriel, simply, "but her clothes. You know she put on a boy's suit—Johnny's clothes—when she left. Thet's how it allus puzzled me thet they knew *who* she was, when they came across the poor child dead."

The stranger did not speak, and Gabriel went on:

"It was nigh on a month afore I got back. When I did, the snow was gone, and there warn't no track or trace of anybody. Then I heer'd the story I told ye—thet a relief party had found 'em all dead—and thet among the dead was Grace. How that poor child ever got back thar alone (for thar warn't no trace or mention of the man she went away with) is what gets me. And that there's my trouble, Mr. Ramirez! To think of thet pooty darlin' climbing back to the old nest and findin' no one thar! To think of her comin' back, as she allowed, to Olly and me, and findin' all her own blood gone, is suthin thet, at times, drives me almost mad. She didn't die of starvation; she didn't die of cold. Her heart was broke, Mr. Ramirez; her little heart was broke!"

The stranger looked at him curiously, but did not speak. After a moment's pause, he lifted his bowed head from his hands, wiped his eyes with Olly's flannel petticoat, and went on:

"For more than a year I tried to get sight o' that report. Then I tried to find the Mission or the Presidio that the relief party started from, and may be see some of that party. But then kem the gold excitement, and the Americans took possession of the Missions and Presidios, and when I got to San—San—San——"

"Geronimo," interrupted Ramirez, hastily.

"Did I tell?" asked Gabriel, simply; "I disremember that."

Ramirez showed all his teeth in quick assent, and motioned him with his finger to go on.

"When I got to San Geronimo, there was nobody, and no records left. Then I put a notiss in the San Francisco paper for Philip Ashley—that was the man as helped her

away—to communicate with me. But thar weren't no answer."

Ramirez rose.

"You are not rich, friend Gabriel?"

"No," said Gabriel.

"But you expect—ah—you expect?"

"Well, I reckon some day to make a strike like the rest."

"Anywhere, my friend?"

"Anywhere," repeated Gabriel, smiling.

"*Adios*," said the stranger, going to the door.

"*Adios*," repeated Gabriel. "Must you go to-night? What's your hurry? You're sure you feel better now?"

"Better?" answered Ramirez, with a singular smile. "Better! Look, I am so strong!"

He stretched out his arms, and expanded his chest, and walked erect to the door.

"You have cured my rheumatism, friend Gabriel. Good-night."

The door closed behind him. In another moment he was in the saddle, and speeding so swiftly, that, in spite of mud and darkness, in two hours he had reached the mining town where the Wingdam and Sacramento stage-coach changed horses. The next morning, while Olly and Gabriel were eating breakfast, Mr. Victor Ramirez stepped briskly from the stage that drew up at the Marysville Hotel and entered the hotel office. As the clerk looked up inquiringly, Mr. Ramirez handed him a card:

"Send that, if you please, to Miss Grace Conroy."

#### CHAPTER XI.

#### MADAME DEVARGES.

MR. RAMIREZ followed the porter upstairs and along a narrow passage until he reached a larger hall. Here the porter indicated that he should wait until he returned, and then disappeared down the darkened vista of another passage. Mr. Ramirez had ample time to observe the freshness of the boarded partitions and scant details of the interior of the International Hotel; he even had time to attempt to grapple the foreign mystery of the notice conspicuously on the wall, "Gentlemen are requested not to sleep on the stairs," before his companion re-appeared. Beckoning to Mr. Ramirez, with an air of surly suspicion, the porter led him along the darkened passage until he paused before a door at its further extremity, and knocked gently. Slight as was the knock, it had the mysterious effect of causing all the other doors along the passage to open, and a

masculine head to appear at each opening. Mr. Ramirez's brow darkened quickly. He was sufficiently conversant with the conditions of that early civilization to know that, as a visitor to a lady, he was the object of every other man's curious envy and aggressive suspicion.

There was the sound of light footsteps within, and the door opened. The porter lingered long enough to be able to decide upon the character and propriety of the greeting, and then sullenly retired. The door closed, and Mr. Ramirez found himself face to face with the occupant of the room.

She was a small, slight blonde, who, when the smile that had lit her mouth and eyes as she opened the door, faded suddenly as she closed it, might have passed for a plain, indistinctive woman. But for a certain dangerous submissiveness of manner—which I here humbly submit is always to be feared in an all-powerful sex—and an address that was rather more deprecatory than occasion called for, she would hardly have awakened the admiration of our sex, or the fears of her own.

As Ramirez advanced, with both hands impulsively extended, she drew back shyly, and, pointing to the ceiling and walls, said, quietly:

"Cloth and paper!"

Ramirez's dark face grew darker. There was a long pause. Suddenly the lady lightened the shadow that seemed to have fallen upon their interview with both her teeth and eyes, and, pointing to a chair, said:

"Sit down, Victor, and tell me why you have returned so soon."

Victor sat sullenly down. The lady looked all deprecation and submissiveness, but said nothing.

Ramirez would, in his sullenness, have imitated her, but his natural impulsiveness was too strong, and he broke out:

"Look! From the book of the hotel it is better you should erase the name of Grace Conroy, and put down your own!"

"And why, Victor?"

"She asks why," said Victor, appealing to the ceiling. "My God! Because one hundred miles from here live the brother and sister of Grace Conroy. I have seen him!"

"Well."

"Well," echoed Victor. "Is it well? Listen. You shall hear if it is well."

He drew his chair beside her, and went on in a low, earnest voice:

"I have at last located the mine. I followed the *deseno*—the description of the spot and all its surroundings—which was in the paper that I—I—found. Good! It is true!—ah, you begin to be interested!—it is true, all true of the locality. See! Of the spot, I do not know. Of the mine, it has not yet been discovered!"

"It is called 'One Horse Gulch;' why? who knows? It is a rich mining camp. All around are valuable claims; but the mine on the top of the little hill is unknown, unclaimed! For why? You understand, it promises not as much as the other claims on the surface. It is the same—all as described here."

He took from his pocket an envelope, and drew out a folded paper (the paper given to Grace Conroy by Dr. Devarges), and pointed to the map.

"The description here leads me to the head waters of the American River. I follow the range of foot-hills, for I know every foot, every step, and I came one day last week to 'One Horse Gulch.' See, it is the gulch described here—all the same."

He held the paper before her, and her thin, long fingers closed like a bird's claw over its corners.

"It is necessary I should stay there four or five days to inquire. And yet how? I am a stranger, a foreigner; the miners have suspicion of all such, and to me they do not talk easily. But I hear of one Gabriel Conroy, a good man, very kind with the sick. Good! I have sickness—very sudden, very strong! My rheumatism takes me here." He pointed to his knee. "I am helpless as a child. I have to be taken care of at the house of Mr. Briggs. Comes to me here Gabriel Conroy, sits by me, talks to me, tells me everything. He brings to me his little sister. I go to his cabin on the hill. I see the picture of his sister. Good. You understand? It is all over!"

"Why?"

"Eh? She asks why, this woman," said Victor, appealing to the ceiling. "Is it more you ask? Then listen: The house of Gabriel Conroy is upon the land, the very land, you understand? of the grant made by the Governor to Dr. Devarges. He is this Gabriel, look! he is in possession!"

"How? Does he know of the mine?"

"No! It is accident—what you call Fate!"

She walked to the window, and stood for a few moments looking out upon the falling rain. The face that looked out was so old,

so haggard, so hard and set in its outlines, that one of the loungers on the sidewalk, glancing at the window to catch a glimpse of the pretty French stranger, did not recognize her. Possibly the incident recalled her to herself, for she presently turned with a smile of ineffable sweetness, and, returning to the side of Ramirez, said, in the gentlest of voices:

"Then you abandon me?"

Victor did not dare to meet her eyes. He looked straight before him, shrugged his shoulders, and said:

"It is Fate!"

She clasped her thin fingers lightly before her, and, standing in front of her companion, so as to be level with his eyes, said:

"You have a good memory, Victor."

He did not reply.

"Let me assist it. It is a year ago that I received a letter in Berlin, signed by a Mr. Peter Dumphy, of San Francisco, saying that he was in possession of important papers regarding property of my late husband, Dr. Paul Devarges, and asking me to communicate with him. I did not answer his letter; I came. It is not my way to deliberate or hesitate—perhaps a wise man would. I am only a poor, weak woman, so I came. I know it was all wrong. You, sharp, bold, cautious men would have written first. Well, I came!"

Victor winced slightly, but did not speak.

"I saw Mr. Dumphy in San Francisco. He showed me some papers that he said he had found in a place of deposit, which Dr. Devarges had evidently wished preserved. One was a record of a Spanish grant, others indicated some valuable discoveries. He referred me to the Mission and Presidio of San Ysabel that had sent out the relief party for further information. He was a trader—a mere man of business—it was a question of money with him; he agreed to assist me for a *percentage*! Is it not so?"

Victor raised his dark eyes to hers and nodded.

"I came to the Mission. I saw *you*—the Secretary of the former Comandante—the only one left who remembered the expedition, and the custodian of the Presidio records. You showed me the only copy of the report; *you*, too, would have been cold and business-like, until I told you my story. You seemed interested. You told me about the young girl, this mysterious Grace Conroy, whose name appeared among the dead, who, you said you thought, was an impostor! Did you not?"

Victor nodded.

"You told me of her agony on reading the report! Of her fainting, of the discovery of her condition by the women, of the Comandante's pity, of her mysterious disappearance, of the Comandante's reticence, of your own suspicions of the birth of a child! Did you not, Victor?"

He endeavored to take her hand. Without altering her gentle manner, she withdrew her hand quietly, and went on:

"And then you told me of your finding that paper on the floor where they loosened her dress—the paper you now hold in your hand. You told me of your reasons for concealing and withholding it. And then, Victor, you proposed to me a plan to secure my own again—to personate this girl—to out-imposture this imposture. You did not ask me for a percentage! You did not seek to make money out of my needs; you asked only for my love! Well, well! perhaps I was a fool, a weak woman. It was a tempting bribe; possibly I listened more to the promptings of my heart than my interest. I promised you my hand and my fortune when we succeeded. You come to me now and ask to be relieved of that obligation. No! no! you have said enough."

The now frightened man had seized her by the hand and thrown himself on his knees before her in passionate contrition; but, with a powerful effort, she had wrested herself free.

"No, no!" she continued, in the same deprecatory voice. "Go to this brother, whom the chief end of your labors seems to have been to discover. Go to him now. Restore to him the paper you hold in your hand. Say that you stole it from his sister, whom you suspected to have been an impostor, and that you knew to be the mother of an illegitimate child. Say that in doing this, you took the last hope from the wronged and cast-off wife who came thousands of miles to claim something from the man who should have supported her. Say this, and that brother, if he is the good and kind man you represent him to be, he will rise up and bless you! You have only to tell him further, that this paper cannot be of any use to him, as this property legally belongs to his sister's child, if living. You have only to hand him the report which declares both of his sisters to be dead, and leaves his own identity in doubt, to show him what a blessing has fallen upon him."

"Forgive me," gasped Victor, with a painful blending of shame and an awesome ad-

miration of the woman before him; "forgive me, Julie! I am a coward! a slave! an ingrate! I will do anything, Julie; anything you say."

Madame Devarges was too sagacious to press her victory further; perhaps she was too cautious to exasperate the already incautiously demonstrative man before her. She said "Hush," and permitted him at the same time, as if unconsciously, to draw her beside him.

"Listen, Victor. What have you to fear from this man?" she asked, after a pause. "What would his evidence weigh against me, when he is in unlawful possession of my property, my legally declared property, if I choose to deny his relationship? Who will identify him as Gabriel Conroy, when his only surviving relative dare not come forward to recognize him; when, if she did, you could swear that she came to you under another name? What would this brother's self-interested evidence amount to opposed to yours, that I was the Grace Conroy who came to the Mission, to the proof of my identity offered by one of the survivors, Peter Dumphy?"

"Dumphy!" echoed Ramirez, in amazement.

"Yes, Dumphy!" repeated Madame Devarges. "When he found that, as the divorced wife of Dr. Devarges, I could make no legal claim, and I told him of your plan, he offered himself as witness of my identity. Ah, Victor! I have not been idle while you have found only obstacles."

"Forgive me!" He caught and kissed her hands passionately. "I fly now. Good-bye."

"Where are you going?" she asked, rising.

"To 'One Horse Gulch,'" he answered.

"No! Sit down. Listen. You must go to San Francisco and inform Dumphy of your discovery. It will be necessary, perhaps, to have a lawyer; but we must first see how strong we stand. You must find out the whereabouts of this girl, Grace, at once. Go to San Francisco, see Dumphy, and return to me here!"

"But you are alone here and unprotected. These men!"

The quick suspicions of a jealous nature flashed in his eyes.

"Believe me, they are less dangerous to our plans than women! Do you not trust me, Victor?" she said, with a dazzling smile.

He would have thrown himself at her feet, but she restrained him with an arch

look at the wall, and a precautionary up-lifted finger.

"Good; go now. Stay. This Gabriel—is he married?"

"No."

"Good-bye."

The door closed upon his dark, eager face, and he was gone.

A moment later there was a sharp ringing of the bell of No. 92, the next room to that occupied by Mme. Devarges.

The truculent porter knocked at the door, and entered this room respectfully. There was no suspicion attached to the character of its occupant. He was well known as Mr. Jack Hamlin, a gambler.

"Why the devil did you keep me waiting?" said Jack, reaching from the bed, and wrathfully clutching his boot-jack.

The man murmured some apology.

"Bring me some hot water."

The porter was about to hurriedly withdraw, when Jack stopped him with an oath.

"You've been long enough coming without shooting off like that. Who was that man that just left the next room?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Find out, and let me know."

He flung a gold piece at the man, beat up his pillow, and turned his face to the wall. The porter still lingered, and Jack faced sharply round.

"Not gone yet? What the devil—"

"Beg your pardon, sir; do you know anything about her?"

"No," said Jack, raising himself on his elbow; "but if I catch you hanging round that door, as you were five minutes ago, I'll—"

Here Mr. Hamlin dropped his voice, and intimated that he would forcibly dislodge certain vital and necessary organs from the porter's body.

"Go."

After the door closed again, Mr. Hamlin lay silent for an hour. At the end of that time he got up and began to dress himself slowly, singing softly to himself the while, as was his invariable custom, in that sweet tenor for which he was famous. When he had thus warbled through his toilet, replacing a small ivory-handled pistol in his waistcoat pocket to one of his most heart-breaking notes, he put his hat on his handsome head, perhaps a trifle more on one side than usual, and stepped into the hall. As he sharply shut his door and locked it, the slight concussion of the thin partitions caused the door of his fair neighbor's room to start ajar, and Mr.

Hamlin, looking up mechanically, saw the lady standing by the bureau with her handkerchief to her eyes. Mr. Hamlin instantly stopped his warbling, and walked gravely down-stairs. At the foot of the steps he met the porter.

The man touched his hat.

"He doesn't belong here, sir."

"Who doesn't belong here?" asked Mr. Hamlin, coldly.

"That man."

"What man?"

"The man you asked about."

Mr. Hamlin quietly took out a cigar, lit it, and, after one or two puffs, looked fixedly in the man's eye, and said:

"I haven't asked you about any man."

"I thought, sir—"

"You shouldn't begin to drink so early in the day, Michael," said Mr. Hamlin, quietly, without withdrawing his black eyes from the man's face. "You can't stand it on an empty stomach. Take my advice and wait till after dinner."

## CHAPTER XII.

### MRS. MARKLE.

OLLY's allusion to Mrs. Markle and her criticism had recurred to Gabriel more or less uneasily through the night, and as he rose betimes the next morning and stood by the table on which lay his handiwork, a grim doubt of his proficiency in that branch of domestic economy began to oppress him.

"Like as not, I ain't doin' my duty to that child," he said softly to himself, as he picked up the garments one by one, and deposited them beside the bedside of the still sleeping Olly. "Them clothes are—leavin' out the stren'th and sayin' nothin' o' durability as material—a trifle old-fashioned and onbecomin'. Not as you requires anything o' the kind, bless your pooty face," he said, apostrophizing the dewy curls and slumber-flushed cheek of the unconscious child; "but mebbe it does sorter provoke remarks from the other children. And the settlement's gettin' crowded. Three new families in six months is rather too—too—" considered Gabriel, hesitating for a word; "rather too populating! And, Mrs. Markle"—Gabriel flushed even in the stillness and solitude of his own cabin—"to think of that little gal, not nine years old, speakin' o' that widder in that way. It beats everything. And to think I've kept clar of that sort o' thing jest on Olly's account, jest that she



shouldn't have any woman around to boss her."

Nevertheless, when he and Olly sat down to their frugal breakfast, he was uneasily conscious of several oddities of her dress, not before noticeable, and even some peculiarities of manner.

"Ez a ginerall thing, Olly," he pointed out with cautious generalization, "ez a ginerall thing, in perlite society, young gals don't sit down a-straddle of their chairs, and don't reach down every five minnits to heave away at their boot-straps."

"As a general thing, Gabe, girls don't wear boots," said Olly, leaning forward to dip her bread in the frying-pan.

Artfully evading the question whether high India-rubber boots were an indispensable feature of a girl's clothing, Gabriel continued with easy indifference:

"I think I'll drop in on Mrs. Markle on my way to the Gulch this morning."

He glanced under his eyelids at as much of his sister's face as was visible behind the slice of bread she was consuming.

"Take me with you, Gabe?"

"No," said Gabriel, "you must stay here and do up the house; and, mind you keep out o' the woods until your work's done. Besides," he added, loftily, "I've got some business with Mrs. Markle."

"Oh, Gabe!" said Olly, shining all over her face with gravy and archness.

"I'd like to know what's the matter with you, Olly," said Gabriel, with dignified composure.

"Ain't you ashamed, Gabe?"

Gabriel did not stop to reply, but rose, gathered up his tools and took his hat from the corner. He walked to the door, but suddenly turned and came back to Olly.

"Olly," he said, taking her face in both hands, after his old fashion, "Ef anything at any time should happen to me, I want ye to think, my darling, ez I always did my best for you, Olly, for you. Wotever I did was always for the best."

Olly thought instantly of the river.

"You ain't goin' into deep water to-day, Gabe, are you?" she asked, with a slight premonitory quiver of her short upper lip.

"Poaty deep for me, Olly; but," he added hastily, with a glance at her alarmed face, "don't you mind, I'll come out all safe. Good-bye."

He kissed her tenderly. She ran her fingers through his sandy curls, deftly smoothed his beard, and reknotted his neckerchief.

"You oughter hev put on your other shirt, Gabe; that ain't clean; and you a' goin' to Mrs. Markle's! Let me get your straw hat, Gabe. Wait."

She ran in behind the screen, but when she returned, he was gone.

It had been raining the night before, but on the earth beneath there was a dewy freshness, and in the sky above, the beauty of cloud scenery—a beauty rare to California except during the rainy season. Gabriel, although not usually affected by meteorological influences, nor peculiarly susceptible to the charms of Nature, felt that the morning was a fine one, and was for that reason, I imagine, more than usually accessible to the blandishments of the fair. From admiring a tree, a flower, or a gleam of sunshine, to the entertainment of a dangerous sentimentalism in regard of the other sex, is, I fear, but a facile step to some natures, whose only safety is in continuous practicality. Wherefore, Gabriel, as he approached the cottage of Mrs. Markle, was induced to look from Nature up to—Nature's goddess—Mrs. Markle, as her strong, bright face appeared above the dishes she was washing by the kitchen window.

And here occurred one of those feminine inconsistencies that are charming to the average man, but are occasionally inefficient with an exceptional character. Mrs. Markle, who had always been exceedingly genial, gentle and natural with Gabriel during his shyness, seeing him coming with a certain fell intent of cheerfulness in his face, instantly assumed an aggressive manner, which, for the sake of its probable warning to the rest of her sex, I venture to transcribe.

"Ef you want to see me, Gabriel Conroy," said Mrs. Markle, stopping to wipe the suds from her brow, but handsomely shaped arms, "you must come up to the sink, for I can't leave the dishes. Joe Markle always used to say to me, 'Sue, when you've got work to do, you don't let your mind wander 'round much on anything else.' Sal, bring a cheer here for Gabriel—he don't come often enough to stand up for a change. We're hard-working women, you and me, Sal, and we don't get time to be sick—and sick folks is about the only kind as Mr. Conroy cares to see."

Thoroughly astonished as Gabriel was with this sarcastic reception, there was still a certain relief that it brought to him; "Olly was wrong," he said to himself, "that woman only thinks of washin' dishes, and lookin' after her boarders. Ef she was allus

like this—and would leave a man alone, never foolin' around him, but kinder standin' off and tendin' strictly to the business of the house, why it wouldn't be such a bad thing to marry her. But like as not she'd change—you can't trust them critters. Howsomever I can set Olly's mind at rest."

Happily unconscious of the heresies that were being entertained by the silent man before her, Mrs. Markle briskly continued her washing and her monologue, occasionally sprinkling Gabriel with the overflow of each.

"When I say hard-workin' women, Sal," said Mrs. Markle, still addressing a gaunt female companion, whose sole functions were confined to chuckling at Gabriel over the dishes she was wiping, and standing with her back to her mistress—"When I say hard-workin' women, Sal, I don't forget ez they are men ez is capable of doin' all that and more—men ez looks down on you and me." Here Mistress Markle broke a plate, and then, after a pause, sighed, faced around with a little color in her cheek and a sharp snap in her black eyes, and declared that she was "that narvous" this morning that she couldn't go on.

There was an embarrassing silence. Luckily for Gabriel, at this moment the gaunt Sal picked up the dropped thread of conversation, and with her back to her mistress, and profoundly ignoring his presence, addressed herself to the wall.

"Narvous you well may be, Susan, and you slavin' for forty boarders, with transitory meals for travelers, and nobody to help you. If you was flat on your back with rheumatiz, ez you well might be, perhaps you might get a hand. A death in the family might be of service to you in callin' round you friends az couldn't otherwise leave their business. That cough that little Manty had onto her for the last five weeks would frighten some mothers into a narvous consumption."

Gabriel at that moment had a vivid and guilty recollection of noticing Manty Markle wading in the ditch below the house as he entered, and of having observed her with the interest of possible paternal relationship. That relationship seemed so preposterous and indefensible on all moral grounds, now that he began to feel himself in the light of an impostor, and was proportionally embarrassed. His confusion was shown in a manner peculiarly characteristic of himself. Drawing a small pocket comb from his pocket, he began combing out his sandy curls, softly,

with a perplexed smile on his face. The widow had often noticed this action, divined its cause, and accepted it as a tribute. She began to relent. By some occult feminine sympathy, this relenting was indicated by the other woman.

"You're out of sorts this morning, Susan, 'nd if ye'll take a fool's advice, ye'll jest quit work, and make yerself comfortable in the settin'-room, and kinder pass the time o' day with Gabriel; onless he's after waitin' to pick up some hints about housework. I never could work with a man around. I'll do up the dishes ef you'll excuse my kempany, which two is and three's none. Yer, give me that apron. You don't hev time, I declare, Sue, to tidy yourself up. And your hair's comin' down."

The gaunt Sal, having recognized Gabriel's presence to this extent, attempted to reorganize Mrs. Markle's *coiffure*, but was playfully put aside by that lady, with the remark, that "she had too much to do to think of them things."

"And it's only a mop, any way," she added, with severe self-depreciation; "let it alone, will you, you Sal! Thar! I told you, now you've done it."

And she had. The infamous Sal, by some deft trick well known to her deceitful sex, had suddenly tumbled the whole wealth of Mrs. Markle's black mane over her plump shoulders. Mrs. Markle, with a laugh, would have flown to the chaste recesses of the sitting-room; but Sal, like a true artist, restrained her, until the full effect of this poetic picture should be impressed upon the unsuspecting Gabriel's memory.

"Mop, indeed," said Sal. "It's well that many folks is of many minds, and self-praise is open disgrace; but when a man like Lawyer Maxwell sez to me only yesterday, sittin' at this very table, lookin' kinder up at you, Sue, as you was passin' soup, unconscious like, and one o' them braids droppin' down, and jest missin' the plate, when Lawyer Maxwell sez to me, 'Sal, thar's many a fine lady in Frisco ez would give her pile to hev Susan Markle's hair—'"

But here Sal was interrupted by the bashful escape of Mrs. Markle to the sitting-room.

"Ye don't know whether Lawyer Maxwell has any bisness up this way, Gabriel, do ye?" said Sal, resuming her work.

"No," said the unconscious Gabriel, happily as oblivious of the artful drift of the question as he had been of the dangerous suggestiveness of Mrs. Markle's hair.

"Because he *does* kinder pass here more frequent than he used, and hez taken ez menny ez five meals in one day. I declare, I thought that was him when you kem jest now! I don't think thet Sue notices it, not keering much for that kind of build in a man," continued Sal, glancing at Gabriel's passively powerful shoulders, and the placid strength of his long limbs. "How do you think Sue's looking now—ez a friend interested in the family—how does she look to you?"

Gabriel hastened to assure Sal of the healthful appearance of Mrs. Markle, but only extracted from his gaunt companion a long sigh and a shake of the head.

"It's deceitful, Gabriel! No one knows what that poor critter goes through. Her mind's kinder onsettled o' late, and, in that onsettled state, she breaks things. You see her break that plate jest now? Well, perhaps I oughtn't to say it—but you being a friend and in confidence, for she'd kill me, being a proud kind o' nater, suthin' like my own, and it may not amount to nothin' arter all—but I kin always tell when you've been around by the breakages. You was here, let's see, the week afore last, and there wasn't cups enough left to go round that night for supper!"

"May be it's chills," said the horror-stricken Gabriel, his worst fears realized, rising from his chair; "I've got some Indian cholagogue over to the cabin, and I'll jest run over and get it, or send it back." Intent only upon retreat, he would have shamelessly flown; but Sal intercepted him with a face of mysterious awe.

"Ef she should kem in here and find you gone, Gabriel, in that weak state of hers—nervous you may call it, but so it is—I wouldn't be answerable for that poor critter's life. Ef she should think you'd gone, arter what has happened, arter what has passed between you and her to-day, it would jest kill her."

"But what has passed?" said Gabriel, in vague alarm.

"It ain't for me," said the gaunt Sal, loftily, "to pass my opinion on other folk's conduct, or to let on what this means, or what thet means, or to give my say about people callin' on other people, and broken crockery, hair combs"—Gabriel winced—"and people ez is too nice and keeful to open their mouths afore folks! It ain't for me to get up and say that, when a woman is ever so little out of sorts, and a man is so far gone ez he allows to rush off like a mad-

man to get her medicines, what ez, or what ez'n't in it. I keep my own counsel, and thet's my way. Many's the time Sue hez said to me: 'Ef thar ever was a woman ez knowed how to lock herself up and throw away the key, it's you, Sal.' And there you are, ma'am, and it's high time ez plain help like me stopped talkin' while ladies and gentlemen exchanged the time o' day."

It is hardly necessary to say that the latter part of this speech was addressed to the widow, who, at that moment, appeared at the door of the sitting-room, in a new calico gown that showed her plump figure to advantage, or that the gaunt Sal intended to indicate the serious character of the performance by a show of increased respect to the actors.

"I hope I ain't intrudin' on your conversation," said the widow archly, stopping, with a show of consideration, on the threshold. "Ef you and Sal ain't done private matters yet—I'll wait."

"I don't think ez Gabriel hez anything more to say thet you shouldn't hear, Mrs. Markle," said Sal, strongly implying a recent confidential disclosure from Gabriel, which delicacy to Gabriel alone prevented her from giving. "But it ain't for me to hear confidence in matters of the feelin's."

It is difficult to say whether Mrs. Markle's archness, or Sal's woful perspicuity, was most alarming to Gabriel. He rose; he would have flown, even with the terrible contingency of Mrs. Markle's hysterics before his eyes; he would have faced even that forcible opposition from Sal of which he fully believed her capable, but that a dreadful suspicion that he was already hopelessly involved, that something would yet transpire that would enable him to explain himself, and perhaps an awful fascination of his very danger turned his irresolute feet into Mrs. Markle's sitting-room. Mrs. Markle offered him a chair, he sank helplessly into it, while, from the other room, Sal, violently clattering her dishes, burst into shrill song, so palpably done for the purpose of assuring the bashful couple of her inability to overhear their tender confidences, that Gabriel colored to the roots of his hair.

That evening Gabriel returned from his work in the gulch more than usually grave. To Olly's inquiries he replied shortly and evasively. It was not, however, Gabriel's custom to remain uncommunicative on even disagreeable topics, and Olly bided her time. It came after their frugal supper was

over—which, unlike the morning meal, passed without any fastidious criticism on Gabriel's part—and Olly had drawn a small box, her favorite seat, between her brother's legs, and rested the back of her head comfortably against his waistcoat. When Gabriel had lighted his pipe at the solitary candle, he gave one or two preliminary puffs, and then, taking his pipe from his mouth, said gently:

"Olly, it can't be done."

"What can't be done, Gabe?" queried the artful Olly, with a swift preconception of the answer, expanding her little mouth into a thoughtful smile.

"Thet thing."

"What thing, Gabe?"

"This yer marryin' o' Mrs. Markle," said Gabriel, with an assumption of easy, business-like indifference.

"Why?" asked Olly.

"She wouldn't hev me."

"What?" said Olly, facing swiftly around.

Gabriel evaded his sister's eyes, and, looking in the fire, repeated slowly, but with great firmness:

"No; not fur—fur—fur a gift!"

"She's a mean, stuck-up, horrid old thing!" said Olly fiercely. "I'd jest like to—why, thar ain't a man az kin compare with you, Gabe! Like her impudence!"

Gabriel waved his pipe in the air deprecatingly, yet with such an evident air of cheerful resignation, that Olly faced upon him again suspiciously, and asked:

"What did she say?"

"She said," replied Gabe slowly, "thet her heart—was—given—to another. I think she struck into poetry, and said:

'My heart it is another's,  
And it never can be thine.'

Thet is, I think so. I disremember her special remark, Olly; but you know women allers spout poetry at sech times. Ennyhow, that's about the way the thing panned out."

"Who was it?" said Olly suddenly.

"She didn't let on who," said Gabriel uneasily. "I didn't think it the square thing to inquire."

"Well," said Olly.

Gabriel looked down still more embarrassed, and shifted his position. "Well," he repeated.

"What did *you* say?" said Olly.

"Then?"

"No, afore. How did you do it, Gabe?" said Olly, comfortably fixing her chin in her hands, and looking up in her brother's face.

"Oh, the usual way!" said Gabriel, with a motion of his pipe, to indicate vague and glittering generalities of courtship.

"But how? Gabe, tell me all about it."

"Well," said Gabriel, looking up at the roof, "wimen is bashful ez a general thing, and thar's about only one way ez a man can get at 'em, and that ez, by being kinder keerless and bold. Ye see, Olly, when I kem inter the house, I sorter jest chuckled Sal under the chin—thet way, you know—and then went up and put my arm around the widder's waist, and kissed her two or three times, you know, jest to be sociable and familiar like."

"And to think, Gabe, thet after all that she wouldn't hev ye," said Olly.

"Not at any price," said Gabriel positively.

"The disgustin' beast!" said Olly. "I'd jest like to ketch that Manty hangin' round yer after that!" she continued savagely, with a vicious shake of her little fist. "And just to think, only to-day we give her her pick o' them pups!"

"Hush, Olly, ye mustn't do anythin' o' the sort," said Gabriel hastily. "Ye must never let on to any one anything. It's confidence, Olly—confidence, ez these sort o' things allus is—atween you and me. Besides," he went on re-assuringly, "that's nothin'. Lord, afore a man's married, he haz to go through this kind o' thing a dozen times. It's expected. There was a man as I once knowed," continued Gabriel, with shameless mendacity, "ez went through it fifty times, and he was a better man nor me, and could shake a thousand dollars in the face of any woman. Why, bless your eyes, Olly, some men jest likes it—it's excitement—like perspectin'."

"But what did you say, Gabe?" said Olly, returning with fresh curiosity to the central fact, and ignoring the Pleasures of Rejection as expounded by Gabriel.

"Well, I just up and sez this: Susan Markle, sez I, the case is just this. Here's Olly and me up there on the hill, and jess you and Manty down yer on the Gulch and mountings wild and valleys deep two loving hearts do now divide, and there's no reason why it shouldn't be one family and one house, and that family and that house mine. And it's for you to say when. And then I kinder slung in a little more poetry, and sorter fooled around with that ring," said Gabriel, showing a heavy plain gold ring on his powerful little finger, "and jest kissed

her agin and chucked Sal under the chin, and that's all."

"And she wouldn't hev ye, Gabe," said Olly thoughtfully, "after all that? Well, who wants her to? I don't."

"I'm glad to hear ye say that, Olly," said Gabriel. "But ye mustn't let on a word of it to her. She talks o' coming up on the hill to build, and wants to buy that part of the old claim where I perspected last summer, so's to be near us and look arter you. And Olly," continued Gabriel gravely, "ef she comes round yer foolin' around me ez she used to do, ye mustn't mind that—it's women's ways."

"I'd like to ketch her at it!" said Olly.

Gabriel looked at Olly with a guilty satisfaction, and drew her toward him.

"And now that it's all over, Olly," said he, "it's all the better ez it is. You and me'll get along together ez comfortable ez we kin. I talked with some of the boys the other day about sendin' for a schoolmarm from Marysville, and Mrs. Markle thinks it's a good idee. And you'll go to school, Olly. I'll run up to Marysville next week and get you some better clothes, and we'll be just ez happy ez ever. And then some day, Olly, afore you know it—them things come always suddent—I'll jest make a strike outer that ledge, and we'll be rich. Thar's money in that ledge, Olly, I've allus

allowed that. And then we'll go—you and me—to San Francisco, and we'll hev a big house, and I'll jest invite a lot of little girls—the best they is in Frisco, to play with you, and you'll hev all the teachers you want, and women ez will be glad to look arter ye. And then maybe I might make it up with Mrs. Markle—"

"Never!" said Olly, passionately.

"Never it is!" said the artful Gabriel, with a glow of pleasure in his eyes, and a slight stirring of remorse in his breast. "But it's time that small gals like you was abed."

Thus admonished, Olly retired behind the screen, taking the solitary candle, and leaving her brother smoking his pipe by the light of the slowly dying fire. But Olly did not go to sleep, and half an hour later, peering out of the screen, she saw her brother still sitting by the fire, his pipe extinguished, and his head resting on his hand. She went up to him so softly that she startled him, shaking a drop of water on the hand that she suddenly threw round his neck.

"You ain't worrying about that woman, Gabe?"

"No," said Gabriel, with a laugh.

Olly looked down at her hand. Gabriel looked up at the roof.

"There's a leak thar that's got to be stopped to-morrow. Go to bed, Olly, or you'll take your death."

(To be continued.)

## THE HIDDEN BROOK.

WHAT is this melody beneath the grass?

Come hither, stoop and listen,—nearer yet;  
And push aside the thick and tangled net  
Of bending rushes and the brakes' green mass.

It tones the shrilling of the locust's glee,  
And, like a harper's touches falling in  
With high notes of a master's violin,  
It binds a jarring strain to harmony.

Hush, bobolink! and cease to emulate.

Gay bird, thou hast not caught the gentle song:  
Too many roguish thoughts together throng,  
And mingle in thy carols to thy mate.

But, fresh from graver forest-symphonies,  
The winds, in varied movement, low and sweet,  
Within the pines and birch-trees may repeat  
This sweetest of the meadow's melodies.



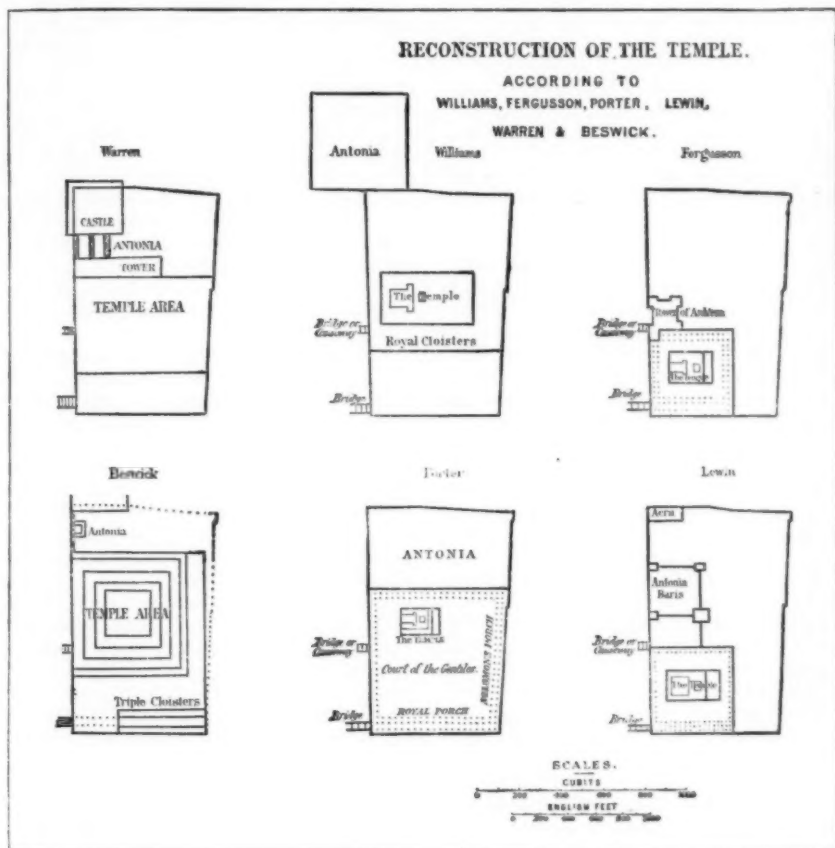
## THE SITE OF SOLOMON'S TEMPLE DISCOVERED.

"So Joshua sent men to measure their country, and sent with them some geometricians, who could not easily fail of knowing the truth, on account of their skill in that art."—"Jew. Antiq." v., 1, 21.

## THE PROBLEM STATED—RIVAL SITES OF THE TEMPLE.

THE Temple site is now known as the Haram ash Shârif. It is at once the most sacred and the most ancient, and within its

Rome has been to the Catholic Church. This Noble Sanctuary is the site of everything most dear to the Jew. Here were chanted in the First Temple the songs of Zion, and all that the prophets foretold of glory and dishonor, of victory and defeat, of



walls are concentrated the most important legends of Jew, Moslem, and Christian. To the Jews, the Holy Hill, with its Inclosure, was more than Rome's citadel was to the Romans. It was the stronghold of their religion and sacred history, somewhat as

promise and penalty, were drawn to a focus on the hill of the Temple, comprising an area confined within the limits of the Haram. It is at present the most beautiful spot in the whole city, without exception. It has all the outward appearance of a private park. The

great Dome of the Rock rises in its midst, surrounded with cypresses and olive-trees, marble fountains, arches, domes, cupolas, and graven pulpits, while the great Dome itself rests upon a broad platform of Jerusalem limestone.

The Sakhra is the rocky pinnacle or apex of the rocky spur forming the surface and foundation of the Haram, and the difficulty has been to place it in the Temple area so that this crown of the mountain shall not stand in the way of the pavements and courts. In fact theorists have not known where to place this uprising rock; it stands in the way of every theory yet proposed. It has ever been a mystery why it was permitted to exist at all where the rock was cut to suit a platform level and foundation, and its existence is the standing problem of to-day among Temple theorists—much more so, in fact, than the site of the Temple itself, for its existence unsettles every other problem, and makes any theory of the site of the Temple an impossibility, which does not first settle the problem of its own existence and site. It would seem at first sight as if Solomon's plan would have necessitated its removal in order to level down the rock for the foundations of the pavements and courts. Why, then, was it left? Why not cut down to the foundation or platform level? It stands so much in the way that there is barely level space enough on which to place the Temple pavements without an immense filling in of earthy material, or else of vaults and substructures, no matter where you place the Temple Area. It could not be placed anywhere without being upon a slope of the mountain, or in a valley. The rock in the north-east quarter of the Haram is 162 feet below the crown of the rock; the south-west quarter is 150 feet lower, and the south-east quarter is 163 feet below the Sacred Rock. This is a concise statement of the problem to be solved.

The foregoing illustration of rival theories which now occupy the field will give, better than any lengthened description, the different arrangement of the Haram Area proposed by Dr. Porter (who agrees with Dr. Robinson), Messrs. Williams, Lewin, Fergusson, Warren, and Beswick. The plans will also give a definiteness to the reader's conceptions which no mere words can convey. Mr. Beswick's plans and discoveries have never before been published, and what we now make known is but a mere outline of what he proposes to publish in a work on which he is now engaged.

#### THE METHOD ADOPTED IN FIXING THE SITE.

The preceding statement will have prepared the reader for a clear understanding of the main difficulties in fixing upon the exact site of the Temple Area and its boundaries, and of the merits of the rival theories which have been proposed as solutions of this most interesting and hitherto most difficult problem in Jerusalem topography.

The discovery of this site was made by Mr. S. Beswick, C. E., of New York city, who, after making the subject of Jerusalem topography a specialty for several years, at length formed a conception of the exact site of the Old Temple of Solomon and Herod. To verify that conception, he visited the Haram for the purpose of making a reconnaissance survey and fixing upon two sites: 1st. A base line of verification which everybody would admit, from which offsets or perpendicular distances could be made to the given stations; 2d. A central station, from which a standard offset could be made, and conveniently joined to the base of verification, such central station to be a natural formation, and not a work of art; all other sites and distances to be determined by these.

The two standard sites were satisfactorily determined by that reconnaissance. The western wall of the Haram ash Shârif, or so much of it as was left standing by Titus when Jerusalem was destroyed, was selected as the base of verification; the Sakhra was taken as the central station, and the line which joined the two together was the first standard offset by which all others were determined. The sides of the Court of Gentiles (Herod's Court), Court of Israel, and Court of the Priests, and even of the Holy House itself, were then taken and treated as a series of offsets and perpendiculars, and referred to the western wall as the base line for their verification as to length and breadth. The Sakhra was in fact a central station to the whole Temple Area.

These two things—the western wall, which he selected for his base line of verification, and the Sakhra, from which the first standard offset was drawn—are all that is left by the vandals under Titus of the original foundations and superstructure resting thereon. The eminent success which has resulted from this judicious selection, and the practical foresight which led to their adoption, will directly influence Palestine exploration in the Holy City for many years to come.

Mr. Beswick quietly visited the Haram with a working plan of his own making, which showed what had been done, and what had been left undone; what to do, and where to go and do it; what to discover, and where to find it. He had reason, therefore, to hope for the very best results from his reconnaissance survey. The elaborate measurements which form the basis of his verifications, and upon which his identifications of so many sites are grounded, are so numerous, varied, and full of detail, and applied to so many places and sites, that no amount of reading, or investigation at a distance, could ever have afforded the opportunity to develop so completely as he has done, a discovery which has seemed hitherto involved in inexplicable mystery. He has, however, completed the proof which fixes the site of the Temple in the Haram, and makes the Sakhra the absolute *central spot* of the Old Temple Area. And the proof is so simple that any one can verify it for himself. The standard offset, or fundamental measurement which fixes this site of the Temple, places the Sakhra at a distance of 250 cubits—369.26 ft.—from the western wall of the Inclosure, regarded as a base of verification. It will introduce a central fact to the attention of the civilized world; and there can be but one opinion as to its value and significance, and the revolution which its revelations will make in the field of Jerusalem topography.

#### THE SITE FIXED BY DIVINE COMMAND.

The distance of the apex of the Sakhra from the western wall as a base of verification is a fundamental measurement, and a leading test of the discovery claimed; and it is the most simple and satisfactory verification of the exact site of the Temple. If this distance or standard offset be admitted, then the Sakhra, or Sacred Rock, was simply a Central Core to the whole Temple Area, around which all the pavements and courts were built up, and to which they were fastened and united as one solid mass. The whole platform of pavements taking hold of the Sakhra as a Central Core, solid and immovable, according to the following Divine command that they should place the Temple Area around this rock as a center:

"This is the law of the house. Upon the top [Hebrew *rosh*—head, summit, vertex, apex, or tip-top] of the mountain, the *whole limit thereof round about* shall be most holy. Behold, this is the law of the house."—Ezek. xliii., 12.

Now the whole limit of the Sakhra round about would be as follows: On the north the mountain was limited by the valley lying between the Bezetha hill and the Temple Area; on the east it was limited by the Kedron valley; on the south by the Hinnom and Kedron ravines; and on the west by the Tyropoeon ravine. Thus the "whole limit thereof round about" was well defined by ravines; and on all these sides the extreme limit had to be built up to the required level of the platform of the outer court. Josephus gives a similar description:

"The hill was encompassed with a wall *around the top of it*. Joined together as a part of the hill itself to the very *top of it*. On the very *top of all* ran another wall. In the *midst of which* was the Temple itself."—*Jew. Antiq.* xv., 11, 3.

This Law of the House is a Divine command which fixes definitely the exact site of the Temple Area to be "the whole limit round about the top of the mountain." And this is the only passage where the site is ever definitely named. And, what is most remarkable, this notable passage has never been noticed by any one of the numerous explorers of Jerusalem. Yet, from this supreme stand-point, Mr. Beswick has studied the whole subject *de novo*. He foresaw that the Old Rock of Moriah had a special place in the Temple; that it acted as a Central Core, and carried upon its shoulders all the Temple pavements and courts, and upon its head ("upon the top of the mountain") rested as a crown the Temple itself. His discovery solved a problem, which has resisted every other attempt at solution: that the special place of the Old Rock in the Temple Area has been the cause of its preservation, and which, when determined, would enable the discoverer to settle all other questions of a topographical and numerical nature in relation to distance, area, and boundary. We will cite the Biblical evidence upon which his measurements of the Temple Area are based.

#### WIDTH OF TEMPLE AREA—BIBLE MEASURES.

The outline structure of the Area was as follows. It consisted of two main platforms, or courts, and two ranges of steps or ascents. The first platform was the Court of Israel, and the second was the Court of Priests. In reality, the uppermost platform was divided into two equal halves. On the western half was placed the Temple itself and surroundings, and the eastern half in front was strictly called the Court of Priests,

with the Altar of burnt-offering in the center. The first range of seven steps led up to the Court of Israel, and the second range of eight steps led up to the Court of Priests. Each range of steps was 50 cubits from top to bottom, and the level platform between the two ranges was also 50 cubits wide all round the area. The two ranges of steps, also, went round the whole of the four sides of the quadrangular Courts.—Ezekiel xl.

East Porch of steps.....	50 cubits, v. 15.
North " ".....	50 " v. 21.
South " ".....	50 " v. 25.

Inner and upper range of steps:

South Porch of steps.....	50 cubits, v. 29.
East " ".....	50 " v. 33.
North " ".....	50 " v. 30.

Outer gate to inner gate:—

Eastern entrance.....	100 cubits, v. 19.
Northern ".....	100 " v. 23.
Southern ".....	100 " v. 27.

From these measures it is evident that from the outer wall to the edge of the uppermost platform or court there was a distance of  $50 + 50 + 50 = 150$  cubits all around the Temple Area, on every side: the intervening platform, or level between the two ranges of steps, being only 50 cubits, forming the Court of Israel. The upper pavement was 200 cubits wide, and the western half of 100 cubits was covered by the House or Temple and its surroundings.

"So he measured the court [of the House or Temple] 100 cubits long and 100 cubits broad, four-square: and the altar that was before the house."—Ezek. xl., 47; see also xli., 13, 14.

The breadth of the House was 100 cubits, or half the width of the pavement or platform. On either side of the House were chambers, each story being 50 cubits wide in front.—Ezek. xliii.

The breadth was 50 cubits, v. 2.
The forefront was 50 cubits, v. 7.
The breadth was 50 cubits, v. 8.
South side like the north, v. 11.

Thus, the width of the upper platform was  $50 + 100 + 50 = 200$  cubits. We can now obtain the total width of the Temple Area:  $150 + 200 + 150 = 500$  cubits, from outer wall to outer wall. But, if the platform or Court of Israel be taken as the limit—not including the steps or ascent—its width would be  $100 + 200 + 100 = 400$  cubits only. This is what Josephus means when he says:

"The hill was walled all round and in compass four furlongs [or 1,600 cubits], each angle containing in length a furlong [or 400 cubits]."—*Antiq.* xv., 11, 3.

This estimate merely includes the wall built up to the edge of the platform or Court, and does not include the width of space for the range of steps forming the ascent, which added another 50 cubits on each side, making the total width 500 cubits from eastern outer wall of inclosure to western outer wall. The actual center of this Area was at the middle of the little gateway in front of the steps leading to the Grand Porch of the Temple, or between the forefront of the two brazen pillars, Jachin and Boaz. The distance from this position to the outer inclosure wall on any side was 250 cubits= $369.26122$  ft., or half the diameter of the Temple Area.

Now, when Mr. Beswick measured the distance of the Apex of the Sakhra, as now found in the Mosque of Omar, from the western wall of the Haram as a base of verification, he found it exactly 250 cubits= $369$  ft. 3.13 inches, which is the identical distance, given in the Bible, of the central spot in the Temple Area from its western side. This is the leading test and the simplest, because it admits of direct verification by any one who will take the trouble. And it is only one out of a hundred tests, all depending upon the same base of verification, and placed beyond dispute by making it purely a numerical proof independent of all theory.

#### THE LEADING TEST OF THIS DISCOVERY.

Mr. Beswick's leading test is the distance of the Old Rock as a central station from the west wall of the Haram as a base line of verification. The gate to the Porch of Solomon's Temple was 250 cubits= $369.26$  ft. from the western wall; and this was the Central Spot in the Old Temple Area. Mr. Beswick measured the distance of the Sakhra from the western wall to see how far it could be identified with "the top of the mountain" where Ezekiel (chap. xliii., 12) said the Temple and its Area were placed, and which is given as the Law of the House as to its site. The principal entrance to the Kubbat as Sakhra is on the west side through a deserted Bazaar. He measured the distance from the gate-way, Bab el Katinin, to the steps of the platform, and found it 102 cubits= $150.658$  ft.; from bottom of steps to outer side of Bab al Gharby Gate, 78 cubits= $115.21$  ft.; from thence to outer side of the Mosque wall, or to the side-post of doorway, 6 cubits= $8.86227$  ft.; thickness of wall, 4 cubits= $5.9$  ft.; inside face of wall to the

western vertical edge of the Sakhra, 45 cubits=66.467 ft.; thence to the proper front of the rock, 15 cubits=22.1557 ft.; total distance from Gate-way of the Bath, or western wall, to the proper vertex or apex of the Sakhra, 250 cubits=369.26 ft. This is exactly the distance of the central spot in the Old Solomonic Temple Area from the western wall, and from any one of the four sides of the Court of Israel in the days of King Solomon. And this leading test proves that the top of the mountain in Solomon's day, and the modern Sakhra now in the Dome of the Rock of Jerusalem, occupied the same, identical position as a central station, and are at the same distance from the western wall—the measurement being absolutely identical, 250 cubits=369.26 ft.

#### MEASUREMENTS OF COURTS IN SOLOMON'S TEMPLE.

Stations.	Cubits.	Fect.
*G.....	85	= 125.54881
*H.....	135	= 199.40105
*I.....	185	= 273.95330
*K.....	235	= 347.10554
*F.....	15	= 22.15567
*A.....	45	= 66.46702
*B.....	115	= 169.86016
*C.....	165	= 243.71240
*D.....	215	= 317.50465
*E.....	265	= 391.41689
FP.....	100	= 147.70449
PR.....	50	= 73.85324
RS.....	50	= 73.85324
ST.....	50	= 73.85324
FL.....	100	= 147.70449
LM.....	50	= 73.85324
MN.....	50	= 73.85324
NO.....	50	= 73.85324
TO.....	500	= 738.5324
PL.....	200	= 295.40897
BG.....	200	= 295.40897
SN.....	400	= 590.81795
DI.....	400	= 590.81795
TO.....	500	= 738.5324
EK.....	500	= 738.5324
PE.....	250	= 369.26122
FK.....	250	= 369.26122
MR.....	300	= 443.11346
VW.....	300	= 443.11346
VU.....	300	= 443.11346
I IV.....	500	= 738.5324
I II.....	500	= 738.5324
xG.....	130	= 192.01584
GH.....	50	= 73.85324
HI.....	50	= 73.85324
IK.....	50	= 73.85324
xB.....	70	= 103.39314
BC.....	50	= 73.85324
CD.....	50	= 73.85324
DE.....	50	= 73.85324
EK.....	500	= 738.5324

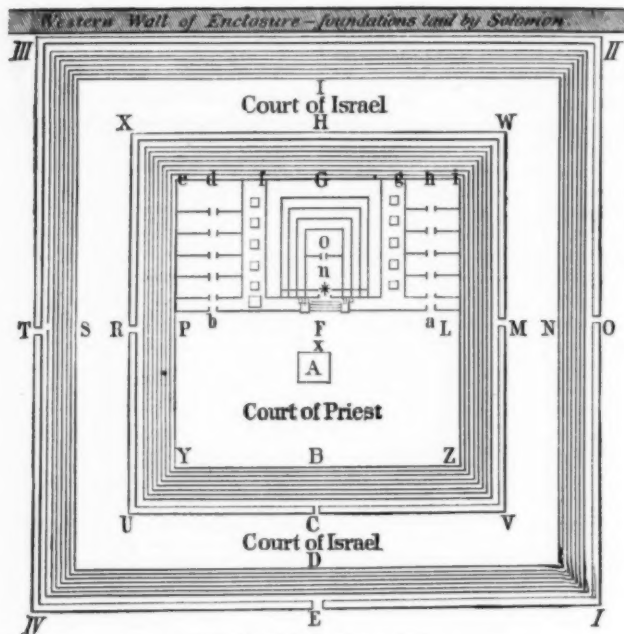
Stations.	Cubits.	Fect.
xF.....	30	= 44.31134
FG.....	100	= 147.70449
bd.....	100	= 147.70449
ah.....	100	= 147.70449
bF.....	75	= 110.77836
Fa.....	75	= 110.77836
Fo.....	65	= 96.00791
Ko.....	185	= 273.95330
xA.....	20	= 29.54089
AF.....	50	= 73.85324
ef.....	50	= 73.85324
gi.....	50	= 73.85324

As the entire width of the Temple Area in Solomon's day was 500 cubits, its half would be 250 cubits, which would be the distance of the center where the easterly façade of the pillars and porch stood. The Moslem Rock, Sakhra, is at precisely the same distance, 250 cubits from the western wall; so that the center of the Temple Courts and the Old Rock, Sakhra, occupy precisely the same site. All horizontal distances are made parallel with the base line formed by the western wall of the Haram Inclosure, and all perpendicular distances from this base line are made parallel with the standard line drawn from the Sakhra perpendicular to the western wall. The western wall is Mr. Beswick's base line, by which the length of all east and west walls are measured; and the line joining the Old Rock with this base is his first standard offset by which all north and south sides of the pavements and courts are measured. And if all other measurements agree with this location of the base line, and of the Old Rock as a central station, the demonstration of this identity of site is certain and complete. And such is the actual fact. Mr. Beswick has tested every measurement on the spot; evidences of the pavements having extended to given distances from the Sakhra are to be found on all four sides of the Haram. His leading test is therefore complete. The Temple Area in Solomon's day was a quadrangle, whose four sides were each 500 cubits in length, outside measure; but the pavement or court without the ascending steps was only 400 cubits in width. The Sakhra was the central core of the whole Temple Area, of the upper quadrangular pavement, and of every other quadrangular pavement beneath it. It was 100 cubits from each of the four sides of the upper pavement, 200 cubits from the sides of the lower pavement, and 250 cubits from the Inclosure Wall. And all these measures accord with the levels, scarpings, and contour plan of the whole rocky surface as it is now seen in the Haram. If all the platforms



and courts of the Temple could be taken together and placed upon the rocky surface of the Haram as one entire whole, it would fit upon that rocky surface as upon a mold. The rocky contour is simply the bare outline or foundation plan of the Temple pavements or courts.

The first level of 2,423.38 ft. (above the Mediterranean), on which the mosque platform rests, was the level of that grand ascent of steps outside of the Courts of Solomon's Temple, which the Queen of Sheba so much admired. It was the entrance level to the Court of Israel. The second level, on which the



BESWICK'S PLAN OF TEMPLE AREA.

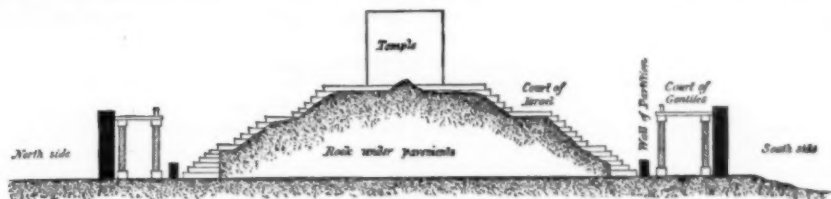
#### SAKHRA CUT TO THE LEVELS OF THE TEMPLE COURTS.

The surface of the Sacred Rock Moriah bears the marks of rough chiseling, and of having been cut down to suit a given level which has once covered it with either wood or stone. Captain Wilson, of the Royal Ordnance Survey, says of the Sakhra: "The surface of the rock bears the marks of hard treatment and rough chiseling. On the western side it is cut down in three steps, and on the northern side in an irregular shape, the object of which could not be discovered." The first vertical cutting is 1.8463 ft., then a sudden slope of 1.969 ft., and another vertical cutting of 5.4158 ft. The step formed by this last cutting forms the basement of rock upon which the mosaic floor of the mosque rests. This slope and cutting are equal to  $1.9694 + 5.4158 = 7.3852$  ft.

marble pavement of the mosque itself rests (2,430.647 ft.), was the level of the pavement or uppermost level of the Court of Israel; and the third level, or highest vertical step on the apex of the Sakhra (2,438.1535 ft.) below the sloped cutting of 1.9694 ft., was the level of the upper pavement or Court of Priests in Solomon's Temple. The marble pavement of the mosque, according to Mr. Beswick's measurement, is 4.8 ft. lower than the apex of the rock, with a level of 2,435.1996 ft. above the Mediterranean Sea. The rock underneath has a level of 2,430.7683 ft., and the marble pavement was found by measurement to be 3 cubits (4.4311 ft.) deep. The vertical cutting of the rock is about one ft. (0.9847 ft.) greater than the depth of pavement, so that the slope and cutting are 7.3852 ft. The sheik of the mosque said that the Moslems have a tradition that the Sakhra hangs in the air 7 ft. above the gen-

eral level of the Sanctuary; so the Moslem fanatics turn the fact to good account, that the rocky level under the mosque pavement is exactly 7.3852 ft. higher than the general level of the Haram near the platform.

the head of which has the same level as the Court of Gentiles. The rock, in fact, has been cut down and sloped all around the Sakhra as a CENTRAL CORE to the shape and levels of the pavements or courts. A



DESWICK'S PLAN OF ROCK.

The top of the Sakhra has a level of 2,440 ft. Its western side has evidently been cut down into three steps at the successive depths of 1.8463, 7.3852, and 22.1556 ft.; or to the three successive levels 2,408.612, 2,430.768, and 2,438.1535 ft., corresponding with the levels of the three courts or platforms. The *first* stepping was the general level of the Temple Area outside of the courts, which afterward became the level of the Gentile Court. The *second* stepping was the level of the Court of Israel. The *third* and highest stepping was the level of the Court of Priests, on which the Temple itself stood. The *three* vertical cuttings of this apex of the Old Rock correspond to the successive heights of these three courts or platforms, the total height being  $1.846 + 7.385 + 22.155 = 31.388$  ft., which is the height of the apex above the general level of the rock around the outer sides of the Haram Inclosure (or  $2,440 - 2,408.612 = 31.388$  ft.). This remarkable fact cannot be mere coincidence. In short, the rock all around is cut and scarped and sloped down as if to a pattern, and made to take the general shape of the Temple Area, having its sudden slopes exactly where the steps and ascents to the two courts were, and now are found at exactly the same distances from the Sakhra as a central spot or station. The outline of the whole Rocky Area is the same as the general outline of the whole Temple Area, platform with platform, and slopes with ranges of steps, as shown in the above diagram.

From the Sakhra to the south-west angle of the Haram there is a dip of 140 ft.; to the south-east angle 160 ft.; to the north-east angle a dip of 120 ft. The ridge of the Sakhra slopes to the Triple Gate in the south wall 60 ft. in 400, or one in 6.5 ft. To the north it slopes to a natural valley,

contour has been given to it, with levels to fit and agree with the height and levels of the Temple Area. These are the results of a careful and systematic survey, and the contour maps of the Palestine Ordnance Survey confirm these results. Around the Sakhra the rock slopes away gradually on every side. On the north-west the rock has a fall of about 20 ft. in 600; on the north a fall of 20 ft. in 400; on the east a fall of 40 ft. in 400; and on the south a fall of 30 ft. in 600. There is no other in the Haram, nor on the ridge of the spur of Moriah, where so much labor would be saved in the erection of such a Temple Area as round about this pinnacle and crown of the mountain.

TABLE OF ELEVATIONS—SITE OF SOLOMON'S GRAND ASCENT.

	Cubits	Feet.	Level.
Nave and floor of porch	5=	7.38522	2445.53879
Upper pavement	5=	7.38522	2438.15357
Lower " "	5=	7.38522	2430.76835
Lower " Bottom of			
7 steps, top of grand			
ascent or ramp-steps	10=	14.77045	2423.38313
Level of Court of Gentiles	20=	29.54089	2408.61268
Level of substructure floor,			
double gate, triple gate,			
etc.			2379.07179

The grand ascent (*alath*) or ramp-steps by which the Jews went up to the Temple Courts in Solomon's day was a ramp or stepped sidewalk all around the outer wall of the Temple Courts on the north, south, and east sides. It was outside the walls, and up this ramp of steps the devout worshiper ascended in order to enter the outer gates to the Court of Israel. Having entered the gates, he passed up another range of 7 steps inside the walls before reaching the pavement or Court. This grand ascent out-

side the walls was the one which the Queen of Sheba so much admired (1 Kings, x., 5). The bottom of this grand ramp was the general level of the palace grounds or street level outside the Courts. The total height of the grand ascent outside (10 cubits) and of the 7 steps inside (5 cubits) was  $10 + 5 = 15$  cubits = 22.15567 ft., and the difference between the levels was 2,423 ft. — 2,408 ft. Herod cut away the rock forming this grand ramp, and carried it inside, thereby making the ascent inside the greater, consisting of 14 instead of 7 steps, thus forming two ranges into one grand stepped ascent of 14 steps, from the Court of Gentiles to the inner Court of Israel, the total height being 15 cubits, as in the days of Solomon.

"That second Court of the Temple was called 'The Sanctuary,' and was ascended to by 14 steps from the first Court.

"This Court was four-square; the height of its buildings, although it was on the outside 40 cubits, was hidden by the steps, and on the inside that height was but 25 cubits [hence height of steps = 15 cubits]."—Josephus, "Wars," v., 5, 2.

In Herod's Temple, therefore, the site of the grand ascent was converted by Herod into the Court of Gentiles, and the rock cut away where necessary, so that the grand ascent was carried inward and added to the former ascent, so that the ascent from the Court of Gentiles to the Court of Israel consisted of 14 steps, whose total height was 15 cubits = 22.15567 feet.

Mr. Beswick concludes from this result

wall to the interior to make room for the Court of Gentiles, the rock has been cut away in two places only, north and south. In the north the rock has cropped up too high, so that a deep scarp has been cut to get the required level for the Gentile Court, namely, 2,408 feet, and this deep scarp is visible along the entire northern edge of the mosque platform. A careful, systematic survey of the Sakhra, and the rock underneath the platform, proves clearly that its successive levels fit truly, and correspond with such levels, heights, lengths, and requirements, as would suit the Temple of Solomon and its successor built by Herod as closely as the nature of the case would admit of, or could reasonably be expected.

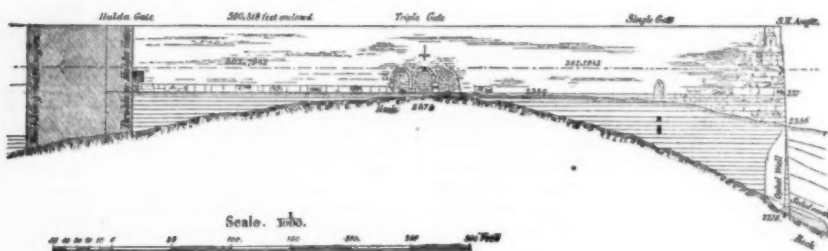
It would be well if those who undertake to give Biblical illustrations and plans of Herod's Temple would take notice of this important fact, which occupies a subordinate place in Mr. Beswick's reconstruction of the Temple Area.

#### SITE OF THE HOLY PLACE.

Mr. Beswick says that the western side of the inner door-way, Bab al Gharby, is exactly 45 cubits = 66.467 ft., from the Sakhra, and that the exact site of the Most Holy Place in the Old Temple is underneath the door-sill of this western entrance to the Dome of the Rock. The width of this doorway is also exactly 20 cubits = 29.54 ft., being the same width as the Nave and Holy

### JERUSALEM.

GENERAL SKETCH, ELEVATION OF SOUTH FRONT OF THE NOBLE SANCTUARY.



that the different ancient levels on the Sacred Rock, made for the pavements and courts of Solomon's Temple, were left unutilized by Herod, and that while he utilized them when he rebuilt this famous edifice, he also preserved them, and left the ancient landmarks upon the Sacred Rock *in situ*. In removing the grand ramp from the outer

Place in Solomon's Temple. And there is an unexplained tradition to this effect among the Moslems of to-day, although no traveler but Mr. Prime has mentioned it. The tradition says, that there is a crypt, or vault, underneath the western side of the building, which is regarded as the Holy of Holies, and is said to contain the armor of

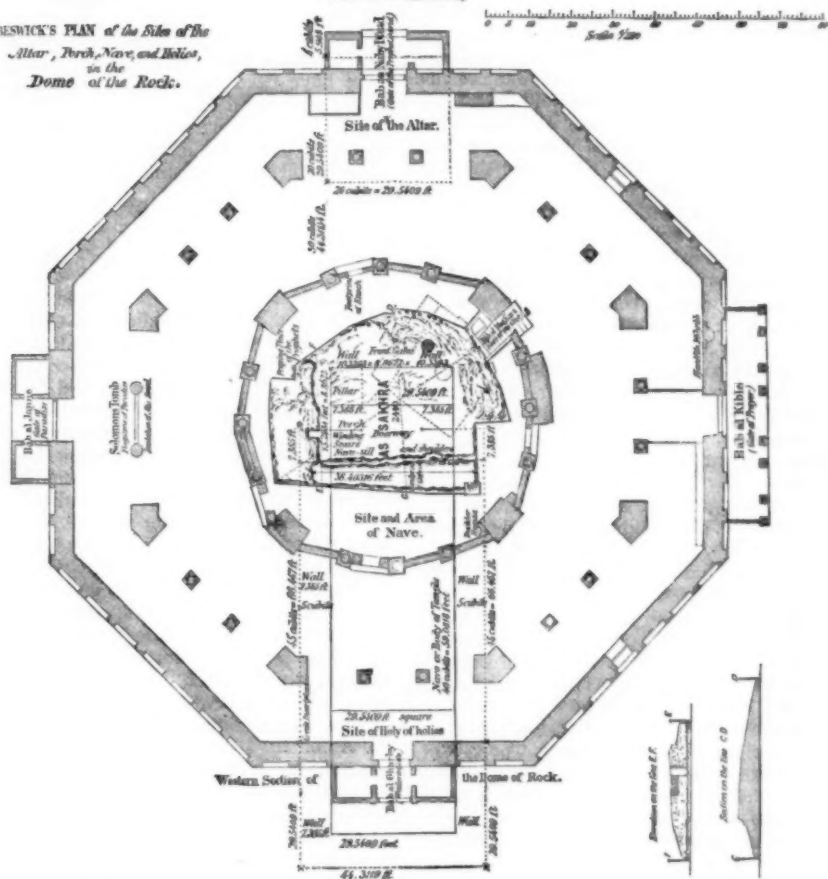
Mohammed himself. The site is identical with that of the Holy Place of the Jewish Temple, according to Mr. Beswick's plan of the Temple Area. About 22.1557 ft. by 29.54 ft. of the west side of the ancient site of the Holy Place now lies outside the western entrance of the Mosque, Kubbat

If Christian pilgrims only knew it, here would be the place of reverence, of prostration and kneeling; the most sacred spot on earth to a Jew—now at the very threshold of the western door of the Mosque of Omar, exactly half-way between the outer sill of the gate, Bab al Gharby, and inner sill of

### ORDNANCE SURVEY OF JERUSALEM

#### KUBBAT AS SAKHRA (Dome of the Rock)

BESWICK'S PLAN of the Sites of the  
Altar, Porch, Nave, and Holies,  
in the  
Dome of the Rock.



as Sakhra. If the Moslem devotees only knew it, the most sacred spot in the Haram Sanctuary is within the limits of the western entrance, Bab al Gharby, or 7.385 ft. outside the inner post of the inner door-sill; it is the central spot, where once stood the Mercy-seat in the middle of the Holy Place.

the same. The entire space within that western gate is one of the most sacred spots on earth, the exact central spot of the Holy of Holies. The outside width of the gate is 20 cubits = 29.54 ft., exactly the width of the Sacred Place in the Temple; and the north and south sides of the gate

are in the identical places where the north and south sides of the Sacred Oratory once stood; whilst the place where the Ark once lay is in the vestibule of the gate-way itself, and almost touching the sill of the inner door-way.

#### THE SAKHRA CUT TO FIT THE PORCH OF THE TEMPLE.

If the Sakhra was the Central Core of the Temple Area, and occupied a central position, as Mr. Beswick's discovery and the Biblical statement by Ezekiel (xliii., 12) affirm it to have done, then important consequences follow, which will subject this discovery to a very singular and severe, but very important test. And, if it stands this test, it would seem as if it were useless to subject it to any other. Granting that the Sakhra and its apex had their site in the very center of the Old Temple Area, where the Porch of the Temple stood, it would seem to be a natural inference that the Crown of the Rock would be cut down in length, and depth, and width, to suit the length, width and depth of the Porch of the Temple wherever the rock required it. Mr. Beswick assures us that such is the fact. The apex of the Sakhra is cut at the sides as if to a pattern, and made to fit into the vestibule and porch of a temple having the plan and measurement of the Temple built by Solomon.

According to Mr. Beswick's careful measurements of the Sakhra, under the Dome of the Rock, the northern side is cut down vertically from the western edge of the crown, or from west to east, to a distance of 9 cubits = 13.2934 ft.; and the distance of the nave-sill in Solomon's Temple to the front of the platform of the Porch was also 9 cubits = 13.2934 ft. Hence the stones of the outer pavement of the Court were laid down up to the very sides of the vestibule and platform of the Porch. Then again, the width of the eastern front was 30 cubits; but if the thickness (2 cubits) of the side-walls of the vestibule be deducted, there will be left  $30 - 4 = 26$  cubits = 38.4 ft., inside measurement, as the length of vestibule inside. This accords with the shape of the Sakhra, as the explorer sees it to-day. The Crown of the Rock is actually cut down to this length, 38.4 ft., from north to south, by 13.2934 ft. from west to east. The Vestibule in Solomon's Temple was in length 38.4 ft. by 7.3852 ft. And the platform of the Porch was also in length (not includ-

ing the width of side-walls or pilasters upon which the platform rested) 38.4 ft. by 5.9 ft., the total width being  $7.385 + 5.908 = 13.2934$  ft. The crown of the Sakhra has these two vertical cuttings of 7.385 and 5.9 ft. in width on the northern side of the rock, made due east and west. Captain Wilson, of the English Palestine party, sent out in 1854, says of these cuttings:

"On the western side it is cut down in three steps, and on the northern side in an irregular shape, the object of which could not be discovered."

The two vertical cuttings have had their corresponding ones on the south side, but these have been almost defaced, although still visible. And these cuttings are exactly at the same distance from the western wall as the vestibule and platform of the Porch were distant from the same base line of verification in the Temple Area in Solomon's day.

#### NUMERICAL TEST OF THE MAIN DISCOVERY.

When Herod enlarged the Temple Area by adding another cloister called the Court of Gentiles, he could only make this addition to three of its sides; for the west wall of the inclosure came in contact with the Old Temple Area at the western side of the Court of Israel. There was no space between. This is one of the most important points in Mr. Beswick's discovery; and it is one which has never before been suspected—the Court of Gentiles, added to the Temple Area by Herod, had no western side whatever. It had only three sides, as stated by Josephus ("Wars," v., 5, 1). The new court was 30 cubits = 44.3113 ft. in width; therefore the northern and southern sides of the Temple Area were 30 cubits shorter than the eastern and western sides. At the north-western angle of the Area was a north-western cloister, which united the Temple Area with the Antonia. Its length was 220 cubits = 324.949 ft., including the width of the Antonia.

Now Josephus gives the entire length of these cloisters, and his estimate will enable us to test the correctness and value of Mr. Beswick's discovery. Josephus says:

"And the cloisters were 30 cubits wide (the three cloisters forming the Court of Gentiles); and the whole circuit of cloisters measured six furlongs when the Antonia also is included."—"Wars," v., 5, 2.

Mr. Beswick gives the following lengths of the sides of the outer cloister in Herod's day:



	Cubits.	Fect.
North.....	520 =	782.83379
South.....	530 =	782.83379
East.....	500 =	827.14513
West.....	560 =	827.14513
	2180 =	3219.95783
Antonia Cloister.....	220 =	324.94987
6 furlongs=	2400 =	3544.90770

Therefore the whole circuit of the outer cloister measured *six* furlongs, or, 2,400 cubits, as Josephus described it when Jerusalem was destroyed by Titus. This is a very remarkable and severe test of Mr. Beswick's plan of the Temple Area, which has been based upon his discovery of the Temple site. No other plan yet presented has ever stood this test, including those of Robinson, Fergusson, Williams, Porter, Lewin, Lightfoot, Kraft, Barclay, Tobler, Thrupp, and, lastly, Captain Warren. Of course, all these estimates are based upon the fundamental discovery, that the Sakhra was the central core of the Temple Area.

Occupying a subordinate place in this discovery is the site of the Fortress Antonia, and among the many proofs which Mr. Beswick cites is the following. At the south-east corner of the site, where he has placed the Antonia, the natural rock has been cut to the actual shape of a corner, as if to form the angle of some ancient building of the same size as the Antonia. This rocky angle has been hitherto overlooked by every other explorer. Its identification and recognition spring out of the fact that this was the only spot where the Antonia could have been, if Mr. Beswick's plan of the site and area of the Old Temple be correct; and, upon looking for the evidences of its existence upon this spot, the scarped angle was found to occupy the site. It clearly belongs to a square of 124.0717 ft., and leaves a space of 100.439 ft. on each side, north and south, to make up the 324.9498 ft., which was the length of the north-west cloister.

Width of Antonia.....	124.0717
Northern end of cloister.....	100.4390
Southern " ".....	100.4390
	324.9497

About 25 ft. are clearly visible to-day, forming the east and south sides of the angle. The east side is 124.0717 ft. from the line of the west wall in the Haram, and the south side of the angle is 100.439 ft. from the ancient site of the Temple north wall. The site of the Antonia is midway

between the length of the north-west cloister, of which the Antonia formed a part, and by which it was joined to the Temple Courts. The identification of this site has been based upon direct and indirect proofs too numerous to mention. Everything appears to fall into line and take the most suitable and natural position the moment Mr. Beswick's plan is placed upon a map of the Haram drawn to the same scale as his own. In this respect, the Ordnance Survey map of the Haram, published by the English Palestine Exploration Fund, has done him good service, and might have been made to suit his purpose.

The western wall of the Haram is therefore a reliable base line, and a line of 250 cubits=369.26 ft., drawn from the middle of the Sakhra to this base, is a first standard offset, to which all others are reduced, forming north and south sides to the court and walls of the Temple Area. According to the Talmud, "The greatest space was on the south, the next on the east, next on the north, and least on the west." (Lightfoot, "Descr. Temple Hieros." c. 3.) In other words, the Temple and Courts were on the north-west part of its own inclosure, as seen on Mr. Beswick's plan; and as they were placed against the western wall of the inclosure, the space inclosed was "least on the west."

#### ANOTHER NUMERICAL TEST.

A casual and seemingly unimportant remark is made by Josephus in relation to the enlargement of the Temple Area by Herod. The old south wall of the inclosure was extended by Herod, until its south-west angle was in line with the old western wall; it was now 625 cubits=923.153 ft. according to Mr. Beswick's measurement. Herod now carried the eastern front forward, so as to make the entire length of the whole Temple Area equal in width. Its northern and southern sides were alike and equal, being 923.153 ft. And as the northern Court of Gentiles limited the Temple Area on the north, the eastern and western walls of the inclosure, not including the Antonia branch, measured by the distance of the north and south walls, were both of equal length, namely: 1,220.039 ft., including the width of walls, north and south. But as the north and south walls were each 8 cubits=11.816359 ft. thick ("Wars," vi., 5. 1), and the east and west walls were each only 4 cubits=5.903179 ft. thick, the length of space inclosed was only 911.33 by 1,196.4 ft.



Its half would be:

$$\begin{aligned} 500 \times 500 &= 250,000 \text{ cubits.} \\ 738.52 \times 738.52 &= 545,415.33 \text{ ft.} \end{aligned}$$

The newly inclosed space was exactly *twice as large* as that before inclosed. Josephus says that such was the fact. "Herod rebuilt the Temple, and encompassed a piece of land *about it* with a wall, which was twice *as large* as that before inclosed." ("Wars," i., 21., 1.)

This proof, like the former one, is numerical in character, and is wholly based on the discovery that the Sakhra is that Mount Moriah, whose apex or crown was in the center of the Temple Area, for the outer Court of Gentiles on the north fixes the limit of the eastern and western walls, and the extent of the area northward.

#### COURT OF GENTILES HAD NO WESTERN SIDE.

This result of Mr. Beswick's researches is one of the most valuable and important of all his discoveries, growing out of the fundamental determination which fixes the site of Solomon's Temple where the Sakhra occupies the central spot in the area. It is also one of the most unexpected of his discoveries. He asks the pertinent question, "If the Temple Area inclosed by Solomon and Nehemiah was placed against the western wall, would you not either have to pull down this wall, or else have no western cloister to the Court of Gentiles?" On the other hand, Mr. Beswick claims that Josephus distinctly affirms that the Court of Gentiles had only three sides, while he also says that the Court of Israel was quadrangular or four-sided. Josephus declares that the Inclosure wall of Herod was built up on three sides only.

"And when Herod and others had built walls on *three sides* of the Temple round about from the bottom of the hill, they then encompassed their [the three walls] upper courts with cloisters."—"Wars," vi., 5, 1.

The western wall remained as before; the three sides round about were only north, east, and south, and the cloisters built upon them could only be *three* in number. The cloisters and their walls were only three in number. This passage is simple and clear. A western cloister to the Court of Gentiles is never referred to by Josephus.

On the other hand, Mr. Beswick claims that in the same passage Josephus speaks of the Court of Israel as being four-square in such a way as to imply that the Court of

Gentiles he had just described was not four-sided. He says:

"When you go through these cloisters [Court of Gentiles] unto the second Temple, etc., \* \* \* for that second Temple was called the Sanctuary. This Court [Court of Israel] was *four-square*."—"Wars," vi., 5, 2.

This marked distinction would have no meaning if it were not designed to teach that the Court of Gentiles was not four-square. This radical error appears to be universal; it has been overlooked in all the published plans of the Temple Area, without a single exception. The Court of Gentiles had no western side whatever; it was three-sided, and not quadrangular. And this fact, which has never before been even suspected, readily accounts for some remarkable statements of Josephus when describing the attack of the Roman legions under Titus on the western wall of the Temple Area. He says:

"Titus gave orders that the battering-rams should be brought and set over against the *western edifice* of the *inner temple* [or Court of Israel]."—"Wars," vi., 4, 1.

"The one bank was over against the north-west corner of the *inner temple* [Court of Israel]."—"Wars," vi., 2, 7.

Mr. Beswick, when citing this passage, asks, "How could the battering-rams be placed against the western cloister of the inner temple, or Court of Israel, before a single cloister had been stormed and taken?" Of course, if the Court of Gentiles had extended along the western side of the Temple Area between the wall and Court of Israel, then the banks would have been placed against the north-west corner of the Court of Gentiles, and not the inner temple. The first court would have been the Court of Gentiles. But Josephus says:

"The legions came near the *first court*, and began to raise their banks. The one bank was over against the north-west corner of the *inner temple*."

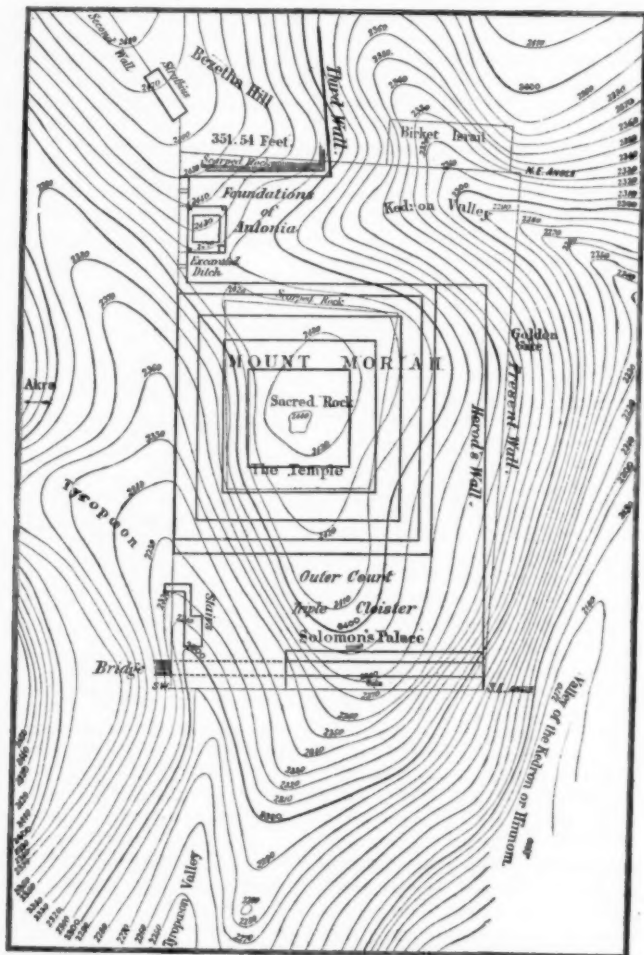
In this passage, the first court is clearly the court of the inner temple, or Court of Israel, on the west side of the Inclosure. There are a number of such passages in Josephus. This single element in Mr. Beswick's discovery will almost revolutionize our illustrated plans of the Temple Area during the life-time of the Savior.

#### BEZETHA HILL—SITE OF SECOND AND THIRD WALLS.

Mr. Beswick says that the old northern wall of the Temple Area was pulled down by Titus to its very foundations in the rocky

platform upon which the Temple Courts rested, and has never been rebuilt. The old wall was 923.153 ft. in length. In Herod's day, there was a northern wall of 352 ft., inclosing the Antonia with its rocky foundations, which extended some distance eastward beyond the citadel itself. Titus

the foundation so cut away was of the same width as the base of the hill of which it originally formed the lowest part. The scarp left a deep ditch 351.54 ft. long and 57.6 ft. wide, running east and west between the scarped bottom of the Bezetha hill and the wall of the Antonia foundations. The wall



TEMPLE AREA AND CONTOUR OF ROCK.

had no wall to destroy, excepting this short stretch which covered the foundations. It was 351.24 ft. in length, exactly the width of the Bezetha hill from valley to valley. The entire width of the hill was cut away from the foundations of the Antonia, and

and foundations were of the same length as the width of the hill thus cut away: we may take the one as a measure of the other.

The width of the Bezetha hill has hitherto been supposed to extend as far as the modern east wall and St. Stephen's Gate; but,

Mr. Beswick's discoveries now prove that this is a mistake. The eastern wall is a modern construction, including even the pool Birket Israil, and every other work whose sides are perpendicular offsets of the modern east wall, and look to it as a base of verification. Every old work on the eastern side of the northern wall of the Haram, from the eastern valley of the Bezetha hill, where the 352 ft. of scarped rock ends, is wholly modern, and did not exist when Titus destroyed Jerusalem. On the other hand, everything old within the limits of this scarp is of a more ancient date than anything east of it. The 351.54 ft. of scarp is the width of the Bezetha hill, and indicates where the old line of the third wall ran when Titus took Jerusalem.

The length of scarped rock being a measure of the width of Bezetha hill, also indicates the space between the second and third walls; at its western end was the second wall, and at its eastern end was the third wall. At the eastern end of this scarp it turns directly north, forming a clear corner or angle. The old north wall ran from this corner along the foundations of the Antonia westward, and joined the old west wall at the extreme northern end of the north-west cloister.

The second wall ran direct from the Antonia cloister to the pool Struthius, passing right through its middle from end to end. Josephus says: "The bank which was raised at the Antonia was raised by the fifth legion over against the *middle* of that pool which is called Struthius."—"Wars," v., 11, 4.

The bank was raised against the wall running through the middle of the pool. John's party undermined the bank, cutting away the underlying rock. Mr. Beswick calls attention to the evidence which exists to this day of the rock having been taken away from this particular spot, in line with the middle of the pool. The scarped rock under the barracks and Serai ends abruptly, and leaves an intervening space between it and the direct line of the western wall with the middle of this pool, Struthius. The scarped rock, directly in front of the southern end of the pool, has been leveled and carried away to the extent required. ("Wars," v., 11, 4.) The second wall clearly ran up north-west along the western side of the hill Bezetha; and the third wall clearly ran up the eastern side of the same hill. All beyond this, including the traditional pool Birket Israil and eastern wall, is mod-

ern and post-Herodian. These researches afford us the first clear insight into the northern topography of the Temple Area, and of the exact points where the second and third walls joined the old walls of the Temple Inclosure on the north.

The following is a synoptical table of the principal measurements made by Mr. Beswick, involving the leading points in this notable discovery of the exact site of Solomon's Temple in the Haram ash Shârif at Jerusalem, and the Baris or Castle of Antonia adjoining thereto:

MODERN INCLOSURE.		Fect.
Haram Western wall	.....	1590.77
" Eastern "	.....	1530.21
" Northern "	.....	1045.74
" Southern "	.....	923.15

SECOND TEMPLE INCLOSURE.		
East wall	.....	738.52
North "	.....	738.52
South "	.....	738.52
West "	.....	949.74
South-east angle to center of triple gate;		
east half length of wall	.....	302.79
Center of triple gate to west of double gate;		
west half length of wall	.....	302.79

TOWER LYING OUT.		
North side	.....	184.64
South "	.....	184.64
East "	.....	103.39
South wall without tower	.....	420.94
Total length of south wall	.....	605.58
Total length inclosed by wall	.....	590.82

HEROD'S INCLOSURE.		
Western wall	.....	1533.17
Eastern "	.....	1220.04
Northern "	.....	923.15
Southern "	.....	923.15
Length of north-west cloister	.....	324.95
Width of north-west cloister	.....	32.49
Width of Antonia Fortress	.....	59.08
Length of Antonia Fortress	.....	59.08
Total length of western wall	.....	1533.17
South-west angle from south side		
of Antonia	.....	1308.66
Scarped rock north of Antonia	.....	351.54
Ditch between scarp and wall	.....	57.61
Space between Antonia and northern wall	.....	100.44
Space between Antonia and Temple Area	.....	100.44
Height of rock and scarp of Antonia	.....	73.85
Width of scarp	.....	32.49
Length of scarp	.....	124.07

COURT OF GENTILES.		
East wall	.....	327.14
North "	.....	782.83
South "	.....	782.83
Width of court	.....	44.31
No west side of court	.....	



## THE SAKHRA IN CENTER OF TEMPLE AREA.

	<i>Feet.</i>
Center from North side of area .....	413.57
" " South " " .....	413.57
" " East " " .....	413.57
" " West wall of inclosure .....	369.26
" " South " " .....	794.65
Between Temple Courts and south wall...	381.07

## IDENTIFICATION OF NUMEROUS SITES.

Mr. Beswick has extended his researches beyond the site of the Temple; he has traced Nehemiah's builders from end to end of the great wall, and has identified the sites of the gates and towers enumerated in the narrative of that patriotic leader (Nehemiah iii.), including the Sheep-gate, Corner-gate, Fish-gate, Valley-gate, Dung-gate; also the Towers of Meah, Hananeel, Furnaces, Siloam, and the Great Tower which lieth out from the King's house. But the most important identification is the site of David's sepulcher. Mr. Beswick proposes to publish a work in which these subjects are discussed separately.

The rock was found to be scarped and cut down where it had cropped up too high, so as to reduce it to the required level of either platform or steps. This is especially the case at the northern end of the mosque platform, and for a short distance at the southern end near the Cup, and at the same distance from the Sakhra in both cases. The direction and location of the sides of the courts, as laid down in this plan when traced on the Ordnance Map of the Haram, led at once to the means of identifying a number of important sites, and furnished a satisfactory reason for the existence and location of many rock-cut structures and scarpings which have baffled all attempts at explanation. The two cruciform tanks, Nos. 6 and 36, in the Ordnance Survey Map, fall into their proper place, and become the two gates or entrances, for male and female, from the Court of Gentiles to the Court of Israel, the smaller cruciform tank, No. 6, being to the east of the larger entrance, and in the proper place for the women to enter the women's court, with

their entrances to the south, as the case required.

The Jews' Wailing Place also falls into position with the rest. The outer wall of the Old Temple Area under Solomon, if prolonged, would strike the very gate-way to the Wailing Place, and the outer wall of the Court of Gentiles would cut the Wailing Place into two equal parts of 30 cubits=44.31134 feet each length. Doubtless the old Jews who selected this spot as the Wailing Place knew something of the location of the Temple Courts, for it could hardly have been lost to the Jews of those times, in whose memories every vestige would be cherished and held as a landmark by which to identify the limits and site of that Temple whose history has filled the world with its glory and renown.

It is impossible to foresee the important changes in Biblical literature which must necessarily grow out of this discovery. The men and women of Biblical times will no longer be mere puppets, living in a mythical temple whose site no one can identify. A reality will now pervade the narrative; its stories will come to us like a new revelation, with a location and name, making the actions of those whose deeds were done in the Temple intelligible and clear, which beforetime were seemingly fantastic, and oftentimes inexplicable. Fact will take the place of fancy, and topographical knowledge and clearness will take the place of conjecture and ignorance. To know this Temple intimately, to be able to describe its peculiarities, to illustrate the ancient story and narrative of the Old and New Testament, and to give life-like reality to incidents occurring in the Holy City and Temple, are results of the very highest order. Every writer on Biblical geography and history, every minister who attempts an illustration of his text, every teacher in a Sunday-school who associates the Gospel history with illustrations, does this more or less vaguely only because the maps mislead, or the standard text-books are defective in their descriptions and inaccurate in their pictorial representations.

## OUR DOMESTIC SERVICE.

I do not propose to sing the woes of the American housekeeper. If aught needs to be added to the body of recent literature on that theme, the impulse to write must come from fuller hearts than mine. Let those who suffer relate how slatternly is Dinah, how impudent Bridget, how stupid Wilhelmina, and, alas! how fleeting were the delusive joys of Chang-Wang, son of the Sun. *Propria quæ maribus*. Because women invade the forum, and crowd us from our places on the public platform, shall we, therefore, take refuge in the kitchen, or be so base as seem to know what passes in that realm of blackness and smoke? Perish the thought! The object of this paper is to present facts that are not of personal experience, are authenticated by the testimony of no single witness, and are of no private interpretation; facts which pertain to the life, not of individuals and families, but of communities and States; facts gathered by thousands of men, who had as little notion what should be the aggregate purport of their contributions as my postman has of the tale of joy, of sorrow, or of debt, which lies snugly folded in the brown paper envelope he is leaving this moment at my door. No momentary fretfulness of a mistress overburdened with cares; no freak of insolence in a maid elated by a sudden access of lovers; no outbreak of marital indignation at underdone bread, or overdone steak, can disturb the serenity of this impersonal and unconscious testimony of the Census. The many millions of rays that fall confusedly upon the lens which every tenth year is held up before the nation, are cast upon the screen in one broad, unbroken beam of light, truth pure, dispassionate, uncolored.

The English Census discriminates many varieties of domestic service. There are, besides "the domestic servant in general," male or female, the "coachman," the "groom," the "gardener," all of the sterner sex; while gentle woman contributes to the list the "housekeeper," the "cook," the "housemaid," the "nurse," the "laundry-maid," and the "char-woman." All these titles are respectably filled in the Census, as might be expected in a country where the distinctions of wealth are so marked, and where the household among the upper classes is organized with a completeness

approaching that of the Roman *familia* under the Empire.

In the United States, however, the distinctions of domestic service have not proceeded far enough to make it worth while to maintain such a classification of rank and work; nor are the agencies provided for our Census adequate to collect facts in any direction where discrimination is required. It was, indeed, attempted in the publication of the Eighth Census (1860) to preserve a few of the simpler forms. Thus "cooks" were separately reported; but the number of the class was disappointing, being but 353 for the United States; of whom 10 were found in Arkansas, 24 in Delaware, 6 in Florida, 3 in Georgia, 18 in Kansas, 14 in Kentucky, 237 in Louisiana, and 41 in Michigan. The considerable States of New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois, Indiana, Missouri, and Massachusetts, had, if we may trust this account, no cooks in 1860. The universal consumption of raw food by such large communities cannot fail to excite the astonishment of the future historian.

The attempt to preserve the class "housekeeper" resulted in the report of a larger aggregate number than of cooks; but the distribution of that number was hardly more reasonable. Alabama, Maine, Ohio, Oregon, South Carolina, Tennessee, and Virginia had none, individually or collectively. Think of several thousand "first families" of Virginia,—of the Rhett and Barnwells, the Ruffins and Pettigrews of South Carolina without a housekeeper among them! The remaining States of the Union were, indeed, allowed to boast their housekeepers; but the figures were such as to excite incredulity. New Hampshire had 1,245; Connecticut, 25; Pennsylvania, 2,795; New York, 940; Massachusetts, 4,092; Michigan, 20. Still another distinction was attempted, the precise idea of which is not at this date manifest, between "domestics" and "servants." Alabama had no domestics, any more than it had cooks; Arkansas had 797; California and Connecticut, none; Delaware, 1,688; Florida, 631; Georgia, Illinois and Indiana, none; Iowa, 358; Kansas, none; Kentucky, 1,782. This completed the tale of domestics in the United States. New York, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, Virginia were as destitute of domestics as before the discov-

ery of America by Christopher Columbus. When it came to "servants," these States were more than made good. New York counted her 155,282; Pennsylvania, 81,233; Massachusetts, 37,464.

This brief recital will probably suffice to show the inexpediency, in the present social condition of our people, of attempting to divide the class of domestic servants according to distinctions of occupation, which are certain to be affected where they do not exist, and disregarded quite as generally where they do exist. In the further course of this paper, this class, whether at 1870 or at 1860, will, therefore, be treated as a whole, without discrimination of cook or chambermaid, butler or scullion, gorgeous flunky or simple drudge. Prior to the enumeration of 1870, it was an interesting subject of speculation whether the social and economical causes which had produced such marked effects upon the ways of business throughout the country, upon the general scale of expenditure, and upon the habits of domestic life, would be found to have increased materially the number of hired servants in families. At the South, indeed, where the negroes, who mainly supplied the domestic service of 1860, had come to own themselves, and hence to be in a position not only to demand wages, but to take on airs; where, moreover, the general impoverishment of the proprietor class, and the slow and painful recovery of industrial production necessitated the retrenchment of expenditure, it required no careful count of the people to make it certain that more persons, in proportion to population, were not employed in the offices of the household in 1870 than at the earlier date.

But of the Northern and Middle States, the reverse was reasonably to be assumed. Not only had rapid progress been made in the Upper Ten Thousand toward European standards of equipage and service, but it was generally claimed and admitted that the middle class of our population had made a decided movement in the same direction; that life was freer with us than it used to be, family expenditure more liberal, luxuries more widely diffused, assistance more readily commanded in all departments, industrial or domestic. Few would have ventured to predict that the results of the Census would show that, while social requirements have increased on every hand; while the appetites and tastes of the household have been rendered more difficult and exacting by the diversification of the national

diet, and by the popularization of foreign fruits and spices, of condiments and game; while we are everywhere taking on the semblance of greater ease and indulgence,—with these facts in view few would have thought the tendency of the age is not more and more to place servants in the houses of the people, or believed that, however it may be with the abodes of luxury and fashion, the wives and the mothers of the great middle class are discharging their daily duties, and keeping up their outward conformity to the demands of society, with a diminishing, rather than an increasing, body of hired help. Yet such is the fact, as revealed by the count of 1870. The sixteen free States in 1860 showed 474,857 domestic servants of all descriptions. The same States, ten years later, showed but 570,054, being a gain of only 20½ per cent. Meanwhile the aggregate population of these States had increased upward of 27 per cent.

The States in which this relative decrease in the number of servants has been most marked, are the New England States, together with New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania. The Western and North-western States, on the other hand, have, without exception, increased the proportion of their domestic service largely since 1860, showing that, while the commercial and manufacturing States are coming to feel the necessity of economizing in this direction of expenditure, the well-to-do inhabitants of the agricultural States are just beginning to indulge themselves somewhat freely in the luxury of being served and waited on.

Abandoning now the retrospect, and grouping the States of the Union according to the facts of the present time, we shall in our further comparisons set the number of domestic servants in each State, not against the total population, but against the number of families, as affording the best measure of the amount of service secured.

Let us turn first to the old slave-breeding States. Here, in former times, the tendency to a plethora of domestic service was very marked. "Niggers" were native and to the manor born. They represented no expenditure but that of the corn and pork necessary to bring them to the age, and size, and strength to perform the arduous duties of lying around on the floor or in the sun, and answering an occasional call to some personal service. In "one of the first families" cook had her legion of minor functionaries; the coachman was at the head of a little state; every member of the family, from youngest to eldest, had his or her own body-

servant; while a black host of "unattached" swarmed through the house, the kitchens, the quarters, the stables, the sties, and overran the fields and roads in every direction.

Such having been the custom of the period preceding the war, we shall naturally expect to find it influencing the present situation in these States, despite impoverishment of planter and emancipation of slave, and should look to see here an excess of domestic service, due partly to an accumulation which has not had time to drain off, and partly to the force of habits deeply bred in master and in man. And so we find it. The Census statistics show that in 1870 there were but 4.29 families, high and low, rich and poor, white and black, to one domestic servant in Virginia; in Kentucky, 5.58; in Delaware, 4.83; in Maryland, 4.03.

We have spoken of Virginia. This is the present State of that name. West Virginia has 11.75 families to one servant. Is anything further necessary, to a student of history, to explain the cleavage that took place during the war in the old State—the adhesion of the north-western counties to the cause of the Union, while the southern and eastern counties followed the fortunes of that Confederacy "whose keystone was slavery," than such a contrast as is thus presented in the statistics of domestic service in the two sections of the Virginia of 1860?

When we leave the slave-breeding, and turn to the slave-consuming States, the cotton, rice, and sugar-raising regions of the country, we should expect to find, and we do find, a decided change of conditions. The system of human chattelism tended to bring out the same results in the multiplication of domestic servants; but, on the other hand, there was opposed a most substantial and emphatic resistance, in the fact that the colored population of those States was only kept up by continuous importation. Speaking broadly, every able-bodied black represented a direct outlay of from eight to twelve hundred dollars. But more than this: twenty-five per cent. could be realized from that investment in a single season by proper employment. Even the women and the half-grown boys represented a net productive capacity of one or two hundred dollars a year if put into the field. Under such conditions, it was pretty certain that the number of house hands would be kept down to the real demands either of necessity or of luxury, not suffered to increase wantonly and wastefully to the degree of a positive nuisance, as was often the case

under the good-naturedly shiftless system prevailing in the border States.

The statistics of the Census bear out this view of the reason of the case. Alabama has 9.05 families to one servant; Arkansas, 14.64; Florida, 9.84; Georgia, 6.42; Louisiana, 5.89; Mississippi, 10.54; South Carolina, 9.32; Texas, 11.28. The apparent exceptions here are Louisiana and Georgia. If, however, we exclude New Orleans, a city which belongs rather to the whole cotton-growing region than to any one State, Louisiana ceases to be an exception. New Orleans has but 2.89 families to a servant, and the remainder of the State no less than 9.83.

We have spoken of all the former slave States except three. Missouri never was more than half a slave State. The practical area of slavery was limited to less than a quarter of its soil. The number of families to a servant in Missouri is 10.8. If we exclude St. Louis, the number rises to 13.61. North Carolina and Tennessee have respectively 7.72, and 9.42 families to a servant. Their position in this respect is undoubtedly due to the fact that they lay geographically between the old slave-breeding and slave-consuming States, and, partaking in a degree of the character of both, exhibited some of the characteristics of each.

Leaving now the former slave States, we find among the original free States an even greater variety in the matter of domestic service. The system of human chattelism did not enter here. Domestics were no longer property, to be worked at the will of their owners. Throughout the States we are about to consider, servants were free to go or to stay—free to enter the mill and the shop, free to ask their own price, and free to be just as disagreeable as they pleased. Even the words master and servant were in some sections taken as offensive. It is evident that under such conditions domestic service is never likely to be in excess from sheer indifference to accumulation. In such communities, servants will be employed only as the result of distinct efforts and sacrifices on the part of families to attract and retain them, bidding over the factories and the shops in respect to the amount of wages, or to ease of occupation, or both—such efforts and sacrifices becoming greater in the newer portions of the country, until, as we approach the extreme North-west, domestic service is almost forbidden by the industrial conditions which are there found to

exist. In the Middle and Eastern States we should expect to find communities employing domestic servants somewhat in proportion to the extent and success of their manufactures and commerce, the presence of a considerable city being almost inevitably indicated by an increase in this form of expenditure.

The facts revealed by the Census correspond in general with great exactness to the reason of the case as we have sought to represent it. Beginning at the extreme East, we have Maine, a State chiefly agricultural, and having no large city to bring up its average, with 11.57 families to one servant. New Hampshire, approaching in its southern parts the industrial conditions of Massachusetts, has but 9.64. Connecticut, Rhode Island, and Vermont have, respectively, 7.61, 7.44, and 7.35. If, however, we exclude New Haven and Providence, Connecticut goes up to 8.08, and Rhode Island to 9.33. Massachusetts, with a population two-thirds that of the other New England States combined, has one servant to every 6.67 families. If, however, we exclude the cities of Boston and Worcester, we have for the remainder of the State but one to 8.24.

Of the States known in the geographies of our school days as the Middle States, New York has but 5.79 families to one servant; New Jersey, 6.97, and Pennsylvania, 8.01. If we exclude the seven principal cities of New York, the remainder of the State shows 7.31 families to a servant. If we exclude Philadelphia, Allegheny and Pittsburgh, the remainder of Pennsylvania shows 9.86.

Proceeding westward to Ohio and Michigan, we find, as we should expect, a smaller number of domestic servants in these States, the ratios being but one to 9.73 and to 9.74, respectively, or, if we exclude Cincinnati and Cleveland in Ohio, and Detroit in Michigan, but one to 10.92 and 10.31, respectively. Ohio and Michigan are, however, much older States than Illinois, which shows but one to 10.57, or, excluding Chicago, but one to 12.72. Indiana, a State of equal age, but of a more exclusively agricultural population, shows but one to 14.02 families. This is nearly the ratio of Iowa (one to 14.14). Wisconsin, with larger manufacturing interests, has one to 10.46, or, excluding Milwaukee, one to 11.26.

The six States remaining may be passed over with brief mention. California, with its great body of "Chinese cheap labor," naturally shows a large proportion of do-

mestic service, having one servant to 8.37 families, though, if we exclude San Francisco, the remainder of the State has but one to 11.32 families, which is very close to the ratio for Nevada (one to 11.13), where, also, the Chinese element largely enters. Three of the other four States show the condition proper to pioneer communities, where luxuries are not expected, and labor is scarce and high. Nebraska has but one servant to 16.92 families; Kansas, one to 16.18; Oregon, one to 22.29. Minnesota, however, forms a distinct exception, and one not easily explained. The ratio of domestic service here (one to 9.64 families) is precisely that of New Hampshire, and exceeds by a trifle that of Ohio. Unless the cause of this be found in the proportion of Swedes and Norwegians within the State, it must be left to some social investigator on the spot, to account for this indulgence of the far Minnesotians in the luxury of domestic service so much beyond the customs of their neighbors.

Heretofore we have had under consideration the domestic servants in the several States, and in certain important cities, in their aggregate number only.\* But it may not be without interest to follow this general class into the details of its nationality, and inquire what races and countries contribute, and in what measure severally, to this total of 951,334 persons, big and little, male and female, white, black and yellow, who minister in the households of our people.

At sight the statements of the Census in this respect appear scarcely credible. Thus, at the outset, we meet the assertion that 704,780 of the 951,334 were born within the United States. To one who has been accustomed to think of pretty much the whole body of domestic servants as of foreign birth, the first feeling must be that of incredulity. What, can it be true that all the Irish, Germans, Swedes, Canadians and Chinese, who make so much of a figure in our daily lives, and in the literature of the time, constitute little more than one-fourth of the entire number of servants?

In the first place, of the persons employed

\* Another popular delusion, which is exploded by the Census, is that Joseph Smith introduced polygamy into his religious system merely as an indirect solution of the problem of domestic service; a shrewd device, at once to keep his handmaidens under discipline, and to defraud them of their rightful wages. The Census shows that, while Utah has fewer servants to population than the Territories of Arizona, New Mexico, Washington and Wyoming, it has more than Colorado, Dakota, Idaho and Montana.



as domestic servants, who were born in the United States, not less than 353,275 are found in the former slave States and the District of Columbia, nineteen-twentieths of them being colored. This would leave but 351,059 from the old free States, including the Territories. But of the total number of domestic servants in these States, 53,532 are males, while 34,099 are females under 16 years of age, nearly all of whom were born here. Making deductions on these accounts, we have, in round numbers, 280,000 females, 16 years of age and upward, natives of the country, among our domestic servants, against a somewhat smaller number of all other nationalities. But can it be true that more than one-half our adult female domestic servants in the Northern States are native, are American? It is true, and it is not true. According to the strict sense of the word native, the sense in which the Census uses it, it is true; according to its popular meaning, nothing could be further from the truth. These Irish and German girls, as we are accustomed to call them, who are in our families as second girls, as nurses, and even as general servants, what proportion of them ever saw Ireland or Germany? They are, in fact, of the second generation. They are one remove from foreigners. Yet, though born among us, our general instinctive feeling testifies that they are not wholly of us. So separate has been their social life, due alike to their clannishness and to our reserve; so strong have been the ties of race and blood and religion with them; so acute has been the jealousy of their spiritual teachers toward our popular institutions,—that we speak of them, and we think of them, as foreigners.

It must be remembered that, so far back as 1850, there were resident in the United States 573,225 Germans, and 961,719 Irish, while the total number of persons of foreign birth was at that time 2,210,839. Many of these had then been residing long in the country. It is from the descendants of this class, scarcely less than out of the directly immigrating class, that our domestic service is supplied. It is clear that it will not be long before these *home-made foreigners* will far outnumber the direct immigrants, in the ranks of our domestic service. Already the children born in this country of foreign parents nearly equal those who were born abroad. Another Census will see the balance strongly inclined to the side of the former class; while their preponderance in

our households will undoubtedly be effected even earlier by the preference naturally given to them over new arrivals.

Of those domestic servants who were born in foreign countries, the Census assigns to Ireland, 145,956; to Germany, 42,866; to British America, 14,878; to England and Wales, 12,531; to Sweden, Norway, and Denmark, 11,287; to China and Japan, 5,420; to Scotland, 3,399; to France, 2,874; to all other countries, 7,343.

The States of the North and West, in which the Irish, as compared with the domestic servants of any other foreign nationality, are in excess, are Maine, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Connecticut, Rhode Island, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois, and California; those in which the Germans are in excess, Indiana, Iowa, Nebraska, and Wisconsin; those in which the Scandinavians are in excess, Kansas and Minnesota; those in which the British Americans are in excess, Michigan and Vermont; those in which the Chinese are in excess, Nevada and Oregon. The Chinese, however, very nearly approach the Irish in California, the numbers being 4,343 against 4,434. Illinois has 3,950 Scandinavians, and 5,603 Germans, against 6,346 Irish. Michigan has 1,755 Germans, and 1,748 Irish, against 2,456 Scandinavians. Ohio has 5,270 Germans, against 5,587 Irish. In Indiana, the Irish very nearly approach the Germans. In Maine, the British Americans nearly equal the Irish. In the remaining States, the preponderance of the foreign element first specified, is generally decided.

Considering the number of "French cooks" we have in this country, it may seem surprising that so few of our domestic servants should have been born in France. It is known, however, that French cooks differ from the cooks of other nationalities in this, that they may be born anywhere, and speak English with any sort of accent. Of the real Frenchmen and Frenchwomen who have entered our domestic service, the great majority, as might be anticipated, are found in towns, obeying, even on our happy soil, the strongest instinct of their people. Thirty cities have the honor to comprise 1,630 out of the total of 2,874 domestic servants born in France. Of these, 449 are found in New York; 368 in New Orleans; and 286 in San Francisco.

Two foreign elements which are likely to make an even greater proportionate showing in the domestic service of 1880 than in that of

1870, are the Swedes and the British Americans,—if, indeed, by that time, we have not gratified our national passion by annexing the New Dominion, making thus the Canadians not foreigners, but natives. Speaking broadly, the Swedes are all found west of Lake Michigan, in Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin, and Minnesota. The systematic efforts made to induce immigration from Sweden are not unlikely to yield considerable results in the immediate future. All the social and industrial conditions of the North-west are natural to this people, except only as being more favorable than their own at home. The British Americans, on the other hand, are substantially all east of Lake Michigan. They have overspread, more or less densely, the New England States, have colored deeply the northern borders of New York, and form an important element in the population of the peninsula of Michigan. In the latter State and in Maine the men of this nationality are lumbermen and raftsmen; in Massachusetts and Rhode Island, they are cotton spinners and shoemakers, forming, indeed, the bone and sinew of the redoubtable order of the Knights of St. Crispin. And, if ever our cooks get on a strike and go a parading the streets with bands and banners, breathing defiance to domestic tyranny, be sure it will be because the French Canadian women among them have formed the order of *Ste. Coquula*.

Of the natives of the Celestial Empire who cook and wash for our people, very few have yet ventured across the Rocky Mountains. Here and there at the East, an almond-eyed angel "stands and waits" in the house of a master who is considerably more than half afraid of him, with his cat-like step, his diabolical observances, his inscrutable countenance, and his well-known toxological accomplishments; but thus far, at least,

the great domestic revolution which was heralded in the newspapers and magazines with so much noise five years ago, as about to follow the advent of the Children of the Sun, has, like many another announced revolution, failed to come off. Of the total number of 5,420 Chinese servants in the United States, 4,343 are yet to be found in California, 503 in Nevada, and 268 in Oregon.

Is the Chinaman to be the domestic servant of the future? Will another census show him stealthily supplanting the European in our households, and setting up his gods on the kitchen mantels of this Christian land? I stoutly believe not. The Chinese, whether miners or menials, are hardly more numerous in the United States than they were five years ago. "Forty centuries" have been too much for Mr. Koopmanschoop and his emigrant runners. Even when the Chinaman comes to the States, he leaves his wife and children behind him; he comes here with no thought of resting until he can rest at home; his supreme wish is ever to return to his native land, and if he be so unhappy as to die in exile, his bones at least must be borne back to sacred soil. Surely, a great element among us is not to be built up by immigration of this kind. Masses of foreign population thus unnaturally introduced into the body politic, must sooner or later disappear like the icebergs that drift upon the currents of our temperate seas, chilling the waters all around them, yet themselves slowly wasting away under the influence of sun and wind, having in themselves no source of supply, no spring of energy, no power of self-protection; helpless and inert amid hostile and active forces; their only part, endurance; their only possible end, extinction.

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## QUATRAINS.

### I. WISDOM.

"Wisdom," quoth the sage,  
 "Cometh only with age."  
 "Fool!" quacked a goose,  
 "Then 'tis no use!"

### II. HOMEOPATHY.

"If like cures like," quoth Bibulus athirst,  
 "Each second glass must surely cure the first."  
 Alas! he missed his count, and, sad to see,  
 The drinks came out uneven—so did he!

## A BIRTHDAY.

Now when the landscape lies all hushed and stilly  
Beneath the cold gray sky and shrouding snow,  
Dawns the dim birthday, shadowy and chilly,  
Of my sweet winter-child—my rare white lily,  
Loved all too well, and lost so long ago.

Sometimes I marvel, dazed by doubt and distance,  
Whether she was a mortal baby fair,  
Or some more glorified and pure existence  
Lent for a little—a divine assistance  
To help me over uttermost despair.

I bring to other birthdays kiss and token,  
And loving wishes crowding fond and fast—  
To this I only bring a woe unspoken,  
Bitter rebellious tears, a heart half broken,  
Bruising itself against the cruel past.

Year after year I think of her as older,  
And muse upon her growth, and softly speak :  
Now without stooping I could clasp and hold her,  
And now her golden head would reach my shoulder,  
And now her sweet white brow would touch my cheeks.

Would earthly years have had the power to render  
That holy face less innocent and fair?  
And those clear eyes, so luminous and tender,  
Would they have kept undimmed their depths of splendor,  
Amid these heavy clouds of grief and care?

I wonder, when I see my locks grown duller  
By blighting years, and streaked with silvery strands,  
If her bright hair has still the sun-warm color  
It wore when on my breast I used to lull her,  
Smoothing its shining waves with loving hands.

While time has aged and saddened me so greatly,  
Has she outgrown each changing childish mood?  
By the still waters does she walk sedately  
A tall and radiant spirit, fair and stately,  
In the full prime of perfect angelhood?

In that far dwelling, where I cannot reach her,  
Has she who was so fragile and so sweet,—  
An untaught babe, a tender little creature,—  
Grown wise enough to be my guide and teacher,  
And will her presence awe me when we meet?

Oh, if her baby face has waxed no older,  
Or if to angel stature she has grown—  
Whether as child or woman I behold her,  
With what wild rapture will these arms enfold her—  
This longing heart reclaim her for its own!

## TOPICS OF THE TIME.

## American Authorship.

MR. CHARLES READE is a man of plain speech. He applies his epithets with such hearty hate and contempt that they acquire dignity in the handling. The "gorillas," "chimpanzees," and "idiots," who have been the objects of his trenchant thrusts in his recent letters in "The Tribune," will look into their mirrors under a strong apprehension that their persons will indorse his characterization. On behalf of American authorship, we thank him for his unanswerable plea for justice. There is but one side to this question, and he has stated it. A creator and inventor has a natural right to the product of his brain, and wherever and by whomsoever that product is used, he is entitled to a royalty. There is not a rational argument which sustains the laws of international patent right that does not apply perfectly to international copyright. We have settled the principle, in our own national legislation, and settled it forever, and the refusal, on the part of our Government, to accord international copyright amounts to self-stultification and self-condemnation.

We hope that during the coming session of Congress this matter will be taken up, and settled as it ought to be. The President's Annual Message would be dignified by asking at the hands of Congress such legislation as will protect the authorship of this country, and of all other countries, in its property. Our own authors have been compelled to compete in the market with stolen books long enough. They have been preyed upon by foreign publishers long enough. Our people have lived upon stolen bread long enough. We occupy, in this matter, as a nation, a most undignified and disgraceful position. There is nothing under heaven that stands in the way of international copyright but a desire to maintain the profitable freedom of stealing. The authors want protection; they need it; they must have it; they will have it; and no adverse interest can interfere with their efforts, without great injustice and discourtesy.

We were particularly impressed by Mr. Reade's closing letter. It ought to be read by every well-wisher of his country. He shows how, under the patent laws, our inventors lead the world. Other nations print on our presses, reap with our reapers, and sew with our sewing-machines, while, in literature, we are only a moon reflecting the light of other national literatures. The American patentee and the American author are at opposite poles, in their fortunes and in the world's consideration. One leads the world; the other follows it. Mr. Reade simply reiterates what we have long claimed, when he asserts that the American writer has larger, more varied and richer materials than the English writer. "Land of fiery passions and humors infinite," he says, "you offer such a garden of fruits as Molière never sunned himself in, nor Shakespeare either." Nothing is truer than this, and the only reason that American

authorship does not rise to the commanding position which its capacities and materials render possible, is, that men cannot live on the returns of their labor.

The history of our failure lies all around us. A genius blossoms, and we throw up our hats. The next thing we hear of him is that he is at work upon a salary, getting bread for his wife and children. He hardens and sours into a literary drudge, and never bears the fruit that was promised in his blossoming. The rare genius Halleck spent his life in a counting-room. Our living Bryant, who should have had a purely literary life, and left, as the heritage of his country, the consummate fruits of his genius and scholarship, spent his best years on a political newspaper. George William Curtis gives now all the products of his strong and graceful pen to the editor's office. Stoddard, a genuine genius, produces very sparingly, and is giving the weight of his culture to the presentation of other authors and other lives, mostly British. Stedman divides his time between the beautiful work that he loves,—the work to which nature has so generously fitted him,—and the harassing cares of Wall street. Taylor, who holds in his industrious and accomplished hands the materials and the power to write a better *Life of Goethe* than ever was produced, delivered last winter a hundred and thirty lectures, and is now editing, for the consideration that is so necessary to "keep the pot boiling." Does any one suppose that he would be doing this if he had the British market of his book secure, with the right of translation into German and French? Moses Coit Tyler, who has an important history on hand, for which, in the intervals of productive toil, he has long been collecting material, is plodding along upon a professor's salary at Ann Arbor. Hawthorne, who, as a writer of fiction, did more for the literary fame of America abroad than any other American, was glad to accept political office, that he might be sure of the bread he could not earn by his pen. Emerson has probably been obliged to earn by lecturing more money than he has ever received from copyright. The magazines are flooded with articles from pens that ought to be at work upon our permanent national literature, simply because money is wanted, and wanted now.

It is an old, sad story. The experiment has been repeated *ad nauseam*, and yet American authors are blamed for writing hastily and without due preparation. The question lies between writing hastily and starving. Give American authors half a chance; give them an opportunity to live, and they will do their work better. Give them the markets of the world, secure a return to them from all who now steal the usufruct of their genius and their labor, relieve them from the present killing competition with books that pay no copyright, and they will do for themselves and their country what the patentees have done for themselves and the country. We do not wonder that Charles Reade, with his intelligent eye

upon our position, and his strong sense of equity and right, should use the most convenient and telling epithets that come to his hand to characterize his opponents. Opposition is so unjust, so shortsighted, so inconsiderate of the interests of a class on which the permanent fame and character of the country most depend, that it may well evoke his ire, in any terms in which he may see fit to express it.

Our Government fosters agriculture, fosters railroads, fosters manufactures, fosters invention, fosters mining interests, fosters scientific exploration, and even fosters the weather, but it does not foster, it never has fostered, that great interest of authorship on which its moral and intellectual character and consideration depend. Anybody can get rich but an author. Anybody can realize from his labor his daily bread, except an author. If all the receipts from the copyright of accepted American authors should be put together, and all the authors were compelled to live from it, they would not live; they would starve. Is this right? Is it too much to ask of the Government that it place the authorship, not only of this country, but of the world, in a position where it can have an even chance with other interests? It does not ask for the pensions accorded to useful authorship in other countries; it does not seek for grace or guerdon; it simply asks for justice and a fair chance to win for itself the return for labor which it needs, and for its country the consideration due to productive genius and culture.

#### Winter Amusements.

ONE of the most puzzling questions which parents have to deal with is that which relates to the amusements of their children, and especially to those among them who have reached young manhood and young womanhood. The most of us are too apt to forget that we have once been young, and that, while we are tired enough with our daily work to enjoy our evenings in quiet by our firesides, the young are overflowing with vitality, which must have vent somewhere. The girls and young women particularly, who cannot join in the rough sports of the boys, have, as a rule, a pretty slow time of it. They go to parties when invited; but parties are all alike, and soon become a bore. A healthy social life does not consist in packing five hundred people together in a box, feeding them with ices, and sending them home with aching limbs, aching eyes, and a first-class chance for diphtheria. But the young must have social life. They must have it regularly; and how to have it satisfactorily—with freedom, without danger to health of body and soul, with intellectual stimulus and growth—is really one of the most important of social questions.

It is not generally the boy and the girl who spend their days in school that need outside amusement or society. They get it, in large measure, among their companions, during the day; and, as their evenings are short, they get along very comfortably with their little games and their recreative reading. It is the young woman who has left school and the young man who is preparing for life, in office or

counting-room, in the shop or on the farm, that need social recreation which will give significance to their lives, and, at the same time, culture to their minds. If they fail to unite culture with their recreations, they never get it. It is not harsh to say that nine young men in every ten go into life without any culture. The girls do better, because, first, they take to it more naturally, and, second, because, in the absence of other worthy objects of life, this is always before them and always attainable. The great point, then, is to unite culture with amusement and social enjoyment. Dancing and kindred amusements are well enough in their time and way, but they are childish. There must be something better; there is something better.

It is an easy thing to establish, either in country or city neighborhoods, the reading club. Twenty-five young men and women of congenial tastes, habits, and social belongings can easily meet in one another's houses, once during every week, through five or six months of the year. With a small fund they can buy good books, and, over these, read aloud by one and another of their number, they can spend an hour and a half most pleasantly and profitably. They will find in these books topics of conversation for the remainder of the time they spend together. If they can illuminate the evening with music, all the better. Whatever accomplishments may be in the possession of different members of the club may be drawn upon to give variety to the interest of the occasion. This is entirely practicable, everywhere. It is more profitable than amateur theatricals, and less exhaustive of time and energy. It can be united with almost any literary object. The "Shakespeare Club" is nothing but a reading club, devoted to the study of a single author; and Shakespeare may well engage a club for a single winter. Such a club would cultivate the art of good reading, which is one of the best and most useful of all accomplishments. It would cultivate thought, imagination, taste. In brief, the whole tendency of the reading club is toward culture—the one thing, notwithstanding all our educational advantages, the most deplorably lacking in the average American man and woman.

There was a time when the popular lecture was a source not only of amusement but of culture—when it stimulated thought, developed healthy opinion, conveyed instruction, and elevated the taste. The golden days when Sumner, Everett, and Holmes, Starr King, and Professor Mitchell, Bishop Huntington and Bishop Clark, Beecher and Chapin, Emerson, Curtis, Taylor, and Phillips, were all actively in the field, were days of genuine progress. Few better things could happen to the American people than the return of such days as those were; and the "lecture system," as it has been called, is declining in its usefulness and interest, simply because it has not men like these to give it tone and value. A few of the old set linger in the field, but death, old age, and absorbing pursuits have withdrawn the most of them. The platform is not what it was. The literary trifler, the theatrical reader, the second or third rate concert,



have dislodged the reliable lecture-goers; and the popular lecture will certainly be killed if bad management can kill it. The standard has not been raised or even maintained; it has been lowered—lowered specially, and with direct purpose, to meet the tastes of the vulgar crowd.

Well, the young people, in whose hands the "lecture system" has always been, can mend all this, if they consider it worth the pains. Certainly, the coming into contact with a thoroughly vitalized man of brains is a very stimulating experience. The privilege of doing so should not be lightly relinquished; and, whenever a course of lectures is well conducted, it ought to meet with a generous patronage from all who have young people on their hands to be entertained and improved.

But even the lecture, desirable as it is, is not necessary. In a city like New York, there ought to be five hundred clubs of young people established this very winter, for the purposes of social and intellectual amusement, with culture in view as the great ultimate end. The exercises may take a great many forms which it is not necessary for us even to suggest. Books may be read, original papers may be presented, musical rehearsals may form a part of the entertainment, products of art may be exhibited, there may be dramatic and conversational practice, and practice in French and German. There is no limit to the variety of exercises that may be profitably entered upon. And what is good for the young people of the great cities will be just as good for young people everywhere.

#### The Way we Waste.

ONE of the facts brought prominently before the world during the last few years is, that France is rich. The ease with which she has recovered from the disastrous war with Prussia, and the promptness with which she has met, not only her own, but Prussia's enormous expenses in that war, have surprised all her sister nations. Every poor man had his hoard of ready money, which he was anxious to lend to the State. How did he get it? How did he save it? Why is it that, in a country like ours, where wages are high and the opportunities for making money exceptionally good, such wealth and prosperity do not exist? These are important questions at this time with all of us. Business is low, industry is paralyzed, and the question of bread starts multitudes in the face.

Well, France is an industrious nation, it is said. But is not ours an industrious nation too? Is it not, indeed, one of the most hard-working and energetic nations in the world? We believe it to be a harder-working nation than the French, with not only fewer holidays, but no holidays at all, and with not only less play, but almost no play at all. It is said, too, that France is a frugal nation. They probably have the advantage of us in this, yet to feed a laboring man and to clothe a laboring man and his family there must be a definite, necessary expenditure in both countries. The difference in wages ought to cover the difference in expenses, and probably does. If the American laborer spends

twice as much, or three times as much, as the French, he earns twice or three times as much; yet the American laborer lays up nothing, while the French laborer and small farmer have money to lend to their Government. Their old stockings are long and are full. The wine and the silk which the French raise for other countries must be more than counterbalanced by our exported gold, cotton, and breadstuffs, so that they do not have any advantage over us, as a nation, in what they sell to other nations? We shall have to look further than this for the secret we are after.

There lies a book before us written by Dr. William Hargreaves, entitled, "Our Wasted Resources." We wish that the politicians and political economists of this country could read this book, and ponder well its shocking revelations. They are revelations of criminal waste—the expenditure of almost incalculable resources for that which brings nothing, worse than nothing, in return. There are multitudes of people who regard the temperance question as one of morals alone. The men who drink say simply, "We will drink what we please, and it's nobody's business. You temperance men are pestilential fellows, meddlesome fellows, who obtrude your tuppenny standard of morality upon us, and we do not want it, and will not accept it. Because you are virtuous, shall there be no more cakes and ale?" Very well, let us drop it as a question of morality. You will surely look at it with us as a question of national economy and prosperity; else, you can hardly regard yourselves as patriots. We have a common interest in the national prosperity, and we can discuss amicably any subject on this common ground.

France produces its own wine, and drinks mainly cheap wine. It is a drink which, while it does them no good, according to the showing of their own physicians, does not do them harm enough to interfere with their industry. Their drinking wastes neither life nor money as ours does, and they sell in value to other countries more than they drink themselves. During the year 1870, in our own State of New York, there were expended by consumers for liquor more than one hundred and six millions of dollars, a sum which amounted to nearly two-thirds of all the wages paid to laborers in agriculture and manufactures, and to nearly twice as much as the receipts of all the railroads in the State, the sum of the latter being between sixty-eight and sixty-nine millions. The money of our people goes across the bar all the time faster than it is crowded into the wickets of all the railroad stations of the State, and where does it go? What is the return for it? Diseased stomachs, aching heads, discouraged and slatternly homes, idleness, gout, crime, degradation, death. These, in various measures, are exactly what we get for it. We gain of that which is good, nothing—no uplift in morality, no increase of industry, no accession to health, no growth of prosperity. Our State is full of tramps, and every one is a drunkard. There is demoralization everywhere, in consequence of this wasteful stream of fiery fluid that constantly flows down the open gullet of the State.

But our State is not alone. The liquor bill of Pennsylvania during 1870 was more than sixty-five millions of dollars, a sum equal to one-third of the entire agricultural product of the State. Illinois paid more than forty-two millions, and Ohio more than fifty-eight millions. Massachusetts paid more than twenty-five millions, a sum equal to five-sixths of her agricultural products, while the liquor bill of Maine was only about four millions and a quarter. Mr. Hargreaves takes the figures of Massachusetts and Maine to show how a prohibitory law does, after all, reduce the drinking; but it is not our purpose to argue this question.

What we desire to show is, that, with an annual expenditure of \$600,000,000 for liquors in the United States—and all the figures we give are based upon official statistics—it is not to be wondered at that the times are hard and people poor. Not only this vast sum is wasted; not only the capital invested is diverted from good uses, and all the industry involved in production taken from beneficent pursuits, but health, morality, respectability, industry, and life are destroyed. Sixty thousand Americans annually lie down in a drunkard's grave. It were better to bring into the field and shoot down

sixty thousand of our young men every year, than to have them go through all the processes of disease, degradation, crime, and despair through which they inevitably pass.

With six hundred millions of dollars saved to the country annually, how long would it take to make these United States rich not only, but able to meet, without disturbance and distress, the revulsions in business to which all nations are liable? Here is a question for the statesman and the politician. Twenty-five years of absolute abstinence from the consumption of useless, and worse than useless, liquors, would save to the country fifteen billions of dollars, and make us the richest nation on the face of the globe. Not only this sum—beyond the imagination to comprehend—would be saved, but all the abominable consequences of misery, disease, disgrace, crime, and death, that would flow from the consumption of such an enormous amount of poisonous fluids, would be saved. And yet temperance men are looked upon as disturbers and fanatics! And we are adjured not to bring temperance into politics! And this great transcendent question of economy gets the go by, while we hug our little issues for the sake of party and of office! Do we not deserve adversity?

## THE OLD CABINET.

AGE, doubtless, brings many states of body and of mind which are unexpectedly unpleasant. Among the unfortunate experiences of old age, a popular writer has mentioned the conviction that your middle-aged children are an irreclaimably stupid set of people. This is probably worse than a similar conviction with relation to your progenitors, for the sense of responsibility is greater in the former case. We think that there must be disappointments which are nearly as harassing as this, but of which it is almost impossible to complain, owing to their apparently trivial character, and owing, too, to the fatality of their having a ridiculous suggestion for others. We all know that the troubles of this life are not always of the heroic order. There was a man who was haunted by a suspicion that he had an unbeautiful profile. We positively know that he went through a large part of his earthly existence trying to hide his side-face from his fellow-mortals. Now, imagine a person who has always cherished an aversion to a certain kind of baldness, for instance, and then imagine this person gradually awakening to the fact that this very fate is in slow but unrelenting pursuit of him.

We have no inclination to dwell upon the misfortunes which accumulating years bring upon mankind; but rather upon the other side of the picture. Something goes with youth that "never comes again," but something comes with age that youth could not bring us.

We speak of the disillusion of advancing years,

as if such experiences were always unfortunate. But certainly there are disillusionings which are most fortunate and comforting. To childhood of a reverential sort there is a glamour, an air of superiority about every grown-up person, good or bad. Of course, drunken men, thieves, murderers, and the like are understood to be "bad." Although there is still an indefinable reverence on the part of the child for even these—yet, on the whole, they do not greatly trouble him. It is from another source that a thousand vague perplexities and alarms invade the young and sensitive soul; it is his natural and inculcated reverence for grown-up persons who are intensely disagreeable to him that gives him such warring emotions—such terrible mental distress. You cannot easily tell a little child that his instincts are correct,—that your neighbor, his godfather perhaps, to all outward appearance a pious and praiseworthy member of the community, has, in fact, a warped and bitter, a sordid and selfish, a vulgar and deceptive moral nature. Perhaps, you yourself, have only lately come into this knowledge—wise and wily and full of years though you are, yet still with that lurking fetishism of childhood. Perhaps only now, after many bitter and remorseful and melancholy experiences, "that tyranny is past" for you.

So, in this sense, it is true that among the satisfactions of age are certain of its disillusionings. It may be said that it is a poor outcome of the law of compensation, namely, the discovery of more evil in the world than we had imagined. But, if evil exists,

and if it must be discovered in unexpected places, how much better that we should find it where we have all along vaguely felt its presence!

THOSE of our readers who care to follow the case of "*Bacon versus Shakespeare*," will be interested in the little book written by Thomas D. King, of Montreal, and put forth as "a plea for the defendant." The author is just a little more rampant, perhaps, than is necessary, considering that he is on the winning side; but he is very amusing, very interesting, and right loyal to the majesty of Shakespeare. It may be that he is a trifle inappreciative of certain excellences of Bacon's versification of some of the psalms,—although we should think that most readers would agree with Mr. King as to the improbability of their emanating from the same mind as that which gave birth to "Hamlet" and the Sonnets. Mr. King groups effectively the allusions to Shakespeare by his contemporaries, and does not fail to lay stress upon the testimony of Milton. As an offset to the parallel passages from Shakespeare and Bacon, he gives characteristic passages from Shakespeare on fundamental subjects, for which no parallels, he claims, can be found in Bacon, and the tone of which, he holds, is not consistent with what is known of Bacon's personal character.

As the controversy, if controversy it can be called, may be supposed to have permanent importance for the light incidentally thrown upon the genius of Shakespeare, as well as upon that of Bacon, the present book is especially interesting, on account of the author's direct testimony upon a point which sometimes escapes notice. "The first translation of the Bible into the vernacular," Mr. King writes, "was that by William Tyndale, a Gloucestershire man, who considered his native vocabulary more significant and equally as elegant as those polysyllabic expressions derived from the language of Ancient Rome. The Tyndale and Coverdale Bible of 1535, which our forefathers welcomed so warmly, and suffered so much for, is the basis of the 1611 edition now in common use. The vernacular dialect of the Cotswold district of Gloucestershire, and that of the Stratford district of Warwickshire is very similar; any one familiar with it and with his Bible and his Shakespeare must have noticed how many words and expressions used by Tyndale in his translation, and by our poet in his plays, are to this day commonly used by the peasantry of Gloucester and Warwick Shires, some of whom have never read a line of Shakespeare, and are only familiar with the Bible through the services of that Church, where the Daily Lessons and the Psalms are read in pure English. This I can testify from having been partially educated in the village upon whose 'knowl' stands a monument erected, since my school days, to the memory of the martyr who, on the 6th day of October, 1536, perished at the stake for translating that edition of the New Testament which he had promised to give to the ploughboys of Gloucestershire."

THE London correspondent of "Appleton's Journal" quotes from an anonymous critic, who not only

expresses his conviction that Shakespeare did not write half the plays with which he is credited, but who attacks the poet's character. "There is scarcely a phase in his checkered life," the critic declares, "that would attach to his character the slightest impress of honor. In youth, he was a dissipated scamp, and flourished in the lowest company to be found;" and so he went on through his disgraceful career, a thief, a sycophant, a "gripping, greedy worldling."

Whether this is the frank opinion of the unknown writer, or a sorry burlesque, in either case it illustrates the well-known fact that there is a sordid view to be taken, honestly or dishonestly, of every subject under the sun. The newspaper upon which our eyes just happened to fall, contains this statement:

"M. Guillemin calls comets 'the vagabonds of the heavens.'"

There is a way then of looking at the heavens which makes a comet appear a very disreputable member of the celestial community. The ancients, on the other hand, regarded such a phenomenon in a very different light, and there are poets, if we mistake not, to whom it has suggested some very fine thoughts. Perhaps, however, it is not a matter of great concern, one way or the other, to the comet.

It takes a mind like that of Hawthorne to see the sordid side of a great nature in its proper relation. A passage from "Our Old Home" will at once recur to the mind of the reader: "It is for the high interests of the world not to insist upon finding out that its greatest men are, in a certain lower sense, very much the same kind of men as the rest of us, and often a little worse; because a common mind cannot properly digest such a discovery, nor ever know the true proportion of the great man's good and evil, nor how small a part of him it was that touched our muddy or dusty earth. Thence comes moral bewilderment, and even intellectual loss, in regard to what is best of him. When Shakespeare invoked a curse on the man who should stir his bones, he perhaps meant the larger share of it for him or them who should pry into his perishing earthliness, the defects, or even the merits of the character that he wore in Stratford, when he had left mankind so much to muse upon that was imperishable and divine."

PERHAPS the attacks upon the literary and moral records of Shakespeare are partly owing to a sense of oppression suffered by mankind under the weight of so tremendous an intellect. It is an unendurable tyranny. There is no escape from it. No matter in what new direction a new writer sallies forth, almost always he discovers that this indomitable mind has pushed its way before him. Imagine, for instance, the effect of a consciousness of this upon our nineteenth-century writers of tragedies. Tennyson knew well, before essaying his latest work, that the highest praise he could hope to win was the praise of even remote association with "that high and sacred name." A critic dares to suggest such an association, and the world rises up in rebuke. In

vain "The Spectator" reviews one of Shakespeare's tragedies, points out its weaknesses, and shows how much more severe we are upon the contemporary poet, than upon the author of Henry VIII. What does the world care for Shakespeare's faults? It is Shakespeare that it wants.

"MABEL MARTIN, A Harvest Idyl," by John Greenleaf Whittier, is brought out this year as a holiday book by Messrs. James R. Osgood & Co., in the style of Longfellow's "Hanging of the Crane." The substance of the poem, under the name of "The Witch's Daughter," was published some years ago in "Home Ballads." The story is itself a very simple one, and is told with all of Whittier's quiet and directness, with his gentle but genuine pathos, and with the nameless charm which belongs both to the author's character and art.

It may be considered one of the advantages of the New England poets that they have a country. The various and varying communities, the widely differing climates and landscapes which we call the United States, or America, hardly answer the purposes of a country,—in the view of the household poet, at least. It requires a pretty high pressure to reach an altitude where a poet can embrace in his ken the entire continent. The heroic poet, or a poet in the heroic mood, can do this. There are also, of course, relations, emotions, common to all mankind; and there is a landscape of the mind. But he who would move men in a deep and tender way, by the suggestion of familiar scenes and images, must have an audience to whom he can appeal with surety. In New England, we repeat, the poet has a country, he has fellow-countrymen, prevalent customs, cherished and familiar legends, a people grounded in the soil. He has an audience to which such a passage as this makes a close and touching appeal:

"It was the pleasant harvest-time,  
When cellar-bins are closely stowed,  
And garrets bend beneath their load,

"And the old swallow-haunted barns,—  
Brown-gabled, long, and full of seams  
Through which the moted sunlight streams,

"And winds blow freshly in, to shake  
The red plumes of the roosted cocks,  
And the loose hay-mow's scented locks,—

"Are filled with summer's ripened stores,  
Its odorous grass and barley sheaves,  
From their low scaffolds to their eaves.

"On Esck Harden's oaken floor,  
With many an autumn threshing worn,  
Lay the heaped ears of unhusked corn.

"And thither came young men and maids,  
Beneath a moon that, large and low,  
Lit that sweet eve of long ago.

"They took their places; some by chance,  
And others by a merry voice  
Or sweet smile guided to their choice.

"How pleasantly the rising moon,  
Between the shadow of the mows,  
Looked on them through the great elm-boughs!

"On sturdy boyhood, sun-browned,  
On girlhood with its solid curves  
Of healthful strength and painless nerves!

"And jests went round, and laughs that made  
The house-dog answer with his howl,  
And kept astir the barn-yard fowl;

"And quaint old songs their fathers sung  
In Derby dales and Yorkshire moors,  
Ere Norman William trod their shores."

We are well aware that a description of any life, racy of the soil, sweet and human, no matter how distant, will always touch a responsive chord; but the attraction in such a case is different from that local one of which we have spoken.

We think that the illustrations both by Miss Hallock and by Mr. Moran are, on the whole, better in "Mabel Martin" than in "The Hanging of the Crane." (They are certainly better printed.) It is well known to those who are used to seeing drawings on the wood, before the engraver has done his work, that it is a most fortunate accident when the impression from the engraving gives the spirit of the original design. Miss Hallock's drawings have just that delicate quality most apt to disappear somewhere among the processes of cutting, electrotyping, and printing. On the wood they are never so commonplace as some of those in "Mabel Martin" appear to have been; and on the wood they always show a refinement and power which we have seldom seen any engraver successfully render. In this series, the grace of the drawing has sometimes degenerated into mere prettiness in the engraving, but sometimes, too, the great interest which Mr. Anthony (who stands among the very first in his profession) has evidently taken in the work under his charge, is rewarded by satisfactory and beautiful results. The line:

"Small leisure have the poor for grief,"

is accompanied by a little picture, very poetic in design, and of which the tone, both of figure and landscape, has been well preserved. There is a true suggestion of moonlight in the cut on page 29, and a sense of dignity and motion. The figure, on page 39, of Mabel kneeling, with bowed head and clasped hands, in her loneliness and gloom, communicates at once the peculiar sadness of the poem,—the sadness of pathos, but not of tragedy. On page 51 the story of the gossip is told in the design with firmness and subtlety; the attitudes of the teller and of the listener are well given. In the scene of the execution on page 36 there is a suggestion of a kind of strength which may not have been suspected by those who have seen only Miss Hallock's illustrative designs,—but there has been a smoothing out in the cutting that weakens the effect. Some of the cuts not mentioned here are doubtless more skillful, from a technical point of view, than some that are mentioned. We do not attempt a mere technical criticism of the engravings; but venture to give our impression as to their rendering of the designs of an artist whose figure subjects drawn on the wood are, after Mr. La Farge's, the best that are now being made in this country. Mr. Moran's pictures show his usual brilliancy of touch; the one most successful seems to be that on the

40th page. This design appears to be more carefully and sympathetically thought out than much of his work in this book. But both artists have evidently been hampered by the supposed laws of illustrated book-making.

Are we ever to have "gift books" illustrated, or decorated, by a sort of natural outgrowth? Is it true that "the public" only want things that are like something else with which they are familiar? We suspect that there is not that invincible detestation of originality and freshness on the part of the people which many suppose. The failures possibly are owing to the fact that appeal is made to the public in behalf of new things which are not thoroughly good of their kind. If a thing is good, and also new, so much the better.

#### H. W. L.'s "Book of Sonnets."

LAST Sunday evening as I wandered down  
The busiest street of all this busy place,  
I felt a strange, sweet stillness,—not a trace  
Of Saturday's wild turmoil in the town:  
Then as a gentle breeze doth move a gown,  
Still almost motionless, or as the face  
Of silence smiles, I heard the chimes of Grace  
Sound murmuring through the Autumn evening's brown.  
To-day again I passed along Broadway  
In the harsh tumult and mid-noise of noon,  
While 'neath my feet the solid pavement shook:  
When lo! it seemed that bells began to play,  
Upon a Sabbath eve, a silver tune,—  
For as I walked I read the poet's book.

### HOME AND SOCIETY.

#### Christmas Gifts.

THERE are very few readers of SCRIBNER who just now are not contemplating the approach of Christmas and New Year's with a good deal of secret alarm under the usual pleasure. They always have made gifts in the genial gift-giving season; they mean to do it again; they never, somehow, knew half so many people to whom gifts would be acceptable, but—. The dull counters of half the business houses in the cities throughout the fall and winter fully explain that "but," its cause and its effects.

The only way to solve the difficulty is to meet it face to face. It is necessary for all of us to economize; but let the economy first be seen in the curtailment of our selfish gratifications—not in the expenditures of this season which ought to be a help to giver and receiver both spiritually and practically. Wear the fall hat through the winter, and let the parlor carpet serve another season, and so keep the Christmas purse as full as it was last year. In the employing of it, however, there should be a total change in the ordinary custom. Usually we have offered the cheap gift to our poorer neighbor, and the costly trifle to the wealthy friend, whose tastes we fancied were too luxurious to be satisfied with a small outlay of money. On this Christmas let the weighty end of the purse be emptied where there is actual want. Beggars can be satisfied at any time; but every family knows of cases of suffering where help never will be asked, and is difficult to offer. The happy Christmas time opens a way of approach to the sternest of the self-respecting poor. The barrel of flour, ham, or turkey, the comfortable dress for the mother or flannel outfit for the baby, can be sent under cover of a Christmas greeting, and welcomed, which on another day would appear an insult. Let us spend what little money we have to spare in this practical, helpful direction, and give to our well-to-do friends and intimates something

better than money—the careful thought and consideration which will discover a trifling gift especially suitable to each. The usual practice in choosing Christmas gifts is to start out with a full porte-monnaie and come home with it empty, having scoured a dozen book and print and curio shops meantime, to "find enough pretty things to go round." The gift sent to one friend might have been offered with equal propriety to a hundred others. Now everybody (worth remembering at all on Christmas day) has a fancy, or whim, or association, which a trifle will recall and gratify. Now that we have so little money, let us set our brains to work to remember these whims or hobbies, and to find the suggestive trifles, and, our word for it, we will startle our friends with a more real pleasure than if we had sent them the costliest unmeaning gift. There must be a nice discrimination, too, in assorting these trifles. There are certain folk whom we know to be sorely in need of articles for the wardrobe, and to whom we must therefore give utterly useless follies, because they know that we know it; and there are other and better folk in like condition, who will receive a collar or a pair of gloves with as hearty and sincere feeling as though the offering were a strain of Christmas music. There is one cousin whose gift must smell of the shops and the dollars paid for it, and another who, if we sent her our worn copy of George Herbert, or the little broken vase which has stood for years on the study table, would receive them with wet eyes, and find them fragrant with old memories. With genuine people of any sort the gift is valued, of course, in proportion to the personal care and thought bestowed upon it. The bit of embroidery by dear unskillful fingers assumes a worth which no priceless Point ever knew. Some women's fingers are not to be trained to hold the needle or pencil; for them the scroll-saw offers inexhaustible resources. There is literally no end to the pretty trifles which can be fashioned with one of these magic helps. One of the most successful Christmas gifts we ever



saw was a quire of thick white note-paper, on the corner of which was a monogram of tiniest ferns or autumn leaves. "She thought of me every day for months," cried the happy recipient with tears in her eyes. Another was a little cheap photograph of a room dear to the giver and to him to whom it was sent. In short, it is not money which we want for our gifts, but the tender feeling and fine tact in its expression, which no rules or hints can supply if nature has denied it.

#### Country Kitchens.

It is a mistake to suppose that a kitchen must necessarily be uncomfortable, because it has not gas, hot and cold water, stationary wash-tubs, and an elevated range. "You can't expect city conveniences in a country place," is the formula. All these conveniences, with the exception of gas, can be put into country kitchens, if the builder chooses to have them. A man building his own house would willingly sacrifice a fanciful cornice somewhere, or have the parlors less ornamented, in order to have the kitchen made convenient and comfortable, if the idea were suggested to him. But usually he and the architect laying their heads together, with no woman's wisdom to guide them, arrive at the wise conclusion that there must be a kitchen somewhere; and, having determined in what place it will be least conspicuous, consider that part of the house disposed of.

If they studied the matter a little, they would, if possible, have *two* kitchens—the front, or winter kitchen, containing the range. With a cooking stove in the back kitchen for summer use, the house could be kept much cooler during the hot season. The stationary tubs should be in the back room. If there are no stationary tubs, the washing could be done in the room that was out of season, thus avoiding the necessity of the weekly slop and steam, and soiled clothes in the cooking-room. If this is too costly a plan, a small wash-room could be substituted for the back kitchen at no great expense.

But, supposing there is but one room for cooking, washing, and ironing, and that there has been no attempt to introduce into this the "modern conveniences" (which is the actual state of things in most country houses), there is no need for a sublime resignation to every imaginable kitchen discomfort and inconvenience.

A pump ought to be regarded as a necessity in a country kitchen. If the room has but one window, and neither outside door nor open fire-place, it is badly ventilated, and therefore uncomfortable. It is also unwholesome. Papered walls and a row of shelves, unenclosed, called, *par complaisance*, a dresser, are neither of them cleanly. Both uncomfortable, and uncleanly is the little pot closet; too shallow to admit of a proper disposition of the cooking utensils, so that the big pot, indignant at the pile of articles thrust upon him, bursts open the door at the most unexpected times, and astonishes the occupants of the kitchen with a vision of the frying-pan gyrating over the floor, or the gridiron leap-

ing up like a jack-in-a-box. There is no need whatever for submitting to such discomforts as these.

The first consideration in a cooking-room is cleanliness. Tried by this test, papered walls are an abomination in such a place. You cannot darken this room through part of the day in summer, as you do others, and, consequently, fly specks will be numerous. These walls absorb the kitchen odors and steam, and the smoke rests lovingly upon them. If creeping things get into a house, they are sure to insinuate themselves into the paper on the walls. Hard-finished walls are really more cleanly, for they can be washed; but, unless the finishing is better done than in the kitchens we have seen, they soon look dirty, and this is the next worst thing to being so; for such finishing soon becomes discolored and "splotchy." There is nothing that will compare with the old-fashioned whitewash; not color wash, but whitewash, pure and simple. The color wash may give the walls a prettier tint, but it must be put on by a practiced hand, whereas whitewash can be applied by any one, whenever a dirty spot makes its appearance. It is true that unpracticed hands do not apply the brush as evenly as could be wished but a few streaks more or less don't matter, when we can all see that the streaks are white and clean.

Don't have the wood-work painted; don't have anything painted. Things in a kitchen will get soiled. It follows that they must be cleaned. Soap is a foe, before which paint invariably quits the field. Very soon the color will be off in spots, and nothing less than repainting the whole room will ever make it look clean again. It is still more objectionable to leave the wood in its native state. It requires hard and frequent scrubbing to keep this clean, and even this process will not suffice to keep all sorts of wood in good condition. Some woods seem actually to blacken under the scrubbing brush. But, if the native wood, even common pine, is well oiled and varnished lightly, the room will be the prettier for it; and, with very little washing, the wood-work can be kept sweet and clean.

The most cleanly kitchen floor is similarly treated—the native wood oiled. This oiling will have to be renewed on the floor at long intervals. If the boards are so roughly laid that they cannot be thus treated, it may, perhaps, be well to stain them instead with black walnut stain. This will have to be renewed every spring and fall at a cost of about fifty cents. Oil-cloth is a cleanly covering, but it is costly, and will not retain its good looks very long, and it requires much washing at the expense of the servants' backs. Carpeting collects dust with marvelous rapidity, and gives it out very liberally under Biddy's broom. But, alas! in our climate Biddy's feet will get cold in winter if she habitually stands on bare floors or on oil-cloth. To prevent this, some people lay rugs in front of the tables and sink. If a carpet is laid in a kitchen, it should be tacked down as lightly as possible, or fastened with carpet rings slipped over smooth-headed tacks, because it should be taken up frequently to be well shaken.

A dresser is one of the things absolutely necessary. It may be well for the housekeeper to insist upon the fact that a set of open shelves is no more a dresser than twenty yards of silk is a dress. If you have a dresser made under your own direction, the best form is to have two wide closets below, and three narrower ones above, with a row of drawers at the top of the lower closets. The upper closets should be far enough above the lower to allow the top of the latter to be used as a table. These lower closets are intended for the cooking utensils, and should be, at least, two feet deep. The upper closets may be a few inches less in depth, and it is a good arrangement to have two of these provided with shelves; a small one as a place of temporary deposit for meats, vegetables, and things taken from the store-room to be presently cooked, instead of having them standing about on the kitchen tables. This closet should, of course, be nearest the range or cooking stove, and in it the pepper, salt, and other condiments will be near at hand. The middle and largest closet contains the kitchen crockery and tins that are not to be hung. The third one, without shelves, is for tins and other things that must be hung up. It might be well to have a shelf or two at the top of this closet, on which the flat-irons, soap, starch, bluing, and silver-cleaning articles could be kept. By this arrangement everything is inclosed from the dust and flies.

Shades, made of fine wooden slats, are very suitable for kitchen windows, as they soften the light without darkening the room. They are inexpensive, only costing about seventy-five cents a yard, and "fixtures" are very simple.

Then, the lighting of the room is to be considered. A lamp that has to be carried from place to place is not a kitchen comfort. If it could be managed, a hanging fixture to hold a lamp, not too far from the range, would be best, for it is very desirable to have the light fall from above upon your work. Even two lamps would not give too brilliant a light for such a particularly nice job as cooking ought to be. The very best oil would only cost a cent or two a night for the extra lamp. But we know it is often impossible to hang a lamp in a kitchen with safety; and the next best thing, perhaps, is to have the lamps in brackets at each end of the room or at the sides. The shape of the kitchen must determine where the light is to be placed; only so dispose it that the room shall be well illuminated.

These remarks may rouse the ambition of some country housekeepers, and stir them up to revolutionize their cooking abodes of discomfort. They can, doubtless, improve upon the plans offered here, and devise many a "convenience."

#### Politeness and Punctilio.

WE have but a low opinion of etiquette books. The politeness that is dealt out by weight and measure seems to us of a very poor quality. Yet we know that there are many very good people to whom written laws of etiquette are as sacred as the Ten Commandments. Their only source of disquiet

in regard to them is that there does not seem to be any one generally recognized set of commandments in regard to the daily recurring trifles most of which involve an etiquette of a more complex kind than that which decrees that we shall not eat with our knives, or lean our elbows upon the dinner-table.

Visiting and calling etiquette is one of these things. Each social clique has its own unchangeable ideas in regard to what is or is not etiquette in the matter of calls; and many have been the heart-burnings and jealousies caused by misunderstandings of these conflicting codes. Especially is this the case in those smaller towns which it is just now our republican affection to call provincial. Mrs. Jones takes with her into some small Western city the notions of etiquette which she learned in some small Eastern city. She acts strictly upon her own code, severely disregarding that of the place into which she has come. Her new neighbors, with an equal degree of righteous inflexibility, adhere to their code. Politeness—which Lord Chatham well defined to be "benevolence in trifles"—withdraws her flag of truce, indignant at the ill-usage she receives at the hands of the two conflicting etiquettes, and discord reigns supreme.

The family of Mrs. Jones (in addition to certain male beings who, considered in this relation, do not count for much) consists of herself, her unmarried sister, and their mother. Their next-door neighbor, Mrs. Clarke, promptly upon the advent of the Joneses, calls upon them, asking at the door only for Mrs. Jones; as she, Mrs. Clarke, has been educated in the belief that a call upon the female head of a family implies a similar courtesy to all of its female members. Mistaken Mrs. Clarke! She has mortally offended not only the ladies, for whom she omitted to directly inquire, but also Mrs. Jones, who resents the supposed affront to her relatives, and the before-mentioned male beings who must, perforce of gallantry, espouse the cause of the ladies of their family. Mrs. Jones feels herself, in etiquette, bound to return the call of Mrs. Clarke; but, "to sustain her dignity," does so only by dropping an icicle of a visiting card at the latter's door. In due time Mrs. Clarke, in her turn, affronted by the cool reception of her proffered cordiality, returns the icicle, and with such periodical exchanges the social intercourse of the Joneses and Clarks begins and ends.

As the belief of Mrs. Clarke, that a call by a lady upon the female head of a family implies one upon all of its female members and guests who are ready or willing to receive her, is shared by all of her townspeople, it being one of the ten or twenty etiquette commandments to whose sacred observance they were all educated, Mrs. Jones soon finds herself left in a socially very cool place. If she is "sure she never saw so ill-bred and disagreeable a set of people" as her new neighbors, she is probably as correct as the same neighbors when they declare that they "never met so vulgar and altogether disagreeable a family as those Joneses."

Both parties have totally forgotten that etiquette

is not an end, but a means, and that the end sought is the very simple one of giving and getting as much happiness as possible during our little stay together in this world; in other words, carrying into practice the Golden Rule.

Etiquette is assuredly a useful thing in some places and situations. Doubtless the King of Dahomey would find it impossible to derive much benefit from being King of Dahomey—would not, perhaps, even know that he held that exalted position, if it were not for the rigid etiquette of his court. It is by this requiring, upon pain of death, that various genuflections and sundry prostrations shall be paid to his dusky majesty, that majesty becomes conscious of itself, and is happy. Even in more civilized and less royal society we are willing to admit that etiquette has its uses. Especially is it convenient when one wishes to drop a troublesome or a stupid acquaintance. Then some trifling breach of its laws, real or fancied, on the part of the acquaintance, may become a strong wall of defense, behind which we may securely intrench ourselves. But, aside from similar cases, we are inclined to consider an inflexible adherence to strict rules of etiquette in social intercourse as a relic of barbarism, and one which would render politeness, in the sense of Lord Chatham's definition, an impossible virtue.

#### Second-hand Furniture.

"It costs but a trifle," says some housekeeper, who has kept house long enough to learn the value of money. "The upholsterers ask fifty dollars for just such a chair, and I get this at Jones's auction for fifteen." But her self-complacency may give place to mortification before many days are past, for the cost of a fifty dollar chair is not reduced to fifteen out of pure benevolence. It may have a distressing lurch to one side, or an ungraceful pitch forward, or rickety joints; or, what is worse (and very frequently happens), this admirable chair may long have been the chosen abode of those disagreeable insects known to the scientific under the name of *cimex lectularius*.

But the purchaser does not take the lesson to heart; these "managing" housekeepers never do. They cannot resist the temptation of "getting a bargain." So she goes on filling her house with unsightly, inconvenient furniture, because it is more economical to buy second-hand. "Your new furniture soon looks second-hand," she says; "so where is the difference?"

If she were to reckon up the small sums she has spent in having her dismal stuff put in order and

made usable (nothing can make it pretty), she would probably find she had spent quite as much money as would have sufficed to furnish her house with new well-made articles of beautiful design, though, possibly, not of so costly a finish as her second-hand furniture was originally. And then the time she has spent at auction stores, and at forced sales at private houses! It is evident that she does not consider time to be money.

On the other hand, a young housekeeper generally shuns these places. If she fancies some article of furniture, and is told it is second-hand, she turns from it in contempt, and buys something new, not half so good, at double the price. To purchase second-hand furniture seems to her a confession of poverty; and, besides, she has a dislike to having things in her house that have been used by any one else; they only seem half her own. The cheapness of the article has no especial attraction for her, for she has not yet learned the value of money.

And yet, if she has but a moderate income, it might be well for her, in many instances, to purchase the second-hand table or sideboard, for she may get a much better article for the same money; and the feeling that it has once been the property of some one else will probably soon wear off.

The rule in buying second-hand furniture is, *USE COMMON SENSE*. Don't buy anything whatever merely because it is cheap. If you don't need it, don't buy it at all. If you do need it, buy either the new or the second-hand, whichever, upon examination, appears to be the best. All things being equal, of course one would naturally give the preference to the article that costs the least.

If a lady can procure second-hand furniture without too great an expenditure of time at auctions and the like; if the draft made upon her patience and temper is not too strong, and if she makes no sacrifice of refinement to economy; if the furniture has been well kept, and is tolerably fresh and reasonably good-looking, and if a proper reduction is made in the price, it is a decided advantage to buy it.

If you are so fortunate as to be able to purchase the furniture you desire from some friend, you may buy without fear; but otherwise there are certain articles that cannot be bought without running great risks. Indeed, we might almost say they should *never* be bought at auctions, or from the regular dealers in second-hand ware. These articles are bedding, bedsteads, carpets, oil-cloths, and upholstered furniture.

The above remarks only apply to ordinary house-furnishing with comparatively modern articles, and have, of course, no reference to antique furniture.

#### CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

##### Stedman's "Victorian Poets."\*

WHEN the essay on "Tennyson and Theocritus," which forms the sixth chapter of this work, first

appeared in print, some five years ago, it was a welcome surprise even to those friends of Mr. Stedman who were most familiar with the fine and symmetrical qualities of his intellect. That pure poetic insight which is the vital spirit of criticism is often

\* Victorian Poets. By Edmund Clarence Stedman. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

combined with the faculty of song, and even with the patient toil of the scholar; but the calm, judicial temperament, which restricts the warmth of the one and the tendency of the other to minute and wearisome detail, is a much rarer element in the composition of an author's mind. The tone of the essay, resulting from such a happy conjunction of powers, was no less admirable than its substance; and, since the author who earnestly apprehends his calling cannot but feel his own success, and be stimulated to extend it, the present volume has grown as naturally as a flower—or, let us rather say, an oak—from the planted seed.

The readers of this magazine are already familiar with the three leading qualities we have mentioned, through the series of papers, commencing with that entitled "Victorian Poets," and terminating in our October number, which have received such wide perusal and comment. Each essay, fitted into its place as a chapter of the "Victorian Poets," is sufficiently complete in itself; yet it now, for the first time, gains its proper value as a part of one complete and harmonious structure. The Preface, in which the author, instead of dictatorially announcing formulæ of criticism to the reader, frankly reveals the intellectual principles of his own nature, and the habits and interests which shaped his work; the first chapter, broadly sketching the literary characteristics of the whole period, with its relations to other well-marked eras in English literature, and to the general development of the race; the clear and logical re-arrangement of the contents, giving them reciprocal support and elucidation, and lastly, the analytical index which completes the volume,—are all necessary portions of the author's plan. Whatever might have seemed abruptly stated, or insufficiently accounted for, in the essays as they appeared separately, now falls into its logical connection with the leading ideas. A perusal of these essays thus becomes almost a new reading.

The chief excellence of Mr. Stedman's volume might be called—especially with reference to the prevalent tone of modern criticism—ethical, no less than intellectual. We allude to that nobility of judgment, at once just and sympathetic, which seeks the true point of vision for every branch of literary art; which abnegates the author's personal tastes and preferences, even restricting the dear temptation to eloquence and imagery, whenever they might mislead; which regards the substance of poetry no less than its technical qualities; and which, while religiously holding to its faith in the eternal requisites of simplicity and proportion, recognizes the imperfect genius of the writers who violate these requisites, or fail to attain them. This is an excellence which only an author may adequately honor; for it implies both courage and the self-denial of a sound literary conscience. The author impresses us, as we read, like one who drives a mettled steed with a firm hand, checking all paces which might display a greater grace or swiftness, and careful lest any slower creature be injured on his way. Even where we partly dissent from his estimates, as in the cases of Buchanan and

Morris, the intention of fairness is so evident that, contrasting it with the tone of those critics who seem afraid to praise lest praise should imply some possible inferiority in themselves, we are easily reconciled to his generosity. The feeling of the poet expresses itself only in his appreciation of good qualities; for offenses, he applies a calm, scientific treatment, which so carries with it its own justification that the subject may feel, but cannot resent or retaliate.

Mr. Stedman's style, clear, compact and vigorous, is adjusted by a true artistic sense to his large critical method. It is purposely less brilliant, in either a rhetorical or an imaginative character, than he might easily have made it. Even so admirable a genius and so ripe a scholar as Mr. Lowell cannot always resist the temptation of accepting those fine suggestions which rather sparkle over the surface of a theme than inevitably belong to it,—charming the reader, indeed, but leading him a little aside from the direct line of thought. That style seems to us best which displays the subject in the clearest possible light, without calling special attention to itself; for it conceals the introversion of even the most spontaneous, self-forgetting author, whom yet we remember with double gratitude at the end of his task. In no respect, let us here remark, have many of the present generation of authors made a greater mistake, than in assuming that individuality in style is the result of conscious effort.

The qualities which Mr. Stedman has exhibited in his "Victorian Poets" ought not to be rare; but they are so, in our day. For the past twenty years, the bulk of that which has been offered to the public as literary criticism in England and America—with the exception of three or four distinguished names in either country—may readily be classed under these three heads: First, the lofty, patronizing tone, as of those who always assume their own infinite superiority to the authors whom they deign to notice; secondly, the mechanical treatment of a class which possesses culture without vital, creative power, and thus discourages through its lack of genuine sympathy with aspiration; and lastly, the "gushing," impressible souls, to whom everything new and unexpected seems equally great. There has probably been no time, in the whole course of the intellectual development of our race, when clear, healthy, liberal canons of judgment were more needed by the reading public. Mr. Stedman has slightly touched upon this point, in regard to the singular vagaries of English taste, in its estimate of American authors. It was not within the scope of his work to do more than notice such a phenomenon; and we suspect that his own quiet example will accomplish much more in the way of a return to the true, unchangeable ideals, than any amount of polemical writing.

We have preferred to dwell upon the spirit which informs the volume, rather than upon the separate divisions of its theme, since many of the latter are already known to the readers of this magazine. But we may add, that the essays upon Tennyson, the Brownings, Arnold, and Swinburne, are surely more

complete, impartial, and discriminative, than any English critic of our time would be likely to write. The breadth of the Atlantic may not be equivalent to posterity, but it certainly removes a writer from the atmosphere in which a thousand present and personal interests float, and are breathed as invisible spores. The references to American literature are perhaps as frequent and significant as Mr. Stedman's plan allowed; yet, in view of an action and reaction which are not yet balanced as they ought to be, we should be glad if the contrast which is merely hinted had been further developed. When Mr. Stedman says: "After a close examination of the minor poets of Britain, during the last fifteen years, I have formed, most unexpectedly, the belief that an anthology could be culled from the miscellaneous poetry of the United States, equally lasting and attractive with any selected from that of Great Britain;" and adds, shortly afterward: "I believe that the day is not far distant when the fine and sensitive lyrical feeling of America will swell into floods of creative song,"—we are tempted to regret his enforced omission of the links which connect the literary development of the two countries.

The leading poets of the Victorian era are treated at satisfactory length, and, in spite of the author's semi-apology, with even less of technical criticism than would be justified by the special qualities which separate them from their predecessors. They are not, however, allowed to stand isolated in their time; they are attached to the past and the probable future, and their art is not removed from its place in the total development of the race. This breadth of view is the secret of Mr. Stedman's impartiality. In the single instance where we have discovered a bit of exaggeration (page 13): "The truth is, that our school-girls and spinsters wander down the lane with Darwin, Huxley and Spencer under their arms; or, if they carry Tennyson, Longfellow and Morris, read them in the light of spectrum analysis, or test them by the economics of Mill and Bain,"—the fault unconsciously corrects itself, four pages later, where the author says: "In the earlier periods, when poets composed empirically, the rarest minds welcomed and honored their productions in the same spirit. But now, if they work in this way, as many still are fain, it must be for the tender heart of women or the delight of youth, since the fitter audience of thinkers, the most elevated and eager spirits, no longer find sustenance in such empty magician's food." We think, also, that Mr. Stedman somewhat overestimates the power of recent scientific development to benumb the activity of the æsthetic element in man. Mr. Huxley's shallow impertinence in regard to poetry has not yet, so far as we know, found an echo; and it is not likely that a taste inherent in the nature of man, and inseparable from his progress, can be even temporarily discouraged. The extent to which imaginative art depends upon, or is modified by, the facts or speculations of science, is still an unsettled question; even Goethe, in whom both elements existed, found it safest to hold them so widely apart—at least, during his best productive

period—that there was rarely an inter-reflection. Meanwhile, we heartily agree with Mr. Stedman that the result, in spite of all transitional struggles, will be "a fresh inspiration, expressing itself in new symbols, new imagery and beauty, suggested by the fuller truth."

Mr. Stedman's views in regard to the intellectual characteristics of our day, and the signs of a coming reaction from the present extreme of technical refinement, are both new and striking, and deserve a careful consideration. Some of these views may have been presented before, but only as scattered hints or speculations; no previous writer has given a clear, compact, and intelligent survey of the whole field. Each single figure is thus projected against the same broad background, and casts a shadow, more or less distinct, beyond its present achievement. This feature distinguishes the "Victorian Poets" from all other essays in contemporary criticism, and places its author in the foremost rank of writers, beside Mr. Lowell and Mr. Matthew Arnold. If he lacks the humor and dazzling affluence of illustration of the former, or the exquisitely molded style of the latter, he possesses qualities of equal value in the serene, judicial temper of his intellect, and the conscientious severity which enables an author to subordinate himself to his theme.

#### Anderson's "Norse Mythology."\*

We should like Prof. Anderson's Mythology better, had he contented himself with telling his tales of the old Norse gods and heroes, and assumed a less aggressive attitude toward the civilizations of Rome and Greece, which, indeed, he understands less thoroughly, and of which he is therefore a very unsafe interpreter. The Mythology of the Norsemen, as the most complete expression of the Gothic mind and genius, is "its own excuse for being," and has no need of conquering its ground in the interest of modern readers from any previously existing system of myths and legends. To be constantly drawing disparaging parallels between Gothic and Roman gods, and to exalt the former at the expense of the latter, is about as rational as to quarrel with the cypress or the myrtle because it is not a pine. They can well afford to grow peacefully side by side in the all-embracing, cosmopolitan atmosphere of our modern culture, and their intrinsic differences will add to the scientific and ethnological value of each, rather than detract from it.

Prof. Anderson is himself a sturdy Goth, and, in the blind, warlike ardor with which he attacks "the fratricide Romulus" and all his rapacious race, furnishes, perhaps unconsciously, an illustration of the inborn limitations of the Gothic mind, as well as of its indomitable strength, energy, and other characteristic virtues. His inability to comprehend that

\* Norse Mythology; or, The Religion of Our Forefathers. Containing all the Myths of the Eddas. Systematized and Interpreted, with an Introduction, Vocabulary, and Index. By R. B. Anderson, A. M., Professor of the Scandinavian Languages at the University of Wisconsin. Author of "America not Discovered by Columbus," "Den Norske Maalsag," etc. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. London: Trübner & Co.



serenely joyous spirit which animated antique paganism, is strikingly exemplified where, for instance, he undertakes to discuss from a Gothic point of view the objections to the nude art of the Greeks.

"We Goths," he says, "are, and have for ages been a chaste race. We abhor the loathsome nudity of Greek art. We do not want nude figures,—at least, not unless they embody some very sublime thought."

But it is the very sublimity of ancient art which constitutes its first claim to our attention; for the human form has a grandeur of its own, quite apart from the changeful beauty with which the animating spirit may invest it, and it is this simple perfection and majesty of physical manhood and womanhood which the Greeks have embodied in their sculptured gods and heroes. To judge these, then, according to our modern standard of morality, is about as absurd as it would be to blame the Athenians because they did not wear trousers and fur-brimmed caps of Northern pattern. How much of the well-draped chastity of the Scandinavian gods may be due to climatic influences, is a question which we do not propose to discuss here, but which we submit to the author's consideration.

It may, perhaps, be unfair to censure a man like Prof. Anderson,—who has undertaken an important work, and whose love for his subject is visible in every line he writes,—because he has allowed his enthusiasm to carry him somewhat further than a cool-headed reader can comfortably follow him. It is this very enthusiasm to which we owe the book, which fills it like an invigorating, all-pervading atmosphere. In itself, enthusiasm is a most delightful literary quality, and, even with the disadvantages which, in the present case, it entails, we should be sorry to say anything to dampen or suppress it. Nevertheless, we cannot rid ourselves of the impression that the author, prompted by his laudable zeal, has claimed too much for his beloved Norse Mythology. It would in no way have detracted from its value, if, for instance, he had refrained from stating that the Odinic myths are entirely pure, and that there is no single incident to be found in them which could shock the sense of propriety of refined readers. Two or three incidents occur to us which would effectually contradict this broad assertion.

In justice to the author, it must be added that the criticisms we have so far made, only apply to the first 115 pages of his book. As soon as he enters upon his specific task of recounting the exploits of the gods, his aggressive tone changes into one of fresh and spirited narration, and he seldom fails to fulfill the requirements of the most exacting critic. He is thoroughly versed in the Norse Saga literature, as well as in the writings of Munch, Keyser, Vigfusson, and all the modern authorities on Norse subjects, and he selects judiciously his proofs and quotations from the vast abundance of material which the researches of his Norwegian, Icelandic, and German predecessors have supplied. The importance of this labor can hardly be overestimated;

for a complete Northern Mythology has, to our knowledge, never before been published in the English language, a circumstance which must always remain a matter of wonder, when we consider the nearness of our kinship to those Norse marauders, who, after the Danish and the Norman invasion, mingled their blood with that of Anglo-Saxon England. English and French travelers, like Beamish and Xavier Marmier, few of whom have been scholars, have, from time to time, published hasty and superficial compilations of Northern myths and history; and William and Mary Howitt have, with their usual dilettanteism, concocted their miscellaneous knowledge, gathered from desultory reading of Northern authors, into a two-volume book, which has the sole merit of being written with a good intention, but is equally innocent of scholarship and literary excellence. Of course, Prof. Anderson's work is incomparably superior to the already existing books of this order, and supplies, as the saying is, an unexpressed, but nevertheless long-felt need. His analysis of the myths of the elder and younger Eddas is clear and comprehensible, and quite on a level with the similar researches of the latest interpreters. He has certainly an enviable advantage in being a successor instead of a predecessor of the eminent Sophus Bugge, whose keen, critical sagacity has opened a broad pathway for the daylight to break in upon the dim chaotic wonder-world which has long lain slumbering under the misty smiles and metaphors of the Eddas; but Prof. Anderson is himself ever ready to recognize this advantage, and gives due credit to Bugge whenever he has occasion to quote him, or to profit by his scholarly insight.

We have said that the principal charm of this remarkable book consists in a certain hot-headed zeal and earnestness, an invincible literary prowess which brooks no delay and carries all hinderances before it. It is a book of thoroughly masculine fiber, and as much of a Saga as we could possibly hope for in these unepic and hypercritical times. The chapters on the Edda Cosmogony, and on "Norse Mythology as Material for the Use of Poets, Painters, and Sculptors," are fine specimens of vivid and entertaining narration, while showing with equal force the blind ardor of the author's partisanship. To our mind, it involves a great error to suppose that any really strong and healthy art can blossom out from a mythology which is no longer an organic part of any nation's consciousness,—which, except for its historical and ethnological value, is and must be irrevocably dead.

The incorporation of Greek myths into our poetic literature was no mere artifice of poets in want of material for their song, but the inevitable result of four centuries absorbed in humanistic studies. Modern Germanic and Anglo-Saxon culture stands no longer on a national basis, although we fully agree with Prof. Anderson that it is very desirable that it should; but the plan he proposes—that poets, painters, and sculptors should substitute Gothic for Greek myths—would show on the very face of it, its artificial character, and accordingly fail to accomplish any lasting good. A poet is not a

reformer and the instructor of his age; he merely utters in melodious words the voiceless sensation which trembles through the nation's nerves. He must therefore choose his similes, his meter, and, in fact, the whole material of his song from that life which is, at least, sufficiently familiar to appeal to his reader's heart, and to awaken a responsive vibration in his bosom. No one who has watched the progress of modern lyrical song (and all our modern poetry is in the deepest sense lyrical) can have failed to notice the gradual disappearance of the mythical element; and we should do mischief instead of good if we were to interfere forcibly with this healthy development. As long, however, as enlightened readers derive their earliest culture from classical sources, Jupiter and Venus and Cupid will maintain their places in our song, and no hasty attempt to dethrone them is likely to succeed. As poetic symbols, they have a definite meaning to the present generation, while Odin, Freya, and Balder are now little more than sounds, which it would take at least a century to domesticate in our language.

Again, whether the heroes of the Northern myths are adapted as subjects for plastic art, is a subject worthy of serious consideration. That they are eminently picturesque, and therefore excellent themes for the painter, no one will question; but that serene repose, and that physical equilibrium, which are the primary conditions of sculpture, are almost directly opposed to the spirit of the Gothic civilization.

We hope that we have already expressed with sufficient emphasis our appreciation of the great amount of solid and valuable labor which is to be found in the present volume; and, if we have dwelt upon what we conceived to be its deficiencies rather than its excellences, we do not wish thereby to indicate that the former predominate over the latter. Prof. Anderson, we understand, is yet a young man, and has but recently made his *début* in literature. Even his errors are of a warm-blooded, masculine kind, and show a startling fertility of mind, which will make them, in the eyes of the great majority of readers, far preferable to cool and timid correctness.

#### Flagg's "Birds and Seasons of New England."

ONE of the most appreciative, unaffected, and, we might say, "old-fashioned" writers upon natural and rural themes that New England has produced is Wilson Flagg, whose second book is now before us (J. R. Osgood & Co.). Some hasty readers might be more than half disposed to add the epithets slow and commonplace, but, on further examination, they would see that these words do not apply. True, our author's pages are in a low key; and, if they are not uniformly fresh and graphic, on the other hand, they have few of the current literary vices of flippancy, smartness, and headiness; while there is throughout his book a sweet dignity, a bloom of simple, unsophisticated manhood and a healthful objectiveness, that are truly refreshing. Mr. Flagg does not belong to the Thoreau school of writers

and observers of nature. Undoubtedly a little of their alertness and penetration would heighten and improve his flavor; but then we have not to lament in him their asceticisms, their intellectual somersaults, and their interminable preaching. He is a careful and loving observer of the birds and seasons, and neither seeks in his discourses about them to startle by the novelty of his facts or the antithesis of his style. Indeed, he is quite old-fashioned, as we have intimated. Many of his dissertations upon the beauties of Nature—upon flowers, morning, the seasons, the songs of birds, etc., read not a little like the pieces in the school Readers of thirty years ago; yet there is a quiet charm and truthfulness about them that is undeniable. He reminds us of St. Pierre and White of Selborne, more than of any modern author.

His book is a large one, containing nearly 500 pages, but the chapters are all short and on a great variety of subjects. Some of his titles are most suggestive, and set the fancy playing without further words, as "Rocks," "Water Scenery," "The Haunts of Flowers," "Picturesque Animals," "Old Roads," "Simples and Simplers," "The Music of Birds," "Angling," "Birds of the Garden and Orchard," "Birds of the Night," "Clouds," "Ruins," etc., etc. In some of his essays, notably those upon the seasons, March, April, May, etc., he does not get quite as close to his subject as we like; there are not enough characteristic touches to keep up the interest. Indeed, to write upon the many phases of our brilliant and many-colored year, and know what to say and what to leave unsaid, is the most difficult of tasks. Each month has its own physiognomy; and to bring that out in a few bold strokes, to seize upon and disentangle the master forms and impressions, is what Mr. Flagg has not done so well as he has done certain other things. His July, August, September, etc., pieces are a little vague and ineffectual; but his chapters upon "The Field and Garden," "Simples and Simplers," "The Flight of the Wood-Nymphs," "Old Houses," "Old Roads," and kindred themes, are most excellent. Especially felicitous is that part of the first-named piece in which he describes his visit to the garden of an old lady who had invited him to see her flowers. With the most thoughtful courtesy, and the most ready and cheerful botany, he found something to praise even in the weeds which the old lady apologized for, and which her duties as housekeeper had left her no time to keep down—the burdock, rag-weed, the gill, the sandwort, the euphorbia, etc.—and pointed out so many beauties of form and color in these interlopers that his hostess felt prouder of her garden than ever.

Mr. Flagg has been long known as a writer upon our birds, and has done much to popularize the science of ornithology in this country. He has something to say about nearly all our birds, with some good-tempered allusions to the hair-splitting, or rather feather-splitting of recent classifiers. Of the Meadow-Lark he says: "This bird is no longer, as formerly, a Lark. Originally an Alanda, he has since been an Oriolus, an Icterus, a Cacus, and a

*Sturnus*. He has shuffled off all his former identities, and is now a *Sturnella magna*." Speaking of the introduction into this country of the English House Sparrow, he finds consolation in the thought that, "since our people are resolutely bent on the destruction of our native birds, it may be fortunate that there exists a foreign species of such a character that, like the white-weed and the witch-grass, after being once introduced, they cannot by any possible human efforts be extirpated. When all our native species are gone, we may be happy to hear the unmusical chatter of the House Sparrow, and gladly watch them and protect them, as we should, if all the human race had perished but our single self, welcome the society of orang-outangs."

In such passages our author shows more sprightliness than is habitual with him.

The most valuable part of Mr. Flagg's contribution to ornithology is in his treatment of the songs of our common birds, and his success in transcribing them upon the gamut. Evidently a musician himself, he brings a skilled ear to the task of reporting the music of field and grove. Certain species of songsters, he says, have a *theme*, and the song of every individual of that species is a fantasia constructed upon this theme. The Song-Sparrow and Robin are good examples of this class. The Bobolink, on the other hand, has no theme. "Birds," he says, "do not dwell steadily upon one note at any time. They are constantly sliding and quavering, and their songs are full of pointed notes."

Our author contents himself with the bird in the bush, and uses neither gun nor glass. It is owing to this fact, we think, that he mistakes the Wood-thrush for the Hermit-thrush. At least, the song which he describes and then ascribes to the Hermit, answers to that of the Wood-thrush very accurately. The song of the Hermit, has not the long pauses which he notes; neither is it liquid and sonorous, but wild and ethereal.

The Wood-thrush also has the habit of singing at noonday, which Mr. Flagg ascribes to the Hermit, while the latter sings at twilight with the Veery. It is not an easy matter to correct Nuttall in his descriptions and identifications of the songs of our birds, and Mr. Flagg errs in supposing Nuttall means the Hermit when he speaks of the Song-thrush, and of its note as the "sound of *ai-rr-ee*, peculiarly liquid and followed by a trill."

We have not Nuttall before us, but we feel sure he means the Wood-thrush. It looks also as if our author had credited the Veery with more than his due; and as if he were really listening to the Hermit, when he thinks he is hearing the mere simple flutings of this bird.

Our author does injustice to the Cow-bunting in saying it has no song. Can it be that so good an observer has never remarked in spring this bird perched on the top of a tree with two or more females in rusty faded black beside him, pouring out at short intervals his peculiar liquid, glassy notes with a motion and effort like that of a hen when she lets the wind off her crop?

Mr. Flagg speaks disparagingly also of the note

of the Redwing Blackbird, or Starling, saying it is sharp and unmusical, and like the words *chip-churee*. Though usually happy in rendering bird notes into syllables, he misses it in this instance. It has been reserved, not for an ornithologist, but for a poet to put the peculiar and musical note of this bird of the meadows and marshes into a word. In Emerson's "May Day" occurs this line:

"The Redwing flutes his *a-ka-lar*,"

which, as is usual with him, is precisely the 'right word.'"

Mr. Flagg advances a new theory in regard to the drumming of the partridge or grouse, averring unqualifiedly that the sound is produced, not by the bird beating the air and the log or rock with its wings, but "by striking the shoulders of his wings together, over his back, as the common Cock frequently does before he crows, and as the male Pigeon does when, after dalliance with his mate, he flies out exultingly a short distance from his perch."

This is contrary to the universal belief, and, we believe, contrary to the fact. The present writer has frequently had a good view of the grouse when in the act of drumming, and has never seen the bird elevate its wings sufficiently to strike them together over its back. On the contrary, it beats its own sides and breast after fully inflating itself. The sound produced by the Cock or Pigeon striking its wings together is a sharp snap, while the drumming of the Grouse is a soft, muffled, hollow sound, much resembling the whirr it makes in taking flight.

Since we are picking flaws in these pleasant pages, we will remind Mr. Flagg that the Cicada or harvest-fly is not a nocturnal insect as he states on page 322, but rather a midday one, whose sharp, brassy, whirring sound is very characteristic of the heats of midsummer; and that the nocturnal "piper" he refers to and aptly styles "the nightingale of insects," is a delicate, pale-green creature, closely allied to the "Katydid." Its lulling, soothing, monotonous refrain is a characteristic of late summer and early fall, as is the multitudinous piping of the small frogs characteristic of the spring.

#### "God's Word Through Preaching."

THE foundation of the Lyman Beecher lecture-ship on preaching, at the Yale Theological Seminary, has already resulted in three volumes by the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, which are of unequalled value and practical usefulness. To these there is now added a fourth, by the Rev. John Hall, D. D., of this city. Dr. Hall's training and temper of mind and spirit are in many ways completely unlike those of his predecessor. He approaches his subject from a different point of view. Mr. Beecher's preacher is first, last, and all the time a man, and nothing but a man, among men,—in no way different from his fellow-men, except as his position gives him other opportunities, and, therefore, other duties and privileges, than theirs. With Dr. Hall, the thought of the ministry as a divinely appointed office in the

Christian Church, of the preacher as an officer with formal credentials written in his own text-book, is the thought which comes naturally first in order. Each of these two lecturers would accept the other's views on this point, no doubt; but they would not hold them with the same emphasis, nor in the same proportion.

Dr. Hall's great success as a Biblical preacher, and his large experience in ministering to people of very various sorts, give to his lectures (which, of course, are, in great measure, the result of his own experience) an immediate value. It is a noteworthy fact, that men of very little culture have listened with gladness and with profit to the same sermons which crowd the fashionable church in the Fifth Avenue; and that the gospel, as Dr. Hall preaches it, is simple, plain, and practical to an unusual degree. A man of whom such things can be said is a good man to teach our young ministers "how to do it,"—and one from whom his brethren of maturer years may be glad to learn. It may easily be true that to the majority of men, such teaching will be more useful than that which a more brilliant man would give; for the majority of men, trying to be brilliant, will miserably fail, while, if they try to be simple, plain, and practical, they may be useful and successful. This fourth volume, therefore, of the Yale lectures on preaching is welcome to its place in homiletical literature as a book of standard and permanent value. Messrs. Dodd & Mead are the publishers.

#### "Preaching without Notes."

PROBABLY the invitation to the Rev. Dr. R. S. Storrs, of Brooklyn, to give a series of lectures on extemporaneous preaching, to the students of the Union Theological Seminary, in this city, was suggested in part by the success of the Yale lectures. But, however that may be, it was an invitation which has brought forth a result for which the Church and the world may well be thankful. Dr. Storrs has long been known as a man of the highest culture, and of commanding ability. It is only within a few years that he has come to be known as pre-eminent among preachers in extemporaneous discourses—or, to use the phrase which he prefers in the title to his little volume, in "preaching without notes." He gives, with much frankness and freedom, the reasons which led him, a few years ago, to adopt this method; and he sets forth with great force and vivacity the advantages of it, and the conditions of success in it. The lectures are three in number, but they are full of suggestion, and cover, with a good deal of completeness, the special topic to which the lecturer restricted himself. They were listened to with great admiration by an audience made up not only of the students of the Seminary, but of ministers of various denominations and professional men of different callings. Just now there is great interest felt in this style of preaching. If any young minister, or any who is not young, would like to try it, or wishes that he dared to or could learn how to,—this is the book which, of all others, he should

study to give him courage, and suggestion, and example. The publishers are Messrs. Dodd & Mead.

#### The Bible Commentary. Vol. V.

THE general characteristics of the Bible Commentary (Scribner, Armstrong & Co.) have already been noticed and need no further remark. The compactness of it, however, receives a new illustration in the present volume, which, in the compass of six hundred pages, gives the text and comment of the books of Isaiah and Jeremiah, including the book of Lamentations. The Commentary on Isaiah is by the Rev. W. Kay, D. D., and is done with scholarly care and devout appreciation. The Rev. R. Payne Smith, D. D., the Dean of Canterbury (whose presence at the meeting of the Evangelical Alliance in New York, two years ago, will be well remembered), is the editor of the rest of the volume.

#### Tenney's "Elements of Zoölogy." \*

NOTHING can quite take the place, in the teaching of natural history, of the animals themselves, alive or dead, to be handled or dissected. But, next to this, what is in most cases the only alternative, is a judicious profusion of good pictures. This virtue alone would rank Professor Tenney's work very high as a text-book of natural history for beginners, as well as for graduates from active learning, who feel a need to refresh the faded outlines of one of the greatest of sciences. Fortunately, we can go further than this in praise. The author, with all the enormous weight of facts which press forward to his pages, has been strong enough to select with great discretion, and has been rewarded by being always clear. The mooted points, about which great scientific wars are waging, have been skillfully avoided, the author's own opinions being narrowed down to an occasional exclamation point, which is not likely to prejudice the young learner very considerably, either one way or the other. What is most striking about the work,—after due credit to the great quantity of ground surveyed,—is the workmanlike tone of it. From man to *Monera*, all is clear, solid, to the purpose, as if the Professor stood by the blackboard, and in a few pithy sentences told his listening class the salient characters of the animal he had just sketched. Another excellent feature is the number of illustrations giving the internal economy of men, beasts, birds, and fishes, and, in the first chapter, the remarks on tissues. Fossil species are hardly touched upon more than to recognize their existence, and, occasionally, their relation to living animals. The text accompanies the illustrations in just sufficient amount to interest and stimulate the learner without wearying him. We can imagine few courses of lessons more pleasant than zoölogy, under the auspices of Professor Tenney's book.

\* *Elements of Zoölogy. A Text-Book*, by Sanborn Tenney, Professor of Natural History in Williams College. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

## A Sheaf of Juveniles.

THOSE of us who have reached the noontime of life must sometimes sigh over the wonderful literature that comes too late for us. The books and pictures for young folks, like everything else in these modern times, show the marvelous advance which art and invention have made. To us, who remember the slender resources of children's libraries, in a far-off boyhood, the plenteous and glittering "juveniles," as they are called, of the present time seem like the realization of a fairy dream.

Each season outdoes its predecessor. The holidays of 1875 will put the book displays of last year to the blush. For example, here are two or three works that combine, in rare fashion, all of the best qualities of literature for children. What would the youngster of 1825 have thought of this new and sumptuous edition of Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge's "Silver Skates?" Imagine, if you can, the delight and awe with which Peregrine White, celebrated as "the first white child born in New England," would have hung over the illuminated pages of Mr. Horace E. Scudder's "Doings of the Bodley Family," or Frank R. Stockton's "Tales Out of School." Of course, human fancy cannot possibly picture the amazement and bliss of an Elizabethan urchin fingering these delightful books. Clearly, a great many children, now frosty-haired and wrinkled, were born too early in the history of book-making.

Mr. Scudder has won an enviable reputation among those who demand that, since of making books there is no end, those for the children should be wholesome, hearty, and pure, if nothing else. But his work is something else. Even the "children of larger growth" scan the broad pages of "The Bodley Family" with a fresh sensation of delight, and with some kindling of the old fire which warmed us when, as boys, we read the bright stories and imperishable ballads of English literature. The author has done well to introduce into his flow of every-day life, some of the best classic verse of other times. Old and young together will be glad to see here such prime favorites as "The Hunting of the Cheviot," "The Pied Piper of Hamelin," and "The Story of the Little Red Hen," brought in naturally, and without appearing to be "lugged in by their ears," for the delectation of the little folks. Hurd & Houghton have brought out this book with taste and skill. The illustrations are admirably selected. The effect of the different varieties of cover-linings, silhouettes, and colors is very attractive.

"Hans Brinker, or the Silver Skates," has such a firmly established reputation, that the profusely illustrated edition of the book just published by Scribner, Armstrong & Co., will be received with applause and satisfaction. Mrs. Dodge has made this story one of her brightest and most limpid of realistic tales. Its current flows like a living stream; the characters have warmth and humanity. Moreover, the nameless something which we call "tone" is so healthful, that each reader is sure to rise from its perusal with quickened impulses for good.

Very few American books, certainly none so unambitious and modest as this, have received in foreign lands the cordial welcome given to Mrs. Dodge's artistic story. "Hans Brinker" was written for American young people with the purpose of giving them correct information about life, manners, and art in Holland. But the book has been reproduced in several European languages; and the youthful Hollanders delightedly read "Hans Brinker" in their own native language. This new American edition outshines all others issued in this country in the beauty of its typography and the profuseness and spirit of its illustrations,—which are identical with those accompanying the latest French edition. Right here we ought to say that the same publishers have brought out a new and less expensive edition of Mrs. Dodge's now famous "Rhymes and Jingles." The capital pictures are all here, and these most original and diverting of rhymes for children are presented in handsome form. But, by the exercise of judicious economy, the book is made more accessible to the multitude of little folks, who will hang over its pages with delight.

We have seldom seen such a successful experiment in combining amusement and instruction as Mr. Frank R. Stockton's "Tales Out of School." The title is felicitous. The tales, at least some of them, might be told in school, but in a different and less attractive fashion. We can fancy that the youthful scholar would find descriptions of extinct animals, strange birds, trees, and flowers, natural wonders and queer people, very dreary in a school-book. But Mr. Stockton has a marvelous knack at putting even commonplace facts into such a setting that the dullest reader must be interested. As in his clever "Roundabout Rambles," the author (or authors, for we notice that, as in other books, the pen of Mrs. Stockton has also been brought into requisition) is discursive. His fancy and his explorations alike vault lightly "from China to Peru;" and they always bring back something good from the various far countries thus visited. Most sensible people revolt at the idea of administering knowledge to children in the disguise of amusement. Usually, attempts to impart substantial information in this surreptitious manner, as a dose of castor-oil might be smuggled into a spoonful of jam, are dismal failures. Mr. Stockton makes no such base pretension to skillful imposture; his "Tales Out of School" are honest and well-told stories about things we all ought to understand. Yet, these are not wholly matter-of-fact narrations. Scattered through the book are some mythological tales, fairy stories, and fanciful sketches. Of these, "Bron and Krug," a legend of the Rhine, and "Carl Hojer and the Water Lady," are notably good. They are the work of a fertile and refined imagination; and the capital story of "The Jolly Cabordmen," will amuse everybody who reads it. Nothing so funny as this has been imagined in a long while. The adventures of this queer race are none the less diverting for the subtle purpose which underlies their history. The book is broad-paged, handsome to the eye, and liberally interleaved with



good pictures. It is published by Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

Yet another candidate for the suffrages of the young world of readers is Mrs. D. P. Sanford's "Frisk and His Flock," published by E. P. Dutton & Co. Numberless little folks remember with delight "Pussy Tiptoes' Family" by this author, and they will welcome a new story from the same pen with enthusiasm. Mrs. Sanford is evidently in full sympathy with her subject. The sayings and doings of the young people who figure in this dainty book are fresh and natural. One may well suspect that real children have furnished some of the material so deftly handled by the author.

#### The London "Academy."

ANOTHER, and a very bright and solid one is to be added to the links that already bind the social and literary life of England to the social and literary life of America, in the establishment among us of "The Academy," a London weekly journal long known and trusted in a too small circle on this side the water, but now, we hope, to become the familiar guest of many American homes. The editor and manager of "The Academy" is now in this country, and has been actively engaged for some weeks in looking over the whole field and finding for himself what are the prospects for a successful campaign.

For our part, we sincerely wish his enterprise today may thrive. "The Academy" represents in its own special field the best thought of the time. Whatever the most poetic, the most scholarly, the most scientific, the most humane persons are thinking on the moving questions of our own day, gets expression in the liveliest and most earnest manner in these pages that come to us once a week from over the ocean, and make us sharers in a life not indeed alien, but still another than our own. The very names of the writers for "The Academy"—and it is the rule that all the leading articles and all the correspondence shall be signed with the writers' names—are interesting to read. Here Lord Houghton writes on literature; W. M. Rossetti and F. T. Palgrave write on art; E. B. Tylor and Prof. Huxley on science. C. R. Markham, Secretary of the Royal Geographical Society, edits the Travel department. Here we find J. A. Symonds, the accomplished author of the "Renaissance in Italy," and of "Studies" on Dante and on Italy and Greece; Colonel G. Chesney, author of the "Battle of Dorking," on military subjects; G. A. Simcox and Miss Edith Simcox, and Miss Cobbe, who write on social subjects, and with the force of earnestness, and G. Saintsbury, with reviews of literary and historical works that show wide reading, and independent judgment of men and things.

The Correspondence of "The Academy" is a branch of the enterprise carefully looked after, and the letters of M. Philippe Burty, from Paris, on the world of fine arts there, are valuable, not only for their fullness, but for their catholicity. Some admirable articles have appeared in "The Academy" from the pen of M. Albert Réville; and M. G. Monod and M. Etienne Coquerel keep

us informed of the social and literary movements in the world of Paris.

The writing about art in "The Academy,"—about fine art especially so called, and also about the dramatic art and music, is, as it seems to us, particularly good. Indeed, a person must read the musical reviews of Mr. Ebenezer Prout, and Mr. Frederick Wedmore's dramatic criticisms, whether he care about music and the stage or care nothing about them. There is no better writing on these subjects anywhere. In its philological reviews, too, "The Academy" is especially rich. Here Mr. Furnivall, Mr. Skeat, and Max Müller write, and make a subject that in most hands is dry as the "remainder biscuit" lively, because talked about by live men.

"The Academy" has now correspondents at Washington, New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago and San Francisco, and reporters for all the U. S. Government Exploring Expeditions, the Weather Signal Office, the Fish Commission, and the Centennial Exhibition.

If we cannot have such a journal as "The Academy" of our own make, and we cannot, it seems, or we have not, then we must welcome the foreign one—or, no, not foreign, the day has long gone by when anything English could be reckoned foreign—the journal from over-seas, and try to make its circle of American friends as wide as hospitality knows how.

#### French and German Books.

*Das Waltarihd verdeutsch von A. V. Scheffel. Illustriert von Alb. Baur.* Small folio.—We do not look to Germany for the light hand, but Scheffel is an exception among Germans. He it is who has contributed to the students' song-book various whimsical songs, like that beginning:

"Es rauscht in den Schachtelhalmen  
Verdächtig leuchtet das Meer  
Es schwimmt mit Thränen im Auge  
Ein Ichthyosaurus cinher."

In translating monk Eckehard's Latin version of this exploit of Walter of Aquitaine, Scheffel has a more serious work before him, but here his comic vein stands him in good stead. It has preserved him from that very same heavyhandedness which seems inevitably to befall German writers when they approach the great landmarks of their literature. Enthusiasm so fires their souls that art, with its necessary quota of consciousness, takes flight. But Scheffel has remained genial, while striving to identify himself with the national feeling that produced the German epics, and to feel the same childish delight in fearful tales of single combat under mighty odds which warmed the hearts of the old writers.

Although only extant in Latin, and possibly never having existed complete in any other form, the Song of Walthari of Aquitaine, or Spain, as he is sometimes called, takes rank in the Nibelungen cyclus. Those who have faithfully read that long epic will remember how the fierce vassal Hagen has but one eye, and how the Huns crowd around to see him

when the princes reach Attila's Court. The Huns knew him because he had been a hostage with them when young; Walter was there at the same time in the same capacity, and Hagen had but one eye, because the other was destroyed by his fellow-hostage Walter, as described in this song. For Hagen had gone home to Worms before Walter resolved to escape from the Huns, whom he had served as a mighty captain in great battles, and to carry with him treasure and the fair Hildegund, another hostage the Huns had taken from another nation. Hagen's king attacks Walter on the way, and at last compels Hagen to fight his friend with results disagreeable to both. With such a national subject, we cannot forbear to admire the discretion of Scheffel's translation; he has felt his subject well and touched it lightly. Text, margins, capitals, and illustrations are such as to make it a very attractive present to a reader of German. (L. W. Schmidt, 24 Barclay street.)

*Lessing's Werke*: Vollständig in 50 Lieferungen.—Admirers of Lessing who cannot afford to buy at once an edition of his works will find remarkable cheapness and excellence in this illustrated edition, now finishing its publication in installments. The text is good and the editing careful. Each Lieferung, of about one hundred pages 12mo, may be had for twenty cents. (Schmidt.)

*Donau-Bulgarien und der Balkan*. 1 Band.—*Historisch-Geographisch-Ethnographische Reise-Studien*. 1860-1875. F. Kanitz.

The recent excitement in and about Servia makes the labors of Kanitz of sudden and great worth, for, in his "Servia,"—and this is the first of an elaborate series on Bulgaria,—he has given a very thorough examination to lands adjacent to the present seat of rebellion, which will be pretty certain, in the event of a general war, to become the theater for further tragedies. Nations have been marching and counter-marching in Bulgaria from the earliest days,

oppressing and being oppressed, merging with one another, or exterminating, as the case might be. The present Bulgarian is a mixture of conquering Finn-Bulgarian with a conquered Servian, but his land is also in part possessed by other races. A thorough and conscientious workman, Kanitz has had long acquaintance with the country, and the supply of political, industrial, and ethnological knowledge on which he has to draw is very great. The work is illustrated with lithographs in the text, ten full-page illustrations, and contains a map by Petermann, giving the routes taken by Kanitz in his many journeyings in the Balkan.

*Mémoires posthumes de Odilon Barrot*, 1791-1830.—Barrot was in the front of events during most of his life, which was passed in the most eventful age that French history can show. He was a *bourgeois*, and had the *bourgeois* virtues. A man of decided caliber, he was hardly violent enough, hardly vivid enough to impress Paris very strongly, for Paris has always detested moderation. It has said to her first men: If you have no power behind you, make believe! Barrot is minute in these posthumous memoirs, but not too minute for whomsoever the annals of Paris interest. (Christern.)

*Voyage en pays des milliards*. Victor Tissot.—The land of milliards is of course Germany, a country about which Frenchmen are of late years somewhat curious. M. Tissot is much more than an observant traveler,—he appears to be a thinker, and, not alone that, but the owner of a happy style of writing, inclining to the gently satirical. Above all things, he is a Liberal, and can put an estimate on Napoleon and William without prejudice, national or otherwise. There is no slipshod writing; all is close description or quotation, so that the amount of information he conveys is large. He adds also one more voice to the testimony concerning the incredible brutality of the criminal classes of Berlin. (Christern.)

## THE WORLD'S WORK.

### Novel Counter Scale.

A SCALE for weighing small goods has been brought out that presents some features of value in a new method of arranging the weights. In place of a single beam and a hook at the end on which to hang the extra weights, are three beams placed side by side. Two of these are round and serrated on top in the usual manner. The other beam is broad and flat, and is placed in the middle, between the others. This beam is pierced with holes along its length. One of the small beams is for the tare. A movable weight is fixed on this, and by moving it the weight of the butter box, tray, basket, or scoop, may be accurately balanced at pleasure. The other small beam is for ounces, and its weight measures from half an ounce up to one pound. For pound weights an iron ball is used. Placed in the first hole, marked

number one, it weighs one pound; in the next hole two, and so one up to eight pounds. An extra weight on the end adds fifteen more pounds, if so much is needed. In weighing, say a plate of butter, the tare weight is first adjusted, then the pound ball is put in the socket nearest the estimated weight. Then the fifteen pound weight, and lastly the ounce weight, are added, till a half pound is measured. The weight is thus readily reckoned up. Fifteen pounds for that weight, two for the ball weight, and half a pound for the ounce weight, or seventeen and a half pounds in all. The customer looking on can easily see the whole operation, and there is no vexatious hunting for extra weights, no discussion about the tare, and no deceptive "figuring" by the overdriven "tender" and suspicious customer.

**Demagnetization of Watches.**

WATCHES worn by students and others in technical laboratories are often rendered useless by being magnetized by the magnets used in such places. Magnets kept in the house often create equal mischief by being laid near watches, and much time and expense are sometimes needed to demagnetize them before they can be made to work. A serious case of this kind of injury recently led Prof. A. M. Mayer, of the Stevens Institute of Technology, Hoboken, to experiments which resulted in a very simple method of demagnetization. The magnetized watch was laid upon a table in the neighborhood of a common compass-needle. Each hour on the face was then placed in turn before it to discover the location and intensity of the magnetism in the watch. The movements of the compass showed the north and south poles to be located (say) at the figures V and XI, while the neutral points were at VIII and II. The watch was then held in a horizontal position before a large bar magnet, the south poles of each being together. A gentle tilting motion was given to it for a moment, and, on trying the watch again before the compass, a sensible decrease of magnetism was observed. The process was repeated till the sensitiveness of the watch at that pole was nearly extinguished, when the same thing was tried with the north pole of the watch. After a few trials and comparisons, the magnetic influence was found to be removed, and the watch readily resumed its work.

**Automatic Lubricator.**

THIS new oiler resembles in general appearance the brass oilers now used upon our locomotives. It consists of a metallic cup with a short hollow stem, designed to be screwed into the slide valve casing. The top is closed with a cap screwed on steam-tight, and having a feeding-hole in the center closed by a screw. Inside of this is hung a smaller cup, designed to hold the tallow or other lubricant. At the bottom is a sieve, and a minute hole or capillary. The space between the two caps communicates freely with the steam through the base. When the engine starts steam enters, and, rising, flows over the top of the smaller cup, and presses upon the surface of the tallow. The result is, that every pulsation or increase of pressure of the steam as the engine moves causes a single drop of the oil to escape through the capillary, where it falls upon the slides below. The greater the speed the greater the flow of oil, and when the engine stops it ceases at once. The oiler may be readily taken apart when the engine is at rest, for removing the water of condensation and for cleaning, and may be filled without removing the cover.

**The Application of the Pentagraph.**

THE use of the pentagraph is common in the wood-cutting, engraving, and wooden type-making trades. Recently a new form and a wider field has been given it by the simple device of hanging it by movable sleeves to the long bar that supports it. In general appearance the new tool does not vary from

the ordinary pentagraph except in this particular, but its motion becomes universal instead of merely horizontal. By the aid of a counterpoise weight, it is accurately balanced, and readily follows the form of the model, whatever its shape. This, giving the pentagraph a universal motion, enables the engraver to trace any form, whether it is a human hand, an engraved block, raised map, or other uneven surface, and at once opens a wider field for this useful tool.

**The Countershaft Hanger.**

IN mill-work, where shafting and belts are employed, this new hanging device and belt-tightener may prove of value. Instead of placing the countershaft in a fixed position, it is hung upon a standard that moves freely up and down in guides. Rack teeth upon this standard engage in the teeth of a small wheel that is connected with a weighted lever. The movement of this lever raises or lowers the shaft, and, as a natural result, loosens or tightens all the belts running upon its pulleys, while its weight tends, when at rest, to keep them all tight and in running order. On raising the lever (by hand or with the aid of a rope) the belts run free on the driven pulleys, and turn loosely on the driving-wheels. By this device, the fast and loose pulleys in pairs are not needed, and only one fixed pulley is used, at a great gain in safety, power, and economy.

**Culture of the Aspen for Wood Pulp.**

THE aspen, on account of its rank growth and its supposed injury to trees of harder wood, has been by the forestry laws of Germany excluded from culture. Its clean and flexible fiber, on the other hand, renders it valuable in making wood-pulp for paper. In view of this, efforts are being made to induce the administration of forests to allow its more liberal culture. In this country, where land is cheap, and where so much attention is being paid to forest-planting, it may prove a profitable tree for the arborist, as it grows quickly, and may be readily made commercially available in the manufacture of paper.

**Finials.**

FINIALS and ridgings are being made of various patterns in common pottery clay, and burned to a fine red. They are designed to cap ordinary slate and shingle roofs, and are simply screwed down to the ridge-pole after the roofing is finished. The effect of the bands of red, and the various ornamental finials on top, is said to be very pleasing. Any pottery works could make them to order, and in practical use they are found more durable than the zinc and iron finials and ridgings now so freely used in this country.

**Colored Photographs.**

IN art manufactures may be noticed the extensive importation of colored photographs. They are nearly all copies of modern pictures, and are done in water-colors. The subjects being dress goods, furniture, and social incidents, they imitate the fabrics in the originals with enough fidelity for descriptive, if not for artistic purposes.

### Novelties in Marine and Stationary Engines.

A SIX-CYLINDER stationary engine, and a five-cylinder marine engine, have been brought out, and, under trial, have shown good results. The stationary engine consists of a bed plate supporting a circular iron casing, in which are placed six small cylinders in a ring, with their axes parallel to the main shaft that passes between them all. Each cylinder is single-acting, and has a hollow piston, having a smoothly rounded end, in place of a piston rod. At the rear of the casing is a disk, balanced in the center, and supported by a joint that allows it to turn freely in any way. To this is fastened a short arm that is geared to the main shaft. The operation of this engine is quite simple. On admitting steam, one of the cylinders pushes its piston back against the disk, and makes a partial revolution on its pivot, dragging the shaft round with it. Before this piston has advanced far, the port of the next cylinder opens, and begins its work. The next cylinder comes into play by the time the first has nearly completed its stroke, and this one then exhausts, and its piston is driven back by the motion of the disk. In this manner each piston makes its stroke in turn, and its piston is returned by the disk for the next stroke. As each overlaps the other, the motion is continuous, and in making one revolution of the shaft and disk, each cylinder makes two strokes. Three are at work and three are going out at the same time. Each piston presses the disk in turn as it rolls under them, and each in turn is pushed back. The exhaust steam makes some resistance, so that the disk and returning pistons are kept in contact, and there is no shock or jar. A four-horse-power engine of this pattern measures outside only 17x17 inches, and gives a combined piston area of 33 square inches. All the parts are easily examined, and the engine is said to run at a high speed, and with a good economy of steam. The marine engine is noticeable on account of the system used in running it, the high pressure employed, and the peculiar grouping of the cylinders. The boiler employed is multitubular, and gives a pressure of 250 lbs., and the water used is doubly distilled rain water. The engine has two high-pressure cylinders of 16 inches, two medium-pressure of 32 inches, and one low-pressure of 56 inches. The two high and medium-pressure cylinders are bolted together in pairs. Each pair is in line, and they have a piston rod common to both. This passes directly through the medium cylinder, and, on taking steam, the high-pressure cylinder makes one stroke, and its exhaust steam is taken to the medium cylinder, where it makes the return stroke. The exhaust steam from the medium cylinders then goes to a chamber, where it supplies the low-pressure cylinder. There are three cranks on the shaft, placed 120 degrees apart. The after crank is coupled to one pair of cylinders, and the forward to the other pair, while the crank in the center is connected with the piston of the low-pressure cylinder. The cylinders stand side by side, slightly raised from the horizontal. They have also been set up vertically. Instead of a lubricant, the makers

use a composition of 5 parts tin and 16 parts copper in the pistons, and good results are claimed for this device.

### Hand Shaper and Planer.

IN machinists' tools may be mentioned a comparatively new apparatus, designed to do iron planing, slotting, shaping, and gear-cutting by hand-power. This tool may be set up on any bench or may stand alone. It is mounted upon a pipe or cylinder, and may be placed at any desired angle by means of set-screws. The cutter-head is also set upon a pipe, and may be placed in any position to meet the demands of the work. These two devices give it a universal motion, and apply it to every variety of work. The work is placed in a vise immediately in front of the cutter-head, and the tool is then adjusted to it. To operate it, a hand-lever is secured to a horizontal wheel that is geared to the frame that holds the cutter-head, and drives it backward and forward as fast as the operator chooses to move it. An automatic feed is supplied. The tool is attracting the favorable notice of machinists and others.

### Sheep for Profit.

E. MENAULT, in one of a series of little farm books published by Hachette, Paris, considers that hill sheep are naturally small but rustic and robust, while those in valleys are larger but less energetic. Wet argillaceous soils produce a tall, lymphatic rather than sanguine animal, with long, soft, coarse wool, not elastic. This sheep is hard to fatten, but is long-lived. The best soils are calcareous, producing medium-sized, sanguine animals, with fine fleeces, the wool running to flocks. Siliceous soils give an excellent temperament with less food, a small sheep with short wool and savory flesh. Cold dews and the heat of the day should be avoided by the shepherd. Dew on clover or other rich grass is often fatal to sheep, while, on the other hand, many die from lack of water. Sheep should not be washed before shearing, because it is troublesome, dangerous to the sheep, and of little or no advantage to consumers of wool. The lamb is born with twenty-four molars, and in the lower jaw only eight incisors. In the second year the two middle incisors fall and are replaced; in the third year the next two incisors on each side fall and are likewise replaced, the animal being then called "of four teeth;" in the fourth it becomes a beast of six teeth, the two incisors next in order, one on either side of the jaw, falling in turn. In the fifth year adult teeth have taken the place of all the eight incisors. It should be remembered, however, that improved and precocious breeds of sheep have these effects hastened by from eight to twelve months.

### Memoranda.

THE antiseptic qualities of salicylic acid, discovered some months since by Kolbe, of Leipsic, have led to the manufacture of this acid upon a commercial scale. It is now made in the form of a yellowish-white powder, and in this crude shape is available for disinfecting purposes. Purified, it becomes pure

white, and is said to be of great value as a preservative for meats, milk, beer, etc. Ranter has succeeded in sublimating it in a current of superheated steam, thus obtaining it pure. Recrystallized from hot distilled water, it assumes the shape of slender needles an inch long. The various experiments reported by chemists who have tested the antiseptic qualities of this acid, prove its great value; 100 grammes of the acid in 1,000 liters of grape mash checked fermentation absolutely. Milk treated with 0.04 per cent. of acid remained uncoagulated thirty-six hours longer than without it. A liter of beer with one gramme of the acid, and fully exposed to the air, did not sour nor mold for a long time. Eggs immersed for an hour in a solution of the acid kept sweet three months, and fresh meat dusted over with the dry powder kept perfectly for a number of weeks. In the treatment of diphtheria, small-pox, typhus, and allied diseases, it has already produced good results, and has established itself in favor with physicians. In surgery it has also been tried with advantage.

The ordinary routine in bending metal pipes, like gas-fixtures, brass-band instruments, etc., is to fill the pipe with lead, and bend to the required curve by force. The wrinkles that form in the inner side of the curve are then hammered out by hand. In the place of lead a square wire spiral spring is now employed. This, inserted in the pipe, acts as a flexible mandrel, and by its aid good curves may be obtained, and much of the usual stretching and crowding up of the metal avoided, while the after hammering is not needed. For square pipes two flat strips of metal are employed to re-inforce the spring and preserve the shape of the pipe. Patents on this method of bending pipes are pending, and it seems destined to be of great value to the copper, brass, and iron-pipe traders.

The T rail exhibits a disposition to change its form. It is now being rolled with a wider flange or base and a thicker head, without increasing the standard weight of sixty-seven pounds to a yard. The material of the upright part is reduced to make up for the increased size of the base and head. The head is made more nearly square at the sides, and the edges of the base are thinner. The object of this is to increase the resistance to wearing by the flanges of the wheels, and to prevent the rail from cutting into the sleepers. In place of the notches cut in the rail to hold the spikes that have been found so destructive to the life of the rail, holes are now drilled through the base, and through these the rail is fastened to the road bed.

In France, where the natural ice is too thin to have any commercial value, it is proposed to press the thin sheets together in an ordinary screw or lever press till they recombine into single masses. It is estimated that two men with a press and a good supply of ice can make three thousand blocks of merchantable ice in a day. The idea has been scientifically reported upon by Tyndall and others, and might be worthy of experiment in our States south of the ice

crop line. Snow has been treated in the same way, and a very fair article of ice produced from it. The only objection to snow-ice is the impurities it is apt to take up from the air, which give it a disagreeable taste.

In the manufacture of glass vault-lights for sidewalks, roofs, decks, etc., a new system of inserting the lights meets with some favor. Each glass has a screw cut in the side, and two studs are placed in the opening designed to hold it. By this means the glasses may be screwed or locked in without the aid of putty. An elastic ring is placed under the glass for a cushion to resist the contraction of the iron, and to save the glass from the shock of a blow on top. The chief advantages of this system of setting these glasses are ease of removal for ventilation and repairs, and a tight joint.

As an instance of the reverse effects of strikes may be noticed the introduction of new forms of machinery to take the place of the striking workmen. The late coal strike led to the use of machinery in anthracite "coal breakers," and the men and boys employed in separating the slate from the coal are permanently thrown out of work. In puddling furnaces strikes have done much to advance mechanical puddling, and in the nail trade the striking nail-machine tenders have been replaced by self-feeding machines in a large number of shops.

The London "Times" now publishes a reduced copy of the daily weather map for Great Britain. To do this, molds having an outline map of the islands, France, Belgium, and the North Sea, drawn upon them, are prepared. When the reports of the barometer, weather and wind, arrive, another and larger map is drawn, and a pantagraph drill copies the reports on the mold, and when this is done, a stereotype plate is cast from it, and prepared for the press in the usual way.

The immense demand for the fruit of the lemon-tree has induced the owners of lemon plantations to force the trees into excessive bearing. This, combined with the effects of transplanting to congenial climates, has induced a species of dry rot that is rapidly destroying the trees. The only remedies proposed by scientific culturists are the grafting of healthy cuttings on the wild orange and a less grasping system of culture.

The great value of lithographic stone has brought out a patented system of splitting and backing the stones with cement. The thin veneers of stone are made "type high" by the cement molded and pressed upon the back, and when finished, the blocks are said to be stronger than the native stone.

NOTE.—The apparatus described in the November number for the graphic illustrations of music was the invention of Prof. Blackburn, of Glasgow, while he was a student at Cambridge. The method of fixing the illustrations was the invention of Prof. A. M. Mayer, of the Stevens Institute of Technology, Hoboken, N. J. This information came too late for insertion. The article on Frameless Houses in the October number contained a misprint. The rods used in joining the staves are  $\frac{3}{4}$  inch in diameter. The slot for the irons at the side is designed to be a mere saw-cut.



## BRIC-A-BRAC.



"Pat Agency! That's a quare name onyhow—I wondher if he's a Tipperary man."

### A Constant Reader.

BY FARMENAS MIX.

THE overworked scribe of the "Mudville Gazette"  
Sat wondering,—moneyless wight,—  
If his office would ever be cleared of its debt,  
With the times so deplorably tight,—  
When the tread of old leather was heard on the stair  
And a stranger stepped into the room,  
Who asked with the "don't let see bother you" air,  
Which the bore is so apt to assume—

"How are ye?" The editor rose with a smile  
And pleasantly yielded his chair—  
Placed the visitor's sadly unbecoming tile  
(Which exhibited symptoms of wear)  
On the top of the desk, alongside of his own  
(A shocking old plug, by the way),  
And then asked in a rather obsequious tone,  
"Can we do anything for you to-day?"

"No—I jest called to see ye"—the visitor said;  
"I'm a friend to the newspaper man"—  
Here he ran a red handkerchief over his head,  
And accepted the editor's fan—

"I hev read all the pieces you've writ for your sheet,  
And they're straight to the p'int, I confess—  
That 'ar slap you gin Keyser was sartintly neat—  
You're an ornament, sir, to the press!"

"I am glad you are pleased," said the writer, "indeed;  
But you praise me too highly, by far—  
Just select an exchange that you're anxious to read,  
And while reading it, try this cigar."

By the way, I've a melon laid up for a treat—  
I've been keeping it nestled in ice,  
It's a beauty, sir, fit for an angel to eat—  
Now, perhaps, you will relish a slice!"

Then the stranger rolled up half a dozen or more  
Of the choicest exchanges of all—  
Helped himself to the fruit, threw the rinds on the floor,  
Or flung them at flies on the wall.  
He assured his new friend that his "pieces were wrote  
In a manner uncommonly able"—  
As he wiped his red hands on the editor's coat  
That hung at the side of the table.

"By the way, I've neglected to ask you your name,"  
Said the scribe as the stranger arose;  
"That's a fact," he replied, "I'm Abimalech Bame,  
You have heard o' that name, I suppose?  
I'm a-livin' out here on the Fiddletown Creek  
Where I own a good house and a lot;  
The 'Gazette' gets around to me wunst every week—  
I'm the constantest reader you've got!"

"Abimalech Bame," mused the editor, "B-a-m-e—  
(Here his guest begged a chew of his 'twist')—  
"I am sorry to say your mellifluous name  
Doesn't happen to honor my list!"  
"Spouse not," was the answer—"no reason it should,  
For ye see I jine lots with Bill Prim—  
He's a reg'lar subscriber and pays ye in wood,  
And I borry your paper o' him!"

## Poe's "Raven."

## THE MYSTERY SOLVED.

A correspondent gives the following curious theory of the composition of this much discussed poem. There have been numerous conjectures in regard to what a theatrical manager might call the "property" of this poem, and it is time that the questions asked concerning it should be answered.

What were the many "quaint and curious" volumes? What was the last name of the lost Lenore? Was the shutter iron or wood? Was the lamp one of sperm, kerosene, or gas, and, where did it hang? These are but a few of the multitude of questions which have been asked by the inquiring minds of the present day.

Be it known, therefore, that the hero of the poem was a hotel clerk, whose duty it was to remain in the office during the weary hours of night and receive such guests as might offer themselves. The proprietor himself was in the habit of occupying the office during the day, and had had it fitted up elaborately; thus, the "sad uncertain rustling of each purple curtain," which filled the hero with "fantastic terrors never felt before," is fully accounted for.

He had been enamored of a young lady who had been staying at the hotel for a short time during the season, but had taken her departure several weeks before the date of the poem. His knowledge of the fair one was extremely limited; merely including the two leading facts, that her name was Lenore and that she lived in Aden,—which, by the way, is incorrectly spelled in the poem,—Aden being, according to the best geographical authorities, situated in the southern part of Arabia.

The arrivals had been so numerous since her coming that he had been unable to look up her name in the register; but, on this eventful evening, no late visitors had troubled him, and, turning the pages of that book containing "many a quaint and curious" signature, he searched for that of the lost Lenore.

While engaged in this fruitless undertaking,—fruitless, alas! for her father in his haste had only signed, "C. Ferguson and Daughter,"—he heard a tapping at the door. Now this at a hotel is an unusual method of applying for entrance, and the thought that it must be a spirit came forcibly to his mind. Spirits have never been known to ring the door-bell. They always rap. Thinking that Lenore must have come from a better land to converse with him, he hesitated a moment, remembering that he had never been introduced.

It was December, and the embers were painting ghosts upon the floor. He had been wishing for the morning, for the hotel register afforded but poor

amusement, and his heart did not cease to sorrow, for the "rare and radiant maiden" was nameless there on account of her father's thoughtlessness, and it was likely evermore to be so, for residents of so distant a place as Aden would probably never visit America again.

However, he remembered, that if a guest complained of having been left shivering outside the door for a good half hour the proprietor might not consider his suffering because of the lost one to be a sufficient excuse for his negligence; so, apologizing for his delay, he throws open the door to find darkness there and nothing more.

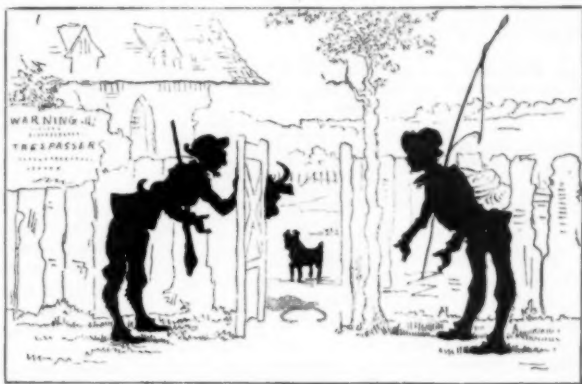
After turning with burning heart into the room he hears a similar tapping at the window, and upon raising it and throwing the iron shutter—the window opened toward the rear and was much exposed to burglarious attempts, as the safe was standing hard by—without the least obeisance, a raven stepped in and perched upon the bust of Pallas over the door.

The extreme accuracy of the poet at this point is marvelous. Hotel-keepers are noted for their efforts to buy cheaply. This one, when searching for decorations to beautify his house withal, had made some great bargains.

A young sculptor in town having found that the citizens did not appreciate wisdom, and that, consequently, the bust of Pallas was dead stock, sold it for an absurdly moderate price, and it was placed over the entrance door.

We might continue to throw light upon the many other obscure portions of the poem, but fear that we may weary the reader. It is but proper, however, that the final sentence, which occupies the whole of the last verse, should be explained.

It is well known to those of observing habits that hotels ordinarily have a fan-light over the main entrance, and a lamp suspended above and in front of the same. The raven, sitting upon the sculptured



"AFTER YOU, SIR!"

bust, was in a straight line between the lamp outside and the floor inside, which, in the course of nature, received the shadow of the raven, which presented a

striking contrast to the clear light afforded by the artificial luminary above and beyond. This contrast was greatly increased by the absence of light inside the room; for, fearing lest his employer should enter the office and see the gas burning brightly while he was musing, perhaps with former experiences fresh in his memory, the thoughtful clerk turned down the light, and thus contributed greatly to the effect of the poem.

It is strange that this easy and complete exposition has not occurred to the eminent critics who have discussed the poem. ARTHUR JACOBUS.

#### "A Reflection.

WHEN Eve upon the first of men  
The apple pressed with specious cant,  
Oh, what a thousand pities then  
That Adam was not adamant!"

"Will you lead in prayer?" said the minister to good Deacon Colman at a conference meeting. "Better ask some other brother," said the honest old man—"I don't feel very *spry* to night!"

A simple looking country lad, to whose lot fell the leading questions in the Catechism, "What is your name?" replied, "Carrots!" "Who gave you that name?" "All the boys in the parish, sir!" whiningly replied the red-haired urchin.

*Reason for being in debt.*—As a Scottish officer was handing a summons to a collier, he said: "It's a curious thing that ye haud me coming to ye so often, can ye not get out o' debt?" "Get out o' debt, Mr. Turnbull," said the knight of the black diamond; 'deed, it takes a' my time and wit, the gettin' into't. I'm astonished how onybody can hae leisure to warstle out o' it."

A newspaper poet in Ireland appealed to his fellow-countrymen in behalf of a monument to O'Connell. We quote a few lines:

"When he'll be elevated on his pillar tall and high,  
A ring of heavenly angels will salute him from the sky;  
With golden harps resounding, they will chant his deathless praise,  
For the good he done his country up from his cradle days."

One day, after dinner, Curran said to Father O'Leary, a priest famous for his wit and amusing conversation: "Reverend Father, I wish you were Saint Peter." "And why, Counsellor, would you wish that I were Saint Peter?" asked O'Leary. "Because, Reverend Father, in that case, said Curran, you would have the keys of heaven, and you would let me in." "By my honor and conscience, Counsellor," yelled the divine, "it would be better for you that I had the keys of the other place, for then I could let you out."

#### Sixty to Sixteen.

[To a young lady who complained that the ruins, antiquities, etc., didn't look old enough.]

##### MY DEAR GIRL:

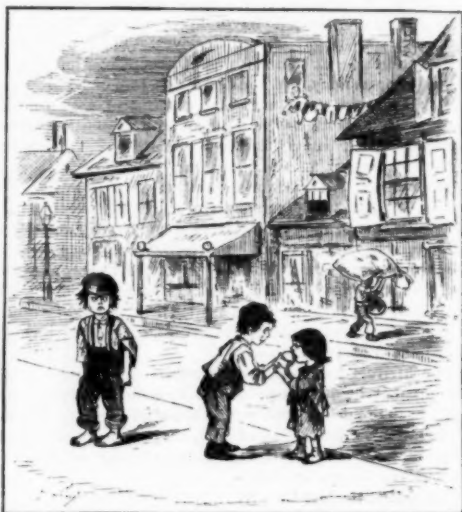
You complain, as I'm credibly told,  
That antiquity's relics are fading from view,  
That with vision aesthetic you've sought for the old,  
And in all of your roamings have found but the new.

'Tis the magic of girlhood and youth at its prime  
To cast their own glamour on all that they meet;  
And the moldiest landmarks of classical time  
Brighten up and look young; at the sound of your feet.

Alas! for those ruins which feel, when you've passed,  
That the glow of their Spring-time comes never again;  
And the brief, happy gleam which your glances have cast  
Only deepens their longing, and sharpens their pain!

Don't be hard on the ruins! Don't murmur too loud!  
Lest the mossy old relic you've sought far and wide  
Should chance, in the drift of Society's crowd,  
To bend at your footstool, or sit by your side!

SEXAGENARIUS.



#### JEALOUSY.

##### Constraint.

DOWN through the orchard wandered we,  
Where, bending low, each burdened tree  
Hung full of fruitage yellow.  
'Twas morning, and the autumn sun  
Shone on the leaves of gold and dun  
With radiance soft and mellow.

There came a blush upon her cheek,  
I thought my time had come to speak,  
She seemed so sad and tender;  
I touched her snowy dimpled hand,  
But found no words at my command,  
My burning love to render.

At last we paused beneath a tree,  
The branch that sheltered her and me  
Reached low its luscious fruit.  
"Be seated, pray," I gently plead;  
"I cannot—cannot," soft she said,  
"I'm in my walking suit."